

A NEW
TRANSLATION
OF
TELEMACHUS
IN
ENGLISH VERSE.

By GIBBONS BAGNALL, A.M.
VICAR OF HOME-LACY, HEREFORDSHIRE.

*Publica materies privati juris erit, si
Nec circa vilem, patulumque moraberis orbem;
Nec verbum verbo curabis reddere fidus
Interpres. —* HOR. ART. POET.

IN TWO VOLUMES.
VOL. II.

HEREFORD:
PRINTED AT THE OFFICE IN THE HIGH-TOWN.

M,DCC,XC.



THE
ADVENTURES
OF
TELEMACHUS.

BOOK XIII.

THE ARGUMENT.

Idomeneus relates to Mentor the confidence he reposed in Protefilas, and the artifices of that favourite; who concerted with Timocrates the ruin of Philocles, and to betray Idomeneus himself. He confesses, that being prejudiced by these two men against Philocles, he gave commission to Timocrates to kill him, in an expedition wherein he was appointed Commander of the Fleet. That Timocrates having missed his blow, Philocles had pardoned him, and retired to the Isle of Samos; after giving up the Command of the Fleet to Polimenes, agreeably to a written order received from Idomeneus: that,

*that, notwithstanding the treacherous behaviour of Pro-
tefilas, he could not come to any determination to discard
him.*

SWIFT Fame already had the nations fill'd
 With tidings sweet of Government so mild;
 From ev'ry side they pour'd in search of bliss,
 And left their countries to reside in this.
 Those fields which late a different face had worn,
 Surcharg'd with deadly weeds, the brier and thorn;
 Gave promise now with golden sheaves to crown,
 With fruits delicious, till that hour unknown.
 Kind earth her bosom to the plough-share bar'd,
 And in prolific womb that wealth prepar'd; 10
 Which should ere long the husbandman repay;
 Hope beam'd on all a vivifying ray.
 On hill, in vale, the sportive lambkins play'd;
 In flow'ry lawns the lowing oxen stray'd;
 Enriching still the soil; while all around
 The mountains echo'd with the pleasing sound.
 By *Mentor's* wisdom had this change been wrought,
 Who to *Idomeneus* suggests the thought;
 T' exchange whate'er superfluous remain'd
 (Things which by law severe forbidden stand) 20
 With the *Peucetes* of th' adjoining coast,
 For beauteous herds of kine they wanted most.

Mean

NOTE.

Verse 21, *With the Peucetes*—These were descended from the
Pelasgi. Their founder was *Peucetius*, who landed at the
Japygia,

IMITATION.

Verse 12, *Tibull. lib. 1. Eleg. 1.*

Mean time *Salentum*, and the hamlets fair,
 Replenish'd all with beauteous youths appear:
 Who long impatient mourn'd their single life,
 Yet fear'd t' encrease their evils by a wife.
 These, when the King more tractable they find,
 And in the Sov'reign see the Parent kind;
 No longer fear that famine should attend,
 Or other scourges which the Gods could send. 30
 The happy swains well pleas'd their hours employ
 In nuptial song, festivity, and joy:
 It seem'd as *Pan* in concert should advance
 Knit with the Graces, and the Fauns in dance:
Dryads and *Satyrs* that securely play'd
 With pipe melodious in the checquer'd shade.

All

NOTES.

Japygian Promontory, and made himself master of *Apulia* and *Calabria*.

Verse 34, *Knit with the Graces and the Fauns*—The Graces were three Goddesses who presided over mutual kindness, affability, and good humour. Their names were *Aglia*, *Thalia*, and *Euphrosyne*, or according to some authors, *Pasithea*, *Euphrosyne*, and *Agiata*. They are generally looked upon as the daughters of *Bacchus* and *Venus*. Others represent them as the offspring of *Jupiter* and *Eurynome* the daughter of *Oceanus*. They are commonly painted naked; to denote that whatever is truly graceful has no need of external ornaments. The *Fauns* were rural Deities, and descended from the God *Faunus*; who seems in all respects the same with the Grecian *Pan*. They are described with horns on their heads, sharp pointed ears, and their bodies like goats.

Verse 35, *Dryads and Satyrs*—We find a great variety of rural Nymphs who had divine honours paid to them by the
 ancients.

IMITATIONS.

Verse 33, *Virg. Eclog. 2.*

Verse 34, *Virg. Georg. 1.*

All now were halcyon days, serene and clear;
 With no excess, no riot in the rear,
 Their joys were lively, pure, and form'd to drown
 Remembrance of the woes they long had known. 40

Then age astonish'd at the prospect new,
 And charm'd with scenes it never hop'd to view,
 With tears of joy its wrinkled face bedew'd,
 Cold Palsy's hands were rais'd in Gratitude.
 "Great *Jove*," they cried, "who ev'ry good dispense
 "Show'r down your blessings on this virtuous Prince;
 "In whom the image of yourself you give,
 "The greatest boon that mortals can receive.
 "Born for the public good, he lives to bless;
 "O crown him in return with all success! 50
 "Our latest offspring shall his praises sing,
 "Shall owe their very being to their King;
 "From him these nuptials and these comforts flow'd,
 "Great sire of all benevolent, and good.
 "The youthful pairs alike with grateful voice
 "Extoll'd the bounteous author of their joys:

NOTE.

ancients. Those who inhabited the fields were called *Oreades*, those of the water *Nereides*, those of springs and rivers *Naiades*. As to the groves, they were supposed to be governed by two kinds of Nymphs; the *Dryades*, who presided over trees and woods in general, and the *Hamadryades* who were attached to one particular tree; with which they were born, and with which they died. The *Satyrs* were an obscene kind of Demigods, in form and appearance not unlike the *Fauni*.

IMITATIONS.

Verse 35, *Hor. lib. 1. Od. 1.*
 Verse 48, *Plin. in Panegy.*

" All

" All tongues were ready to exalt his name,
" All hearts transported with his deathless fame.
" 'Twas heav'n to see him, and their only fear
" That worth like his should one day disappear. 60
" All parties were concern'd to keep a King
" Whose loss to all would desolation bring."

This heard *Idomeneus*, nor blush'd to own,
That he no pleasure like to this had known.
No glory equal to his people's love,
Whose bliss, and comfort, he could thus improve.
" A thought like this," said he, " ne'er touch'd my breast,
" I fancied Kings of terrors once possess'd,
" Supremely great; and others of mankind
" By heav'n for them, and them alone design'd. 70
" And all the fair accounts of kingly pow'r,
" Dear to the people who their blessings show'r,
" I view'd as idle tales: an empty dream,
" Which now a truth establish'd I esteem.
" But proper is it I should now reveal
" How, from a tender infant, it befell
" My soul hath err'd in these important things;
" And quite mistook th' authority of Kings.
" Hence all the mis'ries of my life arose.
" Lo here begins the series of my woes. 80

" *Protefilas*, a youth whose blooming age
" Exceeded mine, could all my love engage:
" His sprightly fancy, and his daring soul
" Eclips'd all others, and possess'd me whole.
" In all my pleasures did he bear a part,
" He sooth'd my passions, and engross'd my heart.

" His foul aspersions from my grace remov'd
 " Th' unhappy *Philocles* whom once I lov'd.
 " This man possess'd a soul sublime, and grand,
 " Could all his appetites with ease command, 90
 " Pious, and good, he scorn'd an action base;
 " Nor in ambition would true greatness place.
 " With honest freedom he my failings told,
 " And where to check me might appear too bold;
 " His very silence, and dejected look
 " Dislike sufficient of my actions spoke.
 " Well pleas'd, at first, I view'd the friend sincere,
 " Protesting oft I held his person dear:
 " No service done to him esteem'd too hard,
 " Since he alone could flattery discard. 100
 " To *Minos*' fame his wisdom chalk'd the road
 " How best to govern for my people's good.
 " And, though in parts inferior far to you,
 " A beauteous model of a state he drew.
 " I now with pleasure recollect my friend,
 " And though I fail'd to imitate, commend.
 " *Protefilas* was soon with envy fir'd,
 " His tow'ring thought to highest post aspir'd:
 " And by degrees all arts did he employ
 " To gain esteem, and *Philocles* destroy. 110
 " While he, resolv'd no forward zeal to show,
 " Gave all advantage to his restless foe.
 " Content, whene'er I condescend to hear,
 " All truths of moment freely to declare:
 " Had no ambitious project to pursue,
 " Had nought but my prosperity in view.

" By

" By slow degrees, and measures indirect,
 " *Protefilas* gave hints---that to correct
 " With magisterial air so oft, and proud,
 " Betray'd moroseness not to be allow'd: 120
 " That while he sought no favours to obtain,
 " In this he shew'd a disposition vain
 " Which scorn'd to be oblig'd; in that disguise
 " Would have it thought he honours could despise.
 " And added, that a man who ev'n to me
 " So bluntly spake, would elsewhere be as free.
 " For that it now sufficiently appear'd
 " How light he held his Prince, and how rever'd:
 " And when he thus my character defam'd
 " By show of virtue, at my crown he aim'd. 130
 " At first small credit these suggestions found,
 " That *Philocles* could wish his Prince dethron'd;
 " In simple virtue is such candour seen,
 " Such upright honesty, as nought can feign.
 " And if due observation we shall make,
 " Her features such, we cannot well mistake.
 " Yet when he still persisted to recite
 " My various failings, I abhor'd his sight.
 " But lo! his rival to my wishes bent,
 " New pleasures would contrive, new sports invent: 140
 " Was all humility, and all respect:
 " Whence I the sooner *Philocles* reject.
 " Mean while *Protefilas* impatient grown,
 " I to his tales so small regard had shown;
 " His method chang'd; resolv'd his point to force
 " By means much more convincing than discourse.

- " Mark now the fraud.---He counsell'd me to send
 " Suspected *Philocles*, my injur'd friend,
 " Commander of the fleet, which ready lay
 " T' attack my foes in the *Carpathian* Sea. 150
 " You know, said he, (to fix me in the choice)
 " I praise not *Philocles* with partial voice:
 " Yet he of courage has no common share,
 " And bears a genius excellent for war.
 " None half so qualified in all your state,
 " And my resentments shall give way to that.
 " O'erjoy'd to find integrity so rare,
 " In one entrusted with the public care,
 " Fondly t' embrace him I with transport ran,
 " And blest'd the hour I singled out a man 160
 " Of such a free disinterested mind,
 " Which master of itself all arts declin'd.
 " Alas! what object in the world is found
 " That merits pity like the wretch that's crown'd?
 " My num'rous faults lay open to his view,
 " He better than myself my foibles knew.
 " Most Kings he saw were jealous and supine:
 " The first, occasion'd by corrupt design
 " Of those that hourly in their Courts surround,
 " Where art and subtlety do most abound: 170

NOTE,

Verse 150, *Carpathian Sea*—So called from *Carpathus*, now *Scarpanto*, an island in the *Mediterranean*, twenty miles South-west of *Rhodes*. This isle, according to *Strabo*, is two hundred furlongs in compass, and one hundred in length. And had anciently four cities, one of which was named *Pofidium*.

" Slothful

- " Slothful he knew by pleasures they were made,
 " Those magic spells which constantly betray'd.
 " While others were employ'd to rack their brain
 " For state affairs, and save themselves the pain.
 " With ease he thought my jealous soul to fire
 " 'Gainst one, whose virtues all would soon admire :
 " Whose noble acts th' occasion would prepare,
 " Whose absence must facilitate the snare.
 " At parting *Philocles* foretold his fate,
 " What ills would follow from his rival's hate : 180
 " Remember, great *Idomeneus*, your friend
 " Can now no more his character defend.
 " While thus with hazard of my life I go,
 " Your royal ear is open to my foe :
 " And nought the dang'rous service shall reward,
 " When you enrag'd that service disregard.
 " O *Philocles*, said I, you greatly err,
 " In diff'rent light your virtues must appear ;
 " The good *Protefilas* disdains to speak
 " As you of him ; or your perdition seek : 190
 " He loves, admires you, and your worth commends,
 " And thinks you born to compass noblest ends.
 " Accusing you he forfeits my esteem,
 " Away, be brave, of no misfortunes dream.
 " That hour he sail'd, and left his wretched Prince ;
 " That sore distress his follies might evince.
 " Oh *Mentor*, I perceive, and frankly own
 " 'Twas fatal to me to confide in one.

IMITATION.

Verse 191, *Tacitus*, Hist. 1.

B 4

" I

- “ I wanted numbers to advise; my fame,
“ My fortune suffer'd; and I merit blame. 200
“ By sad experience have I dearly prov'd
“ The loss of wisdom, in the man I lov'd.
“ A thousand dangers had his care dispers'd,
“ In which this other's haughtiness immers'd.
“ I found in *Philocles* a gen'rous mind,
“ With ev'ry virtue stor'd of ev'ry kind.
“ Not so *Protes'las*: who assum'd an air
“ Decisive, would no contradiction bear.
“ Tir'd, and fatigu'd at length with fruitless toil,
“ Discordant tempers thus to reconcile, 210
“ I weakly chose, whate'er th' event might be,
“ To hazard all, and still continue free.
“ Yet in retirement fear'd I to avow
“ Or such a principle, for just allow.
“ But though it fled the light, disgraceful, foul,
“ It gain'd possession of my inmost soul:
“ Became the master-spring, and source of all
“ The sore misfortunes, which my reign befall.
“ My virtuous *Philocles* his wish obtain'd:
“ Surpris'd the foe, a glorious conquest gain'd. 220
“ Then hasted home, that with prudential care
“ He might prevent those ills he had to fear.
“ But lo! his rival, who no time could find
“ As yet to baffle and estrange my mind,
“ Commands, by letter, he descent should make;
“ Improve the vict'ry, and *Carpathia* take.
“ In truth that conquest easy he pretends,
“ But yet such stores, such poor supplies he sends,
“ Such

“ Such private orders for the troops to move,
“ As made that enterprize abortive prove. 230
“ Meanwhile, a spy among my royal train
“ He plac’d, intelligence of all to gain:
“ Altho’ together they were seldom seen,
“ And, in appearance, had at variance been.
“ This impious wretch, *Timocrates* by name,
“ One day in haste unto my presence came:
“ With well dissembled looks t’ unveil his mind,
“ And tell me treason of a dang’rous kind.
“ Your Admiral, said he, hath measures ta’en,
“ Arm’d with your force, in *Carpathus* to reign: 240
“ The Chiefs are gain’d, the soldiers too are his,
“ Won by his bribes; and discipline remiss.
“ Success to dream of Royalty hath brought;
“ See here a letter on that subject wrote,
“ And to a trusty friend! No doubt can be
“ When proof so clear, so evident we see.
“ With great attention I th’ epistle read,
“ It seem’d his style, his very hand indeed:
“ And was a forg’ry of most perfect kind,
“ *Protesilas*, and he, in concert join’d. 250
“ Surpris’d, amaz’d, I strove the fraud to trace,
“ Nor could believe my *Philoetes* so base.
“ In troubled mind revolving, calling forth
“ What signs he gave of honesty and worth.
“ But oh! what could I do, or how defend
“ In opposition to his hand, my friend?

IMITATION.

Verse 241, *Tacitus Hist.* 2.

“ Soon

“ Soon as the traitor found my firmness fail,
“ And all his arts so happily prevail;
“ With fault’ring accent and confusion feign’d
“ He ventur’d further still, and audience gain’d. 260
“ Dread Sir, said he, shall I presume to pry
“ Into a passage here that ’scap’d your eye?
“ He tells his friend that in *Protes’las*’ ear
“ He safe could speak what stands in cypher here.
“ *Protefilas*, no doubt, with him’s agreed;
“ And lives in hope this project may succeed.
“ This man, as well your Majesty must know,
“ First urg’d you that commission to bestow:
“ In contradiction to his former use,
“ He now no more doth *Philocles* traduce; 270
“ But praise, excuse, all enmity disown,
“ Of late extreme familiar are they grown.
“ Together doubtless they concert the way
“ To share *Carpathia* and its sceptre sway.
“ You see him too for this descent prepare
“ Against all method, and all rules of war:
“ Exposing thus to loss your royal fleet
“ To feed and gratify ambition sweet.
“ Think you *Protefilas* would stoop so low
“ To raise the fortune of his mortal foe? 280
“ It cannot be. They certainly unite,
“ Together do they seek a dang’rous height.
“ And none can say how far their views extend,
“ Against your crown may their endeavours bend.
“ While thus with freedom I display my zeal,
“ I know their keen resentment I shall feel:

“ And

" And should you still intrust them with the reins,
 " Immediate death may recompence my pains.
 " But what of that? may I no longer live
 " Than faithful counsel to my King I give. 290
 " This fair conclusion touch'd me to the soul,
 " No more I doubted, but believ'd the whole.
 " I call'd my *Philocles* a traitor base,
 " And thought *Protefilas* th' abettor was.
 " Meanwhile *Timocrates* would oft repeat,
 " If you of *Carpatbus* the conquest wait;
 " You'll strive in vain the traitor to surprize,
 " Hasten then, in time to your defence arise.
 " Shock'd with the falshood of the men I tried,
 " I knew not well in whom I could confide. 300
 " If worth, like that of *Philocles*, deceiv'd,
 " On earth none worthy my affection liv'd.
 " Straight I determin'd that his life should pay,
 " And yet unable to contrive the way;
 " So much I fear'd *Protefilas* t' accuse,
 " And fear'd still more, he might his pow'r abuse.
 " At length, in great anxiety of heart,
 " To him my shrewd suspicions I impart;
 " Amaz'd he seem'd, and labour'd to defend
 " The upright conduct of my injur'd friend: 310
 " Extoll'd his services; and in his words
 " A proof sufficient of their love affords.
 " On th' other side *Timocrates* appear'd,
 " To rouse remembrance of the facts I heard:
 " And haste for *Philocles* the fatal hour,
 " While yet I held him subject to my pow'r.

" Hence

“ Hence, dearest *Mentor*, the reflection springs,
“ How strangely wretched is the state of Kings.
“ Expos’d as bubbles, and the sport of all
“ Ev’n those who trembling at their feet shall fall. 320
“ A noble stroke in politics I aim
“ To disconcert *Protes’las*, and his scheme;
“ When to the fleet *Timocrates* I send,
“ With private orders to dispatch my friend.
“ This faithless wretch disssembled to the last,
“ His fraud the better on my judgment past;
“ For that his nature simple I believ’d,
“ And such as might be easily deceiv’d.
“ Now fail’d *Timocrates*, and quickly found
“ Th’ unhappy *Philocles* encompass’d round 330
“ With num’rous wants: for nought did he possess,
“ No ammunition to procure success:
“ *Protes’las* (doubtful if the means employ’d
“ The forg’ry vile, might get his foe destroy’d)
“ Had yet a fresh resource for his relief;
“ T’excite my rage against this valiant chief,
“ Whene’er ill fortune some disgrace had brought;
“ Where I the conquest had so easy thought.
“ But *Philocles* sustain’d this hopeless war
“ By strength of genius, and a courage rare. 340
“ Assisted only by his virtue’s pow’r,
“ And by th’ affection which his soldiers bore.
“ Tho’ all his troops were perfectly appriz’d,
“ They by attempt so rash were sacrific’d;
“ All labour’d hard an helping hand to lend,
“ As though both life and fortune should depend.

“ All

- “ All were content, with hazard of their blood,
“ To aid a chief so amiable and good.
“ *Timocrates* in truth had all to fear,
“ When aiming thus to take a life so dear. 350
“ But mad ambition is for ever blind,
“ He no impediment too great could find
“ If pleas'd *Protefilas*; with whom indeed
“ He hop'd to rule, when *Philocles* was dead.
“ *Protefilas* could now no virtue bear,
“ Which might reproach unto himself appear:
“ No worthy man permitted he to live
“ To cross his schemes, his Sov'reign undeceive.
“ Two leaders soon the vile assassin gain'd,
“ Whom near his person *Philocles* retain'd: 360
“ Great gifts he promis'd in my royal name,
“ Then told the General, from the King he came
“ Charg'd with dispatches of important kind,
“ And these in private council must be join'd.
“ The villain now with *Philocles* apart,
“ A poniard drew, and aim'd it at his heart.
“ Slight was the wound, nor did it enter far;
“ The hero view'd it with intrepid air;
“ The weapon seiz'd, with this his life defends
“ Against th' assassin and his trusty friends. 370
“ Then call'd aloud for aid. Th' attendants hear,
“ And burst the valves to set their master clear.
“ An easy task---confusion tied their hands,
“ They now were captive prisoners in bands:
“ And piece-meal had been torn: such fury rose,
“ None could but *Philocles* the troops compose.
“ This

" This done; *Timocrates* aside he led,
 " And mildly ask'd his motive for the deed?
 " Foreseeing death, and trembling for his fate,
 " He soon began my orders to relate: 380
 " (And as no traitors can their fear command,
 " Since cowardice, and fraud, go hand in hand)
 " Had hope, by this, his wretched life to save;
 " 'Twas great *Protesilas* the counsel gave.
 " Unhappy *Philocles*, amaz'd to find
 " Such malice possible in human kind,
 " With moderation great resolv'd to act,
 " And straight proclaim'd him guiltless of the fact.
 " Then freed him from his chains, and sent him back,
 " While *Polimenes* the command should take. 390
 " Who, as my written mandate had decreed,
 " Was to preside when *Philocles* was dead.
 " Next to allegiance he the troops commands,
 " And from a skiff, by night, at *Samos* lands.
 " There poor and lonesome, but without a pain,
 " By arts of sculpture doth his life sustain.
 " There no injustice and no frauds molest,
 " No Kings hereafter can disturb his rest:
 " Whom, of the various orders of mankind,
 " He thinks by far most wretched and most blind." 400
 Here *Mentor* stopp'd the King, and would have learn'd
 What time elaps'd ere he the truth discern'd?
 " Full soon," return'd he, " by degrees I found
 " How much th' iniquities of both abound.
 " For each indeed the other serv'd t' embroil,
 " And knaves by discord all their projects spoil.

" Their feuds at length to full discov'ry brought,
" The fatal snare in which I had been caught."
" And after this," said *Mentor*, " were you loth
" To rid you fairly and discard them both?" 410
" Alas!" the Monarch cry'd, " and is it true
" That kingly weakness is unknown to you?
" When once to worthless men they give the lead
" (Who soon discover we their service need)
" Adieu to freedom! those whom we despise
" Are then most favour'd, and must highest rise.
" My great aversion was *Protes'las* grown,
" And yet in him did I confide alone.
" Illusion strange! I pleas'd me still with this,
" That I was now no stranger to his vice: 420
" But was not master of a temper even,
" Nor dar'd resume the trust I once had giv'n.
" Besides, I found him proper for my ease,
" Obsequious, mild---by nature form'd to please;
" Promoting all delights I had in view,
" And, as I fancied, to my int'rest true.
" In short a stronger reason could I give,
" T'excuse my weakness, and myself deceive;
" It was, that Virtue I no more could know;
" Bad choice had made misled by tinsel show: 430
" I thought it no where upon earth was found,
" Deem'd faith a phantom; truth, an empty sound.
" Of what avail, said I, with bustle great,
" To change one worthless Minister of State,
" And chuse another, who perhaps may be
" As selfish, faulty, and as false as he?

" When

" When *Polimenes* with his host return'd,
 " My heart no longer for *Carpathia* burn'd:
 " Nor could *Protesilas* his grief conceal,
 " (Which shone through all his hypocritic veil) 440
 " That *Philoctetes* still liv'd, had cross'd the seas,
 " And dwelt secure at *Samos* at his ease."

Here *Mentor* once more interrupting spake:

" When thus convinc'd of treachery so black,
 " Did you continue still to trust the knave,
 " Concerns of moment to his conduct leave?"
 " Alas!" said he, " all business I abhor'd,
 " No single hour to care would I afford;
 " To disengage me was a task I found
 " Above my reach, and still he kept his ground. 450
 " I then must all new-model, must have taught
 " Some man I little knew; and fled the thought.
 " I rather chose to wink when he abus'd,
 " Nor see the various artifice he us'd.
 " My only comfort was, some friends to tell
 " In private converse, that I knew him well:
 " By this imagin'd, he but half cajol'd:
 " When I so plain his treachery behold.
 " Oft to himself in covert speech I spoke,
 " Gave hints how hardly I endur'd his yoke: 460
 " Took pleasure to oppose, and flatly blame
 " Whene'er his conduct on the carpet came.
 " In public council shew'd myself inclin'd
 " To thwart his views, and be of diff'rent mind:
 " But well the texture of my mind he knew
 " Which still would ease and indolence pursue.

" All unconcern'd return'd he to th' attack,
 " Which oft in boist'rous manner would he make :
 " As oft would sooth, would flatter, and would fawn,
 " Till to his purpose he at length had drawn. 470
 " In brief, when he perceiv'd me swell with rage,
 " By some new pleasures would he soon assuage :
 " Which all unking'd me, and debas'd my state,
 " Or plung'd me heedless in some desp'rate streight ;
 " Which fresh occasion for his service gave
 " By his address my character to save.
 " Though on my guard, and for his wiles prepar'd,
 " He fed my passions, and with ease ensnar'd ;
 " Did all the secrets of my soul possess,
 " Had always comfort ready in distress ; 480
 " And by the great authority he held
 " Struck terror round, made all opposers yield.
 " In fine, his ruin I could ne'er decree,
 " And yet supporting him to this degree,
 " I shut up ev'ry avenue to those
 " Whose honest hearts my danger would disclose.
 " From that same hour my faithful friends were gone,
 " All free advice was banish'd from the throne,
 " Fair Truth had fled : mistakes in weightiest things
 " (Those sure forerunners of the fall of Kings) 490
 " Aveng'd the wrongs my *Philocles* endur'd :
 " Whose worth no safety from his foe procur'd.
 " Ev'n those most zealous for the public good,
 " Who with affection still my person view'd,

IMITATION.

Verse 490, *Racin. Athal.* Act. 1.

VOL. II.

C

" Warn'd

" Warn'd by this dire example now believ'd
 " Themselves discharg'd: their King must be deceiv'd.
 " Myself too, *Mentor*, was not free from fear
 " That truth might venture to approach too near:
 " With native splendour pierce through all the cloud,
 " And break officious through the flatt'ring crowd. 500
 " Alas! no more could I obey her voice,
 " Her light but serv'd to interrupt my joys:
 " Fill me with dire remorse, and rack my soul,
 " Not disengage me, or my will controul.
 " Myself, my judgment, to that wretch resign'd:
 " Who hourly gain'd th' ascendant o'er my mind;
 " I felt an exquisite despair, and pain,
 " No hopes had now my freedom to regain;
 " And fear'd a state so abject, and so mean,
 " Should by mine own or any eye be seen. 510
 " Well *Mentor* knows, nor need I to describe
 " Th' ideas false which Princes first imbibe:
 " What love of empty pomp acquire when young,
 " How much they scorn to own they have been wrong.
 " One fault to palliate will exert their pow'r,
 " And gild it over with an hundred more.
 " Rather than stoop their errors to retrieve,
 " Or own that any could their sense deceive;
 " They condescend in error to remain,
 " And stretch their follies to their utmost reign. 520
 " So weak are Kings when sloth hath once prevail'd,
 " Such my condition when to *Troy* I sail'd.
 " When thus I parted for the *Trojan* war,
 " I trusted all things to this traitor's care:

" Whose

" Whose savage nature, and o'erbearing pride,
 " Soon shew'd him much unworthy to preside.
 " All *Crete* now groan'd beneath his tyrant sway,
 " Yet none those tidings would to me convey:
 " All knew too well how much the truth I hate,
 " And blaming him would but provoke their fate. 530
 " The more they fear'd submitting to my view.
 " Their various ills, the stronger still they grew.
 " In fine, suspicious grown of all I lov'd,
 " Of all whose worth, whose virtue I approv'd,
 " He forc'd me valiant *Merion* to discard,
 " My faithful friend, who ev'ry danger shar'd.
 " 'Tis fit, my dearest *Mentor*, I apprise
 " And point each source whence my misfortunes rise.
 " 'Twas not the fate of my unhappy son
 " Which rous'd my *Crete* to drive me from the throne; 540
 " But heav'n, whose wrath my weaknesses provoke,
 " Join'd with *Protes'las*' pride, and galling yoke.
 " Worn out with ills which she so long had felt,
 " When I the blood of that dear infant spilt;
 " My *Crete* with horror of that deed possess'd,
 " But shew'd what long was rankling in her breast.
 " To *Troy* did vile *Timocrates* pursue,
 " T'advise *Protesilas* of all he knew.
 " With ease I could perceive my captive-state,
 " That thought I stifled --- there was no retreat. 550

NOTE.

Verse 535, *Valiant Merion* — He was the charioteer of
Idomeneus, and a principal Commander at the siege of *Troy*.
 And is compared by *Homer* to *Mars* himself.

" At my return when foul revolt appear'd,
 " These first, by flight, betray'd how much they fear'd.
 " With base desertion they my love requite,
 " But equal dangers urg'd me too to flight.
 " On this, dear *Mentor*, my much honour'd friend,
 " As on a certain rule may you depend:
 " When fortune smiles whom insolent you find,
 " They're alway cowards, when she shifts the wind.
 " Their brain is turn'd, they fall an easy prey,
 " When once depriv'd of their despotic sway. 560
 " Abject and mean, as haughty in their pow'r;
 " And both extremes experience in an hour."

To him then *Mentor*---" Whence can it arise
 " That you who see their crimes with open eyes,
 " About your person should these slaves retain,
 " And, as I see, permit them in your train?
 " I marvel not they still attend on you,
 " While they no fairer prospect have in view.
 " I own you gen'rous, and your bounty great,
 " Who give them refuge in this new-born state: 570
 " But, thus deceiv'd, that you should trust them still,
 " T' account for this surpasses all my skill."

" Alas!" return'd the King, " you little know
 " What slender profits from experience flow
 " To Princes weak, and indolent of mind,
 " Without reflection, to their ease consign'd.
 " In truth all trifles can disturb their bliss,
 " Yet want they souls t' amend what is amiss.
 " Long custom as with chains of iron embrac'd,
 " They still besieg'd me, and still held me fast. 580

" Since

“ Since to *Salentum* first these seas I cross,
“ Have they involv’d me in excessive cost;
“ Plung’d in a dang’rous war my rising state,
“ Whose ruin, but for you, had been compleat.
“ Soon at *Salentum* was I sure to meet
“ The same misfortunes I endur’d at *Crete*.
“ But you at length have ev’ry mist dispell’d,
“ Inspir’d with courage ne’er again to yield;
“ Taught me once more to break the servile chain,
“ My only wish was liberty to gain: 590
“ I feel the change, nor know I how it came;
“ Since your arrival am no more the same.”
“ Yet say,” said *Mentor*, “ since my landing here
“ How stoops *Protefilas* this change to bear?”
“ No tongue of mine,” *Idomeneus* replies,
“ Can paint a cunning so refin’d as his.
“ With caution first all methods did he try
“ To make me view you with a jealous eye.
“ Nought fell from him: from others oft I hear
“ That from these strangers I had all to fear. 600
“ One owns, said they, *Ulysses* for his fire,
“ Whose craft and fraud can set the world on fire.
“ His comrade is a close designing man,
“ Of counsel deep, and of intriguing brain:
“ From state to state, in company they roam,
“ Like idle vagrants ever from their home.
“ What realm is safe then from their foul device,
“ Who knows the dangers which may threaten this?
“ Themselves confess what troubles they have rais’d
“ In ev’ry realm, and country, which they pass’d. 610

- " Lo! here a puny state, not half secur'd,
" By trivial shock its ruin were insur'd.
" Nought dropp'd *Protefilas*, but aim'd to show
" To what excess your reformatations go.
" Explain'd what dangers he foresaw might rise,
" My private int'rest plac'd before mine eyes.
" This people, blest with plenty thus at will,
" Will toil no more; their morals will be ill;
" Fierce and intractable, they'll scorn t' obey,
" At ev'ry turn will they dispute your sway. 620
" 'Tis poverty, and weakness, keeps them low:
" From these alone obedience shall you know.
" Oft aim'd he at the rank where once he stood,
" Great zeal pretending for his Sov'reign's good:
" By this indulgence, and unheard-of grace,
" I should my great prerogative debase:
" My subjects too would prejudice sustain,
" When low their state, the less they feel of pain.
" To this I answer'd, that I now had prov'd
" The way to be obey'd, was to be lov'd. 630
" Could well support the dignity I held,
" Yet ev'ry comfort to my people yield.
" See all delinquents were to justice brought,
" That ev'ry child should properly be taught;
" And none should ever from his duty swerve,
" But strict simplicity of life preserve.
" Alas! said I, this maxim can I grant,
" To learn subjection, men must pine for want!
" What brutal policy, what baseness this!
" How many nations in the height of bliss, 640
" May

" May we observe obedient to their head
 " By no indulgence to rebellion led?
 " 'Tis vain ambition, and its restless Peers,
 " Which fill a country with revolts, and fears:
 " What time their pride, their passions overflow;
 " And to their Sov'reign they disdain to bow.
 " It is the Commons when licentious grown,
 " When due subordination they disown:
 " And all that multitude of rich and poor,
 " Brought up in ease, and indolence secure. 650
 " 'Tis the Militia too, if once too great,
 " Unskill'd in arts of peace, that tear a state.
 " In fine, 'tis men abus'd, and desp'rate grown,
 " Rul'd by a Prince unequal to the throne:
 " Whose pride, and softness, make him ill attend
 " To factious fraud and mischiefs that impend.
 " Lo! here Rebellion's cause with ease discern'd,
 " 'Tis not the bread each labourer hath earn'd.
 " When thus at length *Protesilas* believ'd
 " My mind was fix'd, and would not be deceiv'd; 660
 " A part he play'd far diff'rent from the past,
 " And feign'd the truth of all I said to taste.
 " My rules pursu'd, confess'd me in the right;
 " And grateful own'd that I had giv'n him light.
 " In short, he overacted tow'rd the poor,
 " Was first to tell me hardships they endure;
 " Of all their suff'rings had the tend'rest sense,
 " Exclaim'd at all exorbitant expence.
 " You, *Mentor*, know how oft you have been prais'd,
 " What confidence in you he feigns to have plac'd; 670

" How much he seems your conduct to approve,
" Omitting nothing to procure your love.
" Mean while *Timocrates* hath lost his ground,
" At independence aiming was he found :
" This rous'd *Protesilas* ; and by their feud
" The crimes of each in part I understood."

Here *Mentor* smiling---" Has a King like you
" So long ignobly stoop'd to knaves he knew ?"
" Alas !" return'd he, " little you perceive
" What influence men thus practis'd to deceive, 680
" Can o'er a weak and easy Prince extend,
" Who all affairs doth to their care commend.
" Besides *Protesilas* (I told you now)
" Your ev'ry scheme is ready to allow."

To this said *Mentor*, with a brow severe,
" The prevalence of vice I see too clear,
" And most it seems in courts can it command :
" Of which a dreadful monument you stand.
" You told me now your prospect I had clear'd,
" When I this traitor's villainy declar'd. 690
" Yet are you blind enough the reins to give
" To a base wretch unworthy ev'n to live.
" Know then, the impious can sometimes do well,
" In acts of virtue can sometimes excel,
" In good, in bad, abilities display ;
" Nor heed they which, when profit points the way.
" To ill indeed by nature are they prone,
" No conscience binds ; and Virtue they disown.
" Yet oft a semblance ev'n of this they wear ;
" And oft for goodness seemingly declare. 700

" Whence

“ Whence they some fame, some credit too may find,
“ And thus with more facility may blind.
“ In strictness, they to Virtue then are lost
“ Ev’n when they seem to practice it the most:
“ Yet dare to vices which they held at first,
“ Add still hypocisy; the last, and worst.
“ Long as the right you steadily pursue,
“ So long will he: his int’rest is in view.
“ But should you in the least that path forsake,
“ Relax, or deviate from these steps you take; 710
“ All means will he employ, all methods try
“ Again to plunge you in your misery.
“ Resume with freedom his imperious air,
“ And each disguise his canker’d soul can wear.
“ Can you then in repose, in honour live,
“ Beset by one thus ready to deceive;
“ Yet know that *Philocles*, that honour’d name,
“ At *Samos* lives in poverty and shame?
“ Alas! *Idomeneus* full well perceives
“ How present flatt’rers, and designing knaves, 720
“ Can easy Princes quickly overawe,
“ Insnare, intangle; to their purpose draw.
“ Another ill, of consequence as bad,
“ To the preceeding should you likewise add:
“ Which is that Kings are soon forgetful grown
“ Of faithful counsellors, at distance thrown.
“ The tribe of Courtiers which surround a throne
“ Is cause, that Princes are attach’d to none.

IMITATION.

Verse 725, *Plautus*.

“ To

- " To present flatt'ry is their ear resign'd,
" All absent friends are blotted from the mind. 730
" And no impressiion can fair Virtue make,
" Which scorns to cringe, or ought but truth to speak;
" Will freely censure, and will freely blame
" Whate'er she sees repugnant to their fame.
" What wonder then if Monarchs are despis'd
" Who pomp alone and empty joys have priz'd?"

END OF THE THIRTEENTH BOOK.



BOOK XIV.

BOOK XIV.

THE ARGUMENT.

Mentor obliges Idomeneus to have Protefilas and Timocrates transported to the Isle of Samos, and to recall Philocles in order again to reinstate him in his favour. Hegesippus, who is intrusted with this commission, executes it with pleasure: he arrives with his two prisoners at Samos, where he beholds once more his friend Philocles contented to lead there a life of indigence and solitude. He is with much difficulty persuaded to return to his friends, but after having understood that it was the will of the Gods, he embarks with Hegesippus, and arrives at Salentum; where Idomeneus, who is now a very different man, receives him with all the cordiality of friendship.

SO reason'd Mentor. The result of all
Was, that Idomeneus should straight recall
Much injur'd Philocles, and that same hour
Expel those traitors to some distant shore.

Yet here the Monarch to object began,
How much he fear'd the rigour of the man.

" I love and I esteem his gen'rous soul,

" Yet dread his coming and his harsh controul.

" From

" From early youth accustom'd long to feel
 " The sweets of flatt'ry, and officious zeal; 10
 " I tremble at the thought they now must cease,
 " And know his heart will never stoop to these.
 " His very look sufficiently hath check'd,
 " Whene'er he found me guilty of neglect.
 " At hours of social friendship have I seen
 " A cold reserve, tho' duteous was his mien."
 " Alas!" said *Mentor*, " easy 'tis to find
 " When flatt'ry once perverts a royal mind;
 " All then which thwarts invidious will appear;
 " The free, the good, seem rigid and severe: 20
 " A friend who scorns low servile arts t' embrace,
 " Nor will uphold his Prince in actions base,
 " Is thought with small respect that Prince to view,
 " And to refuse him the allegiance due.
 " His faithful counsel can no longer charm,
 " 'Tis haughty, proud, and wrested to his harm.
 " And Kings at length so delicate appear;
 " All sting, and hurt, but what shall please their ear.
 " But grant we *Philocles* thus harsh should prove;
 " Is sense, like his, less worthy of your love 30
 " Than pois'nous flatt'ry which your courtiers give?
 " O say what mortal free from faults can live?
 " Yet free advice is least deserving blame:
 " Least did I say? What else can e'er reclaim?

IMITATIONS.

Verse 9, *Tull. Off.* 1.Verse 28, *Ter. Andr.*

" The

“ The man you want is one fair Truth has fir’d,
“ Whose ev’ry counsel is by that inspir’d:
“ Whose steady conduct to the world may shew,
“ He, better than yourself, your int’rest knew.
“ Who all occasions for that end will seize,
“ Force you to hear; and such is *Philocles*. 40
“ Know then; whoe’er is destin’d to command,
“ Is too, too happy, if within his land
“ One single subject so erect shall live:
“ (The greatest wealth a Monarch can receive)
“ By crimes provok’d, should e’er avenging Heav’n
“ In wrath resume the blessings it hath giv’n;
“ This should you fear the most, this friend to lose
“ Whose worth, and parts, you knew not well to use.
“ The best have faults: and these should you perceive,
“ Yet take advantage of th’ advice they give: 50
“ Correct, amend, whate’er amiss you find;
“ And let no partial prejudices blind.
“ Hear them with candour, give them honours due,
“ And shew the world their high deserts you knew.
“ Be cautious still: let none his Prince betray;
“ Henceforth, be no man’s property, or prey:
“ For Kings, abus’d like you, contented seem
“ Inly to scorn whom they unworthy deem;
“ Yet fondly trust them, when they see their fault,
“ And to the height of affluence exalt. 60
“ Nor act they less absurd, when they bestow
“ Faint praise alone, on whom they worthy know:
“ But fear to trust him in affairs of weight,
“ Engage his love; and aggrandize his state.”

Here

Here blush'd the King that he deferr'd so long,
 To save such virtue from oppressive wrong:
 That Knaves, like these, the scandal of the times,
 Should 'scape the vengeance due to all their crimes.
 'Twas easy now for *Mentor* to persuade
 The ruin of a wretch, who thus betray'd. 70
 When once a fav'rite is suspected grown,
 Whene'er his person's irksome to the throne;
 All service is forgot, all friendship o'er:
 Kings easy part from what they see no more.
 That hour the King in *Hegesippus'* ear
 (Chief of those friends that at his side appear)
 In private gave it as his strict command,
 To seize the traitors, and in *Samos* land:
 There leave in exile follies past to mourn,
 While in their room should *Philocles* return. 80
 With great amazement heard he their disgrace,
 While tears of joy came trickling down his face:
 " 'Tis now," he cried, "that you're a Prince compleat,
 " These joyful tidings will transport your state:
 " All ills your Highness and your realm hath known,
 " To these were owing, and to these alone:
 " Full twenty tedious years did Virtue sigh
 " (And fear'd ev'n that) beneath their tyranny.

NOTE.

Verse 78, *In Samos*—This island, which is in the *Archipelago*,
 at the distance of about ten leagues from *Smyrna*, was sacred
 to *Juno*. Its inhabitants are said to have been the inventors
 of the potter's art.

" All

“ All avenues they stopp’d; permitting none,
“ But thro’ their int’reſt, to approach the throne.” 90

Here *Hegesiſſus* with aſſurance bold,
A thouſand perfidies began t’ unfold:
Discover’d to his Prince their dang’rous views,
Strange to his ear, ſince none had dar’d t’ accuſe.
Engag’d a late conſpiracy to prove,
By death the virtuous *Mentor* to remove.
Amaz’d, confounded with the things he heard
The trembling King as thunder-ſtruck appear’d.

Forth from the preſence now, with eager haſte,
Th’ embolden’d Chief to ſeize this fav’rite paſt. 100
His houſe, a glorious pile, on columns rear’d
Little inferior to the King’s appear’d.
Of leſs extent, more pleaſing to the ſight,
Form’d for convenience; and for all delight.
Adorn’d with all magnificence, and ſtate:
The poor had bled to render it compleat.
Amidſt a ſpacious hall of marble rais’d
Adjoining to his baths, ſuperbly grac’d;
Upon a purple couch with gold o’erlaid,
Thoughtleſs of danger, he repos’d his head. 110
Fatigu’d he ſeem’d with labours of the day,
Dark, gloomy thoughts his ſavage eyes diſplay.
Around on carpets were the Nobles found,
Their features alt’ring, as he ſmil’d, or frown’d.
Intent on him, obſequiouſly they vie
And watch’d the motion of their patron’s eye.
Scarce could he aim to ſpeak, when all prepar’d
T’ admire that wiſdom, which they had not heard.

A premier Peer in fulsome strain begun,
What for his Prince *Protefilas* had done.

120

Another told him that Almighty *Jove*
Deceiv'd his mother, through excess of love:
That *Jove*, the ruler of the blest'd abodes,
Was fire to him, and all th' immortal Gods.

A needy poet next in verse declar'd,
That all the Muses at his birth appear'd:
And ev'ry grace and ev'ry virtue join'd
To make his, equal to *Apollo's* mind.

Another bard of still more grov'ling parts,
Stil'd him th' inventor of all useful arts;
Call'd him the Parent of all human kind,
In whom alone their happiness they find.

130

Then higher still his adulation strain'd,
And plac'd the horn of plenty in his hand.
This increase he receiv'd with great disdain,
As one expecting greater praise t' obtain.

As one who thought it condescension great,
To suffer any should his worth repeat.

One servile wretch now ventur'd, with a sneer,
Gave *Mentor's* rules to whisper in his ear:

140

At this he smil'd; th' assembly grinn'd applause,
Yet why he smil'd, scarce any knew the cause.

But soon resum'd he his imperious air,
When all were silenc'd by his front severe.

Numbers impatient for the time were seen

When he their suit to hear would gracious deign:

IMITATION.

Verse 117, *Ecclesiastes*, xiii. verse 23.

Meanwhile, with anxious diffidence of thought,
The happy moment eagerly they fought.
Their abject looks sufficiently explain
The various favours, which they hop'd to gain. 150
As when a mother doth her cares employ,
To gain recov'ry for her only boy;
And humbly kneels before some hallow'd shrine,
To beg assistance of the Pow'r Divine;
Thus fond they seem'd, and zealous for his pow'r,
While in their hearts the monster they abhor.
Just then the Chief from presence of his Lord
Abruptly came, and seiz'd the fav'rite's sword:
Pronounc'd his exile by the King decreed,
And he to *Samos* must repair with speed. 160
As when a fragment of some craggy rock,
From height immense rolls down with hideous shock;
So fell this idol blasted with a word:
With fault'ring voice he kneel'd, and he implor'd;
And meanly clasp'd, with adulation vain,
Whom just before he treated with disdain.
Those vot'ries vile who late their incense brought,
When they his fall inevitable thought,
Betray no pity for his hapless fate,
Insult his suff'rings, and proclaim their hate. 170

No single hour would *Hegesippus* give
Th' embrace of wife, or children, to receive:
Or from the dark recess his papers bring,
Which all were seiz'd and carried to the King.

IMITATION.

Verse 161, *Virg. Æn.* 12.

The self-same hour the guards by order seize
Th' accomplice of his crimes, *Timocrates*.

Amaz'd at this so unforeseen event,
He thought their discord might his fall prevent.

The bark now ready in the port appear'd,
And for the destin'd isle direct they steer'd. 180

Where *Hegeſippus*, to torment them more,
Together left them on the *Samian* shore.

There in reproach they spend their wretched days,
Revolving all that caus'd their dire disgrace:

No hope remain'd they should again be free,
Their wives, their children, or their country see.

At distance plac'd from all they held most dear,
Far from their kindred, from *Salentum* far:

Their friends I name not; those long since were gone,
None liv'd to pity, or relieve their moan. 190

Fix'd in a strange uncultivated soil,

Their daily food must they acquire with toil;

Who long in ease had past each joyous hour,

High in the zenith of unbridled pow'r.

Like savage bears estrang'd from ev'ry joy,

And each his fellow threatning to destroy.

This part perform'd, the Chieftain next enquir'd
Where in this isle liv'd *Philocles* retir'd?

"Far from the town," they said, "his mansion lies,
"Where yon blue mountain reaches to the skies. 200

"Upon its airy top content to dwell,

"Though vast his mind, his house an humble cell.

"Since first to *Samos* isle this stranger came

"No single mortal could his conduct blame:

"His

" His patience charms us; his unruffled mind
 " Unbroke by toil, and ills of ev'ry kind:
 " And though reduc'd to poverty extreme,
 " Still happy, still contented, doth he seem.
 " Stripp'd of his fortune, from his country far,
 " Though here, alas! no office he can bear; 210
 " Yet to the good doth he a father prove,
 " A thousand ways his neighbours feel his love."

Straight to that mountain *Hegesippus* hied,
 His grotto empty found, but open'd wide:
 For such his mod'rate, and his simple fare,
 And such his furniture, he nought could fear.
 A mat of rush alone t' indulge repose,
 Rare on his hearth the bick'ring flame arose.
 For fire was needless: when dispos'd to eat,
 He ne'er indulg'd his appetite with meat: 220
 Fresh gather'd fruits in Summer pleas'd his taste,
 Dried figs, and dates, in Winter his repast.
 A chrystal limpid spring his thirst allay'd,
 Which form'd a fair and elegant cascade;
 In sheets descending from the mountain brow,
 To water all the verdant plain below.
 His gravings tools were all the goods he had,
 With some few books at leisure hours to read:
 And these not authors of a curious kind,
 Not for th' improvement of his parts design'd; 230
 But to instruct him when his toil was o'er,
 And make him better for the ills he bore.
 His love for sculpture did no higher rise,
 Than just to keep him in due exercise:

The self-same hour the guards by order seize
 Th' accomplice of his crimes, *Timocrates*.
 Amaz'd at this so unforeseen event,
 He thought their discord might his fall prevent.
 The bark now ready in the port appear'd,
 And for the destin'd isle direct they steer'd. 180
 Where *Hegesippus*, to torment them more,
 Together left them on the *Samian* shore.
 There in reproach they spend their wretched days,
 Revolving all that caus'd their dire disgrace:
 No hope remain'd they should again be free,
 Their wives, their children, or their country see.
 At distance plac'd from all they held most dear,
 Far from their kindred, from *Salentum* far:
 Their friends I name not; those long since were gone,
 None liv'd to pity, or relieve their moan. 190
 Fix'd in a strange uncultivated soil,
 Their daily food must they acquire with toil;
 Who long in ease had past each joyous hour,
 High in the zenith of unbridled pow'r.
 Like savage bears estrang'd from ev'ry joy,
 And each his fellow threatning to destroy.

This part perform'd, the Chieftain next enquir'd
 Where in this isle liv'd *Philocles* retir'd?

"Far from the town," they said, "his mansion lies,
 "Where yon blue mountain reaches to the skies. 200
 "Upon its airy top content to dwell,
 "Though vast his mind, his house an humble cell.
 "Since first to *Samos* isle this stranger came
 "No single mortal could his conduct blame:

"His

" His patience charms us; his unruffled mind
 " Unbroke by toil, and ills of ev'ry kind:
 " And though reduc'd to poverty extreme,
 " Still happy, still contented, doth he seem.
 " Stripp'd of his fortune, from his country far,
 " Though here, alas! no office he can bear; 210
 " Yet to the good doth he a father prove,
 " A thousand ways his neighbours feel his love."

Straight to that mountain *Hegefippus* hied,
 His grotto empty found, but open'd wide:
 For such his mod'rate, and his simple fare,
 And such his furniture, he nought could fear.
 A mat of rush alone t' indulge repose,
 Rare on his hearth the bick'ring flame arose.
 For fire was needless: when dispos'd to eat,
 He ne'er indulg'd his appetite with meat: 220
 Fresh gather'd fruits in Summer pleas'd his taste,
 Dried figs, and dates, in Winter his repast.
 A chrystal limpid spring his thirst allay'd,
 Which form'd a fair and elegant cascade;
 In sheets descending from the mountain brow,
 To water all the verdant plain below.
 His graving tools were all the goods he had,
 With some few books at leisure hours to read:
 And these not authors of a curious kind,
 Not for th' improvement of his parts design'd; 230
 But to instruct him when his toil was o'er,
 And make him better for the ills he bore.
 His love for sculpture did no higher rise,
 Than just to keep him in due exercise:

By this avoiding sloth, and earning bread;
Without dependence or another's aid.

When *Hegeſippus* firſt admiſſion gain'd,
Amaz'd he ſaw the works there newly plann'd.
And firſt a *Jove* of ſuch majeſtic mien,
So mild, ſo good, of aſpect ſo ſerene; 240
That ev'ry eye with certainty might know
The Sire of Gods above, and Men below.
Oppos'd to him was *Mars* the God of War,
Who ſternly frown'd in his triumphal car.
But chief of all *Minerva* ſeem'd to ſhine,
Great patroness of worth, and arts divine.
Her features ſtrong, yet exquisitely fair,
Her form erect; and maſculine her air:
So much of life was in her poſture ſeen,
As ſhe already on the march had been. 250

With high delight theſe ſtatues he ſurvey'd,
When lo! far off, beneath a poplar's ſhade,
Fix'd on his book, and proſtrate on the ground,
The wiſe, the virtuous *Philocles* he found.

NOTES.

Verſe 233, *His love for ſculpture*—The famous *Socrates* is ſaid to have amuſed himſelf in the ſame way. We are told of a *Mercury* and three *Graces* made by him, the latter of which had all drapery, which was a thing unuſual, and were placed before the citadel at *Athens*.

Verſe 239, *And firſt a Jove*—The author here appears plainly to have had in view that celebrated antique ſtatue made by *Phidias* in ivory: who being aſked by an intimate friend, how he could poſſibly raiſe his ideas to ſo noble a pitch? made answer—that he owed his idea of *Jupiter* to the magnificent deſcription given of him by *Homer*.

Straight

Straight he approach'd him---when the sage perceiv'd,
But all in doubt, and scarce his sense believ'd.

"What object this," said he, "I seem to view?"

"'Tis *Hegesippus* whom at *Crete* I knew.

"Yet what should bring him at this distance great?"

"'Tis some illusion, and a mere deceit: 260

"Perhaps his empty shade, when life has fled,

"Just now emerg'd from regions of the dead."

While thus he mus'd, still nearer on the plain

The Chief advanc'd: no further doubts remain.

His ev'ry feature, and his air, he knew,

And to embrace him in a transport flew.

"Is it then you, my friend, my comrade dear?"

"What storms what tempests can have thrown you here?"

"Say why from *Crete* is *Hegesippus* flown,

"Driv'n by disgrace, and mis'ry, like mine own?" 270

"Not so," said he. "By no ill fate constrain'd:

"Kind Heav'n alone this voyage hath ordain'd."

He now began in order to relate

Th' intrigues of both those traitors to the state,

The various ills *Idomeneus* had seen,

Who long an exile from his *Crete* had been;

His new dominion at *Salentum* won,

Mentor's arrival with *Ulysses' Son*:

The golden rules this *Mentor* had inspir'd,

How much the Monarch was with virtue fir'd. 280

Last he the tragic end of those display'd,

Whom he so late to *Samos* had convey'd;

Together doom'd in banishment to bear

Those griefs, they durst for *Philocles* prepare.

" And now," said he, " commission'd by the King
 " I stand, and you, must to *Salentum* bring:
 " For well your worth, your innocence he knows,
 " And wealth, and pow'r, shall recompence your woes."
 " See you," replied the sage, " that humble cell
 " Where savage beasts more properly might dwell? 290
 " Yet could I there joys more substantial meet
 " Than e'er in gilded palaces at *Crete*.
 " There live I free from all oppressive wrongs,
 " From Syren flatt'ry, and deceitful tongues:
 " No mortal see, or want; this honest hand
 " With ease can give what nature shall demand.
 " This homely garb, this cov'ring you behold,
 " Thin as it seems can keep me from the cold.
 " No more I seek while thus in peace profound
 " I feel my freedom, and its joys abound: 300
 " And from my books receive that best of light,
 " To know their value, and to use them right.
 " What should I search for more, with endless pain,
 " 'Mong men suspicious, mutable, and vain?
 " Ah! no, my dearest friend, excuse me this;
 " Nor aim to stop the current of my bliss.
 " The wretch *Protesilas* who once believ'd
 " To work my fall, when he his Prince deceiv'd;
 " How is he hamper'd in that fatal snare!
 " No ill to me his treach'ry could prepare, 310
 " But greatest blessings: who by his decree
 " From ev'ry sad anxiety am free.
 " To him this grateful solitude I owe,
 " And all the comforts which around me flow.

" Return,

" Return, return then to your Monarch's Court,
 " Aid him his painful grandeur to support;
 " And bravely with yourself resolve to be
 " The same state pack-horse you would make of me.
 " If blind so long, your Sov'reign now perceives;
 " Recall'd by counsel which this *Mentor* gives: 320
 " O may this *Mentor* still improve his heart,
 " And never, never from his side depart!
 " But as for me, thus 'scap'd from dreadful wreck,
 " No thought have I of e'er returning back:
 " Thus safe in port by heav'n's indulgence kind,
 " No more I'll trust me to tempestuous wind.
 " Ah wretched Kings! how do I wail your fate,
 " How pity those your Ministers of State!
 " If bad, what evils must the subject know?
 " What torments wait them in the realms below! 330
 " If just and good, what anxious hours they count,
 " What risques, what snares; what perils to surmount!
 " Once more, dear friend, ambition I abjure;
 " Here let me live in poverty secure."

As thus disputing earnestly he stood,
 Amaz'd, astonish'd, *Hegesippus* view'd.
 Long since he knew him in the isle of *Crete*,
 When high in pow'r he held the reins of State.
 His look then languid seem'd, and wan, and pale;
 Close application made his vigour fail: 340
 His native virtue too severe, and nice,
 To view without regret triumphant Vice.

IMITATION.

Verse 325, *Hor. lib. 1. Od. 5.*

D 4

In

In all affairs so regular, and plain,
 Such order wish'd, as we must seek in vain.
 Hence those employments which advanc'd his fame,
 Were much too vi'lent for his tender frame.
 But here at *Samos*, thriving was he seen,
 With healthful aspect; vig'rous, and serene.
 The bloom of youth his ev'ry feature decks,
 And, spight of years, still smil'd upon his cheeks. 350
 It seem'd as temp'rance, exercise, and ease,
 Could here a diff'rent constitution raise.

Smiling he cried---"Amaz'd my friend appears
 " To find me thus alert above my years:
 " Joys of retirement sweet this vigour give,
 " From that alone this beauty I receive.
 " My foes without design have that bestow'd,
 " Which ne'er from height of affluence hath flow'd:
 " And can a friend advise me to pursue
 " False bliss, false glory; and forsake the true? 360
 " Shall I again for Vanity declare,
 " Again be plung'd in all that sea of care?
 " *Protes'las* gave me all the joys I find:
 " O be not you more cruel and unkind!"

Fruitless all arts of *Hegesippus* prove
 To shake his firm resolves, his passion move.
 " Can you," said he, "with no impatience burn
 " Those friends to clasp who wait for your return;
 " Relations kind who heave the tender sigh,
 " Whom hope exalts to extasy of joy? 370
 " And can a soul, like yours, devoutly given,
 " (Which knows its duty both to earth and heav'n)

" So

" So lightly think of service to your King,
 " And all the bliss you to his state shall bring?
 " Think you th' Immortal Gods can e'er approve
 " A savage, base, self-interested love?
 " Or e'er complacence in that wisdom find,
 " Which shall itself prefer to all mankind?
 " Besides, the world undoubtedly will say,
 " Urg'd by resentment you refuse t' obey: 380
 " Yet knew the King a diff'rent man pursu'd,
 " Not faithful *Philoctes*, the just, the good.
 " And now he knows you, freed from his mistake,
 " A thousand tender sentiments awake:
 " His former love returning, as before,
 " Himself in person waits you on the shore.
 " Lo! on the beach both arms doth he extend
 " Accusing time that robs him of his friend.
 " And can that heart obdurate thus appear,
 " Refuse both nature, and your Prince to hear?" 390

The virtuous *Philoctes* who felt the flame
 Of mutual love when *Hegesippus* came;
 Yet suffer'd not that softness to prevail,
 But with contracted brow had heard his tale.
 As when a rock deep rooted in the main
 Unmov'd is seen; while angry winds in vain
 And ruffled billows, with a ceaseless roar,
 Assault his sides, and would subvert his pow'r;
 So firmly stood the sage: nor suppliant pray'r,
 Nor reason's force could from his purpose tear. 400

IMITATIONS.

Verse 395, *Hom. Il. 15*, *Virg. Æn. 7*.

But

But in that instant when all hopes were flown
 All prospect of success was desp'rate grown;
 To Heav'n's direction *Philoctetes* applied,
 And from the flight of birds those signs descried;
 From the slain victim, and his trembling heart,
 From ev'ry branch of his divining art;
 Th' Immortal Gods had his return decreed,
 And he must go where *Hegesippus* led.
 No more could he resist—yet seem'd to grieve
 His long accusom'd solitude to leave. 410
 "And must I go?" he cried. "A long farewell
 "To thee fair mountain, and this peaceful cell!
 "Where pleasing slumbers, visions light as air,
 "Each night return'd to ease me of my care:
 "Where pleas'd my humble state the Fates behold,
 "And twist my thread of life with silk and gold."
 All bath'd in tears no more erect he stood,
 Ador'd the *Naiad* of that limpid flood;
 Which had so long his parching thirst allay'd:
 Ador'd each Nymph of mountain, or of shade: 420
 While Echo sad convey'd the mournful sound
 To all the rural Deities around.

Straight to the town, and to the ocean's side,
 With great reluctance he attends his guide.
 And thought *Protesilas* thro' rage, and shame,
 Would sure avoid his presence when he came.
 But greatly err'd; for men corrupt of mind
 No meanness frights, no modesty can bind.
 The sage with care conceal'd himself from sight,
 An interview he judg'd would sink him quite: 430

When

When he his foe should see with envious eyes
Great by his fall; and on his ruins rise.
Alas! he eager came, and fondly strove
By various artifice to melt, and move:
Prevail on *Philocles* t' avert his doom,
Appease his injur'd Prince, and call him home.
But too sincere was *Philocles*, and good,
To mock his mis'ry, or his hopes delude:
And none on earth so well his foibles knew,
Should he return, what danger would ensue. 440
Yet courteous heard, nor answer scorn'd to give,
Advis'd him all his errors to retrieve;
With resignation to submit a while,
And angry Heav'n attempt to reconcile.
When told the Monarch had his goods distrain'd;
(Those fair possessions he by rapine gain'd)
Thus far, he promis'd to his suit to yield:
(Which promise he as punctually fulfill'd)
His children to protect, and hapless wife,
Who in *Salentum* dragg'd a wretched life; 450
Stript of their substance, and constrain'd to bear
The public insult, and reproach severe.
Nay further still engag'd he to befriend,
Of money too, some small supplies to send.

While thus he spake, a favourable gale
Distends the canvas and invites to sail.
When *Hegesippus* hasten'd him away,
Broke off discourse impatient of delay.
Th' unhappy fav'rite both embarking view'd,
Fix'd on the beach and motionless he stood: 460

His

His envious eyes purfu'd them as they sweep,
 Still less'ning to his sight the level deep;
 And when no longer he the bark could find,
 Still dwelt its image on his tortur'd mind:
 At length distracted, victim of despair,
 He roll'd him in the sand, and tore his hair:
 Ev'n Heav'n itself his impious cries invade,
 And instant death was summon'd to his aid.
 But Death obey'd not his absurd command,
 Nor could he seek it with that coward-hand. 470
 Meanwhile the ship by *Neptune's* friendly pow'r,
 And breeze propitious, reach'd *Salentum's* shore.
 The joyful tidings soon arriv'd at Court,
 That virtuous *Philocles* advanc'd to port.
 Forth rush'd the King with *Mentor* in his train,
 A sight of this much injur'd friend to gain.
 Embrac'd him tenderly, confess'd his shame,
 For harb'ring thoughts injurious to his fame.
 Th' admiring crowds no weakness hence infer,
 Nor less for this *Idomeneus* revere: 480
 All for the greatness of his soul contend,
 Who own'd his fault with purpose to amend.
 While tears of gladness ev'ry face bedew,
 Again this idol of their hearts to view;
 To hear their Prince such kind concern express,
 And find his heart such wisdom could possess.
 The modest *Philocles* respectful bow'd,
 But grew impatient of th' applauding crowd.
 Abash'd, confounded, with their loud acclaim
 He with his Sov'reign to the Palace came. 490

Mentor

Mentor and he, though strange, such friendship taste
 As both their lives together had been past.
 For righteous heav'n beneficent, and kind,
 Which makes the vicious to fair Virtue blind;
 Doth on the good those characters bestow,
 That each his like with certainty may know:
 And honest minds by some attractive pow'r
 Acquainted grow, cemented in an hour.
 Small time had laps'd ere *Philocles* requir'd,
 Still, as at *Samos*, he might live retir'd. 500
 There day by day attendant at his gate,
 See Great *Idomeneus* with *Mentor* wait!
 Together there the wholesome plan they draw
 To fix the State, and to enforce the Law.

Two weighty matters chief their cares engage
 How Peace t' improve, how form the rising age.
 " Our youth," said *Mentor*, " doth the state require:
 " Hath greater right to claim them, than their fire.
 " The Public justly may each child demand,
 " The rising hopes, the sinews of a land. 510
 " 'Tis all too late their morals to correct
 " When once deprav'd, and ruin'd by neglect.
 " Too late of posts, and honours, to deprive,
 " When they appear unworthy ev'n to live.
 " Far more discreet preventive means t' employ,
 " Than be compell'd to punish, and destroy.
 " Great Father of his Realm the King appears,
 " But chiefly so o'er those of tender years.

IMITATION.

Verse 501, *Hor. lib. 2, Od. 18.*

“ The blossoms these : like op’ning buds they shoot,
“ And ’tis from blossoms we must hope for fruit. 520
“ O’er these the Monarch must himself preside,
“ And see that others shall direct, and guide.
“ See *Minos*’ laws implicitly obey’d,
“ By which robust, and valiant they are made :
“ Can with contempt the worst of pain survey,
“ Yea death itself, when honour points the way.
“ By these they’re taught---from pleasure to abstain,
“ From sordid wealth---true honour is to gain.
“ That foul Injustice, Luxury, and Lies,
“ With base Ingratitude, is worst of Vice. 530
“ Hence from their cradles in celestial odes,
“ They’ll learn to praise those fav’rites of the Gods,
“ Those heroes valiant, who disdain’d to yield,
“ And serv’d their country in the sanguine field.
“ The pow’r of harmony their souls shall seize,
“ Win them by soft insensible degrees;
“ Shall urge them on to compass noblest ends,
“ Be firm to leagues; and faithful to their friends.
“ From these strict Justice shall they learn to all,
“ Ev’n those, whom most their enemies they call. 540
“ And chuse the worst of torture, death, disgrace,
“ Ere wound their conscience with an action base.
“ If thus to rule your striplings be confin’d,
“ And music’s charms imprint them on their mind;
“ Few shall you find whose hearts are not on flame
“ For virtuous actions; and athirst for Fame.”
Here *Mentor* added---“ Great were the neglect
“ Should we omit some public Schools t’ erect,

“ Where

" Where the young tribe in manly sports may vie,
 " And all their strength in full assembly try. 550
 " For this will banish Indolence, and Sloth,
 " Those sure corrupters of the best of youth.
 " In fine, a great variety he chose
 " Of public games, of pageants, and of shows,
 " With prizes all; t' inflame the giddy throng,
 " And make them active, vigorous, and strong.
 " What most he thought their morals would improve,
 " Was early entrance on connubial love:
 " He ev'ry parent's free consent acquir'd,
 " His son should marry whom he most admir'd: 560
 " With no regard to fortune, or to name;
 " Since thus would they preserve a constant flame."

While thus all proper methods they pursu'd
 That youth be active, innocent, and good;
 With love of glory all their breasts to fire,
 And due submission to the laws inspire;
 With love of arms was *Philocles* possess'd,
 And thus the prudent *Mentor* he address'd:
 " Vain are the public sports which you contrive,
 " If still in peace you suffer them to live: 570

NOTE.

Verse 549, *Where the young tribe*—Such were the exercises
 instituted by *Lycurgus* at *Sparta*. To which it was chiefly owing
 that the *Lacedemonians* were remarkable for being the best
 Soldiers in the world. For war was a kind of relaxation and
 rest to them, not attended with near the hardship of their
 constant home discipline.

IMITATION.

Verse 549, *Hor. in Arte Poet.*

" No fit occasion can their valour shew,
 " And nought of martial discipline they'll know.
 " Thus by degrees they feeble grow, and weak,
 " Their spirits flag; luxurious arts they seek:
 " Some warlike neighbour finds an easy prey,
 " And, dreading war, some Tyrant they'll obey."
 " Alas!" said he, " the miseries of war
 " Exceed what you suppose, are greater far:
 " 'Tis that which weakens and dissolves a state,
 " Since ev'ry hour is pregnant with its fate. 580
 " Ev'n then when most triumphant she appear,
 " Surcharg'd with spoils; with trophies high in air.
 " Whate'er advantage you at first may gain,
 " You're never sure that profit shall remain.
 " A sad conclusion may your ruin seal,
 " A dire reverse of fortune may you feel.
 " Howe'er superior is the force you lead,
 " One trifling oversight, or panic dread,
 " Shall wrest that palm which Fortune seem'd to show,
 " And grace the brows of your insulting foe. 590
 " Nay though the Goddess Victory you held
 " Chain'd to your camp, or fetter'd in the field;
 " Yet while your pow'r to ruin you employ,
 " You too must suffer, and yourself destroy.

NOTE.

Verse 592, *Chain'd to your camp*—As the *Tyrians*, when besieged by *Alexander*, chained the statue of *Apollo* to the altar of *Hercules*; for fear he should leave them, and go over to the enemy.

" Then

" Then languid Commerce drops her sickly head,
 " The fields are waste; for Husbandry has fled:
 " And what is worse, your Laws are useless grown,
 " Religion faints, Morality is gone.
 " Your youth to Vice unbridled give the reign,
 " Your very troops no more can you restrain. 600
 " No more of equity 'twixt man and man;
 " Disorder rules, and civil pow'rs are vain.
 " A Prince who thus is prodigal of blood,
 " And deals misfortunes like a raging flood,
 " T' enlarge his borders; or acquire a name,
 " Can no pretensions form to solid fame.
 " Who other's goods with hand usurping seize,
 " Well merit loss of all which they possess.
 " But mark the method which I now propose,
 " To nourish valour ev'n amidst repose: 610
 " Already have you heard the sports design'd,
 " The fair rewards to influence their mind.
 " And all those principles of virtuous fame,
 " Which must be wove into their very frame:
 " While from their cradles they be taught to raise
 " Their infant voices, in some hero's praise.
 " To all these helps this further may we add,
 " A life by labour inoffensive made.
 " Nor is this all: when one of your allies,
 " Whate'er the cause, shall to the battle rise; 620
 " There send your fairest troops; but chiefly those
 " Who greatest genius for the war disclose.
 " By this due weight with friends shall you maintain,
 " All fear your loss; all strive your love to gain:

- " Without a war expensive at your door,
 " Shall you preserve your military pow'r.
 " Thus, though posselt of Peace with all her charms,
 " Still may you shew a due regard to arms:
 " And heap abundant honours on the head
 " Of those, you judge best qualified to lead. 630
 " Wars to avoid, and cherish lasting peace,
 " The proper rules to be observ'd are these:
 " Give Valour its reward, fit praise bestow
 " On all whose martial excellence you know.
 " Abroad let youth in foreign wars be train'd,
 " By this a just experience will be gain'd.
 " Hence you their strength, their discipline discern,
 " And all their various evolutions learn.
 " Be ne'er ambitious, yet not off your guard:
 " But always ready, for th' attack prepar'd. 640
 " Thus arm'd, thus furnish'd, if occasion call;
 " Th' assailants will be few, or none at all.
 " And when your friends each other's lands invade,
 " Sole Umpire of their strife shall you be made:
 " By this more solid glory shall obtain,
 " Than conqu'rors borne o'er mountains of the slain.
 " Far distant realms your amity shall prize,
 " All want your aid; will in your quarrel rise:
 " And you o'er these, by confidence, shall reign
 " As by allegiance in your own domain. 650

IMITATION.

Verse 639, *Dion. Hal. de Isocrat.*

To

" To you all secrets freely they'll impart,
 " Judge of their treaties; Sov'reign of their heart:
 " To regions far remote your fame shall fly,
 " As choicest incense grateful to the sky.
 " Thus firmly seated, should some neighbour-foe
 " Against all justice meditate the blow;
 " He'll find your magazines provided well,
 " And you with ease can force with force repell.
 " Still more; he'll find you thoroughly belov'd,
 " And that your conduct is by all approv'd! 660
 " For all will take th' alarm when you're attack'd,
 " Lest public safety should in yours be wreck'd.
 " Lo! here a bastion sure! and stronger far
 " Than firmest walls and battlements of war.
 " Lo! here a glory which can never fade,
 " But oh! how rarely is it thus survey'd!
 " Few Kings can find it, few this splendour know;
 " But on a shadow all their cares bestow."

Here finish'd *Mentor*. *Philocles* amaz'd
 With what he heard, in great confusion gaz'd. 670
 Then on the Monarch glanc'd his curious eye,
 View'd his attention with a secret joy;
 While streams of wisdom to his soul descend,
 So sweetly utter'd by this unknown friend.

Thus, under *Mentor's* form, *Minerva* strove
Salentum's lustre, and her laws t' improve.
 Not for *Idom'neus* seem'd these pains to take,
 But for her ward, *Telemachus*, his sake;

That, as from battle he would soon return,
Th' effects of prudent rule he might discern; 680
How it contributes to a nation's bliss,
And how a Prince to lasting fame may rise.

END OF THE FOURTEENTH BOOK.



BOOK XV.

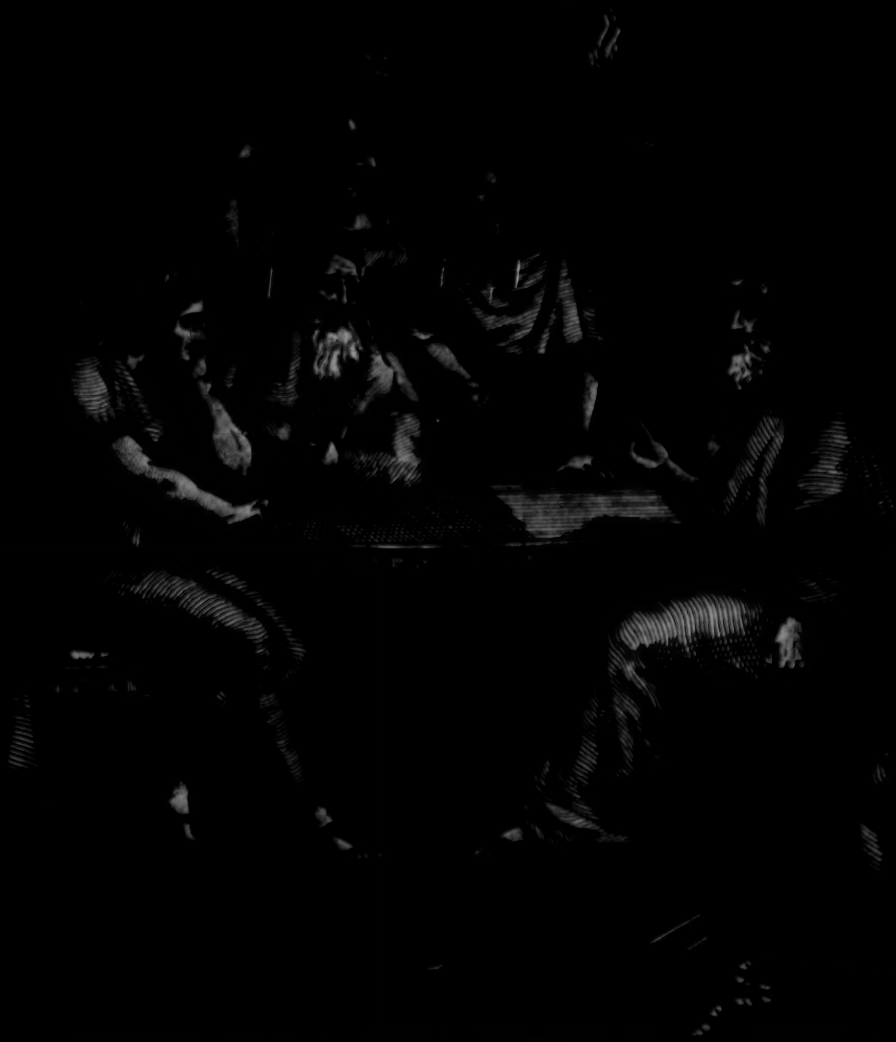
v.

80



v.

The Narration of **PHILOCTETE'S** *Sufferings in* **LEM**



*I know not what I do: give give, I cry,
O give me a sharp knife and let me die.
Burn me, young man, performing what my hand
Did for **ALCIDES** in **OETA'S** land.*

Performed as the Act directs, by M. A. Meilan, March 24th 1794.

BOOK XV.

THE ARGUMENT.

Telemachus, in the Camp of the Allies, gains the affection of Philoctetes, who was at first prejudiced against him on account of Ulysses his Father. Philoctetes relates to him his own Adventures; in which he makes mention of the particulars of the Death of Hercules, occasioned by the poisoned Garment which the Centaur Nessus had presented to Deianira: he explains to him by what means he obtained from that Hero his fatal Arrows, without which the City of Troy could never have been taken; in what manner he was punished for having betrayed the secret intrusted to him, by all the Torments which he underwent in the Island of Lemnos: and how Ulysses employed Neoptolemus to prevail upon him to return to the Siege of Troy, where he was cured of his Wounds by the Sons of Æsculapius.

MEANWHILE Telemachus, disdain'g fear,
Sustain'd his part in dangers of the war.
When to Salentum first he bid adieu,
One certain plan resolv'd he to pursue:
To win the vet'ran Chiefs, their love engage;
Now high in fame, the wonders of their age.

Nestor, (whom late at *Pylos* he had known)
 The constant friend of Great *Laertes*' Son,
 Receiv'd him as his child ; instructed, taught,
 Examples various to confirm him brought ;
 Adventures told he formerly had seen
 In early life, when vigour yet was green.
 Important facts, which he alone could know,
 Of heroes dead a century ago.

10

In truth the mem'ry of this wondrous man,
 Who thrice the course of other mortals ran,
 Was like those fair records of ancient days,
 On pillars grav'd of marble or of brass.

Not with that love the *Pylian* Sage had shown,
 Could *Philoctetes* view *Ulysses*' Son :

20

That stedfast hatred he had long possess'd
 Against the Sire, estrang'd him from his breast.
 It shock'd him to the soul, to think that heav'n
 Such signs of favour to this youth had giv'n ;
 And aim'd henceforth to make his praise resound
 Like theirs, who *Troy* had levell'd with the ground.
 But modest merit could at length remove
 All ranc'rous hate ; nor could he chuse but love
 Virtue so fairly shewn, and so refin'd ;
 And oft receiv'd him with indulgence kind.

30

" My son," said he, " (for I no more can bear
 " To rob such virtue of a name so dear)
 " *Ulysses*, frankly will I own, your sire,
 " Long have I hated, and pursu'd with ire.

IMITATION.

Verse 14, *Hom. Il.* 1.

" I

" I further will confess, that when with joy

" We found success had crown'd our arms at *Troy*,

" My soul still loath'd, and still abhorr'd the man

" Who so deceiv'd, and could his honour stain.

" And when you first appear'd thus meek, and mild,

" Ev'n Virtue pleas'd not in *Ulysses'* child.

" Oft have I to myself of this complain'd,

" And find at length---that humble worth's ordain'd

" To conquer all things, and the world command."

Discourse like this did unawares engage

T' explain the first occasion of his rage.

" To former years," said he, " must I return,

" Ere you the whole of my resentment learn.

" In all his toils his sure, his constant friend,

" Did I *Alcmena's* valiant son attend;

" The Great *Alcides*: destin'd from his birth

" To free from various plagues th' infested earth.

" Compar'd with whom all other heroes look

" Like humble reeds, by some majestic oak:

" Of small account as feeble wrens would prove,

" Who dar'd oppose th' imperial bird of *Jove*.

" Love, the dire source of all afflictions grown,

" Occasion'd his misfortunes, and my own.

" O'er all things else with ease could he prevail;

" But here his conduct, and his courage, fail:

" And cruel *Cupid*, though a puny child,

" Baffled his arms, and at his weakness smil'd.

" He blush'd to think, that any eye had seen

" A warrior spinning with a *Lydian* Queen:

" That e'er his glory could have stoop'd so low,
 " To work at tasks which scarce the meanest know,
 " But so could love, and slavish passion tame,
 " He own'd it sullied his immortal fame:
 " Did all the lustre of his deeds efface,
 " And oft in secret would lament his case.
 " Yet, O ye Gods, so feeble is mankind, 70
 " So frail their make, so mutable their mind;
 " At all things high pretend they to arrive,
 " While ev'ry trifle can their hopes deceive,
 " Alas! again entangled in the chain,
 " Those pangs he felt, he had abjur'd in vain.
 " Fair *Deianira* all his soul possess'd:
 " True to that wife he had indeed been blest!

NOTES.

Verse 63, *A warrior spinning with a Lydian Queen—Omphale*, the *Lydian Queen* here mentioned, was the daughter of *Jar-danes*, a most profligate Prince; in whose reign all kind of lust and debauchery prevailed: insomuch that this his only daughter could not escape the effects of it. When she came to the crown, in order to be revenged for the indignities which had been offered her, she caused the slaves all over the kingdom to be shut up with their mistresses. Her beauty made an entire conquest of *Hercules*: whom she obliged to lay aside his club, and take the spinning wheel with her women. By him she had a son whose name was *Alcæus*; the first *Lydian King* of the race of *Hercules*.

Verse 76, *Fair Deianira*—She was the daughter of *Oeneus* King of *Ætolia*. *Hercules*, who had many natural children dispersed all over *Greece*, was at length married to her for the sake of having legitimate issue. Soon after the wedding, the *Centaur Nessus* was employed to ferry her over the river *Evenus*: in which passage he attempted to ravish her. And *Hercules* observing this from the shore immediately let fly an arrow, and mortally wounded him. After the tragical end of *Hercules*, *Deianira* is said to have repented that she sent him the fatal shirt, and in a fit of despair to have hanged herself.

" But

- " But *Iole* soon charm'd: whose beauteous face,
" And smiling youth, reflected ev'ry grace.
" Now fir'd with rage was *Deianira's* thought, 80
" That fatal garment instantly she sought;
" Which *Centaur Nessus*, at his dying hour,
" Had late bequeath'd her; and reveal'd its pow'r.
" Whene'er *Alcides* false, said he, shall prove,
" This present will recall his wand'ring love.
" But oh! this vest the poison did retain
" Of every dart which had the Hydra slain.
" (Which darts, you know, at *Lerna* were imbu'd
" With all the venom of that monster's blood)
" The subtle bane could certain death impart, 90
" And ev'ry wound surpass'd the pow'r of art.
" Cloath'd in this garb, *Alcides* quickly found
" Devouring flames each tortur'd limb surround:
" Pierce through his frame, and eat into his bones;
" Convulsion strange shook *Oeta* with his groans.
" Old *Ocean* trembled, and the voice of woe
" Incessant spread through all the vale below.

NOTES.

Verse 78, *But Iole soon charm'd*—*Iole* was daughter of *Eurytus* King of *Oebalia*, an ancient name of *Lacedæmon*. Her father not much approving of the passion of *Hercules*, refused to let him see her: whereupon that hero attacked him, slew him, and his sons, and carried off the virgin.

Verse 87, *Of ev'ry dart which had the Hydra slain*—The *Hydra* of *Lerna* in the territory of *Argos*, was a monstrous serpent with fifty heads: one of which being cut off, others immediately sprung up in its room.

IMITATIONS.

Verse 81, *Ov. Met.* 9,
Verse 93, *Id. ib.*

" Less

- " Less fierce and loud two furious bulls appear
 " When high in rage they combat for the fair.
 " Unhappy *Lichas*, guiltless ev'n in thought, 100
 " This fatal gift from *Deianira* brought:
 " And, as he strove to minister relief,
 " Approach'd his Lord transported thus with grief;
 " The hero seiz'd his hand, and nearer drew;
 " Then in a moment from the mountain threw.
 " Ev'n as a slinger whirls aloft in air
 " Some pebble smooth, he aims to distance far.
 " Headlong he tumbled to the roaring flood,
 " There metamorphos'd as a rock he stood:
 " Still keeps his form tho' dashing waves encroach, 110
 " And cautious pilots tremble to approach.
 " Shock'd with his fate, and shudd'ring with my fear,
 " No more I ventur'd to advance so near:
 " But sought some cavern in the mountain's side,
 " Where to retreat, and more securely hide.
 " There with one hand, I view'd him, and with ease
 " From their foundations tear th' uprooted trees;
 " Vast oaks and pines which had for ages past
 " Withstood the whirlwind, and tempestuous blast.

NOTE.

Verse 95, *Convulsion strange shook Oeta*—*Oeta* was a mountain of *Baotia*, the streights of which are so famous in history by the name of *Thermopylae*: being no more in breadth than five-and-twenty feet, they were defended by *Leonidas* and three hundred brave *Spartans* against the whole army of *Xerxes*, which consisted of near two millions.

IMITATION.

Verse 106, *Ov. Met.* 9.

" With

" With t'other hand, but all in vain, he tried 120
 " To rend the deadly cov'ring from his side;
 " Which close as glue with penetrating flame
 " Had clasp'd his skin; incorp'rate with his frame.
 " Oft as he strove, the dire mistake he found:
 " His skin, his flesh soon follow'd in a wound;
 " While floods of reeking gore distain'd the ground. }
 " But pristine valour soon return'd again,
 " And rose superior to his load of pain.
 " O *Philoctetes*, dearest friend, said he,
 " Just are the Gods in all which they decree: 130
 " Well do I merit all the ills I know,
 " Who dar'd thus violate my nuptial vow.
 " Have I in conquest stretch'd mine arms so far,
 " To fall a victim to an unknown fair?
 " No more of this---My fatal period's come:
 " So Heav'n forgive, content I'll meet my doom.
 " But, O my friend, say whither do you fly?
 " My grief, my pains were more to blame than I.
 " True *Lichas* dies; and I abhor the thought:
 " He little knew the present which he brought. 140
 " Think you I e'er can *Philoctetes* hate,
 " Think you *Alcides* e'er can urge his fate?
 " Ah! no. I ne'er shall cease while I have breath
 " To prize his worth, I'll love him ev'n in death.
 " In his dear bosom will I pour my soul
 " Now on the wing to yon ethereal pole.

IMITATIONS.

Verse 124, *Od. Met.* 9, and *Sophoc. Trachin.* 781.

" And

- " And when releas'd from all these tort'ring pains,
 " His friendly hand shall gather my remains.
 " O *Philoctetes*, whither art thou flown?
 " My last, best hope, why leave me thus alone? 150
 " Rous'd by these words, I quit my secret place:
 " His outstretch'd arms were eager to embrace,
 " But wisely stopp'd; lest I with him expire
 " Catching the flames of that contagious fire.
 " Alas! he cried, all comfort's at an end,
 " No longer now can I embrace my friend.
 " This said; together all the trees he bound,
 " Which late he tore in anguish from the ground;
 " And on the topmost summit of the hill
 " In order plac'd them, for a fun'ral pile. 160
 " On this he mounted with a look benign,
 " Beneath him spread the tawny lion's skin,
 " *Nemæan* spoils; which he so long had worn;
 " (While still victorious and in triumph borne,
 " He travers'd all the globe from East to West,
 " Subduing monsters, aiding the distressed.)
 " Then leaning on his club, he gave command
 " I quickly should apply the flaming brand.
 " With trembling nerves, in horror, and dismay,
 " Though dire the task, I fail'd not to obey. 170

NOTE.

Verse 163, *Nemæan spoils*—*Nemeus* a city of *Argos*, where were celebrated the *Nemæan* Games in memory of this lion which was killed by *Hercules*.

IMITATION.

Verse 157, *Ov. Met.* 9.

" For

- " For what was wretched life forlorn as his ?
" No gift divine ; no more a solid bliss.
" Besides, I fear'd extremity of pain
" Might urge him to some action base, profane ;
" To soil the virtuous fame he had acquir'd,
" And which th' astonish'd universe admir'd.
" He saw the bick'ring flames ascend with speed,
" 'Tis now, exclaim'd he, you're a friend indeed :
" May all the Gods to your reward arise !
" Since more mine honour, than my life you prize. 180
" To you bequeath I, for your peerless worth,
" What most I value and esteem on earth :
" Those fatal shafts bedew'd with Hydra's blood.
" Like me henceforth shall you be unsubstu'd.
" Henceforth no mortal e'er with you shall vie :
" For all you wound inevitably die.
" Thus to the grave you see my friendship pure,
" Let yours to me as constantly endure.
" But if in truth my suff'rings you can taste ;
" One favour grant me more, and 'tis the last. 190
" Give me your promise you will still conceal
" *Alcides'* death, and ne'er his urn reveal.
" To this I gave assent : nay more ; I vow'd :
" Alas ! my tears too like a torrent flow'd.
" A ray of joy now sparkled in his eyes,
" When lo ! so thick the tow'ring flakes arise ;
" They choak'd his voice : had reach'd their utmost height,
" And well nigh hid him from my troubled sight.
" Still through the trem'lous fires a glimpse I gain'd,
" With aspect mild this conflict he sustain'd ; 200
" As

" As he with friends at genial feast was found,
 " With odours gay, and flow'ry chaplets crown'd.
 " Whate'er *Alcmena* gave him at his birth,
 " (His mortal part, those particles of earth)
 " Were soon reduc'd. But *Jupiter*, his fire,
 " Had giv'n directions that th' ethereal fire,
 " (That principle of life, his valiant soul)
 " Gift of himself; be uncorrupt, and whole.
 " Hence in *Olympus'* golden, bright abodes
 " He quaffs immortal nectar with the Gods: 210
 " While to his arms is beauteous *Hebe* giv'n,
 " Goddess of Youth, and favourite of heav'n:
 " Who once for *Jove* the cup nectareous fill'd,
 " Though now to royal *Ganymede* she yield.
 " Alas! those fatal shafts (which he design'd
 " Should make me triumph over all mankind)
 " To me were sources of an endless woe;
 " Hence all my mis'ries, and misfortunes flow.
 " Th' associate Kings had now, with reason just,
 " Conspir'd, to level *Ilium* in the dust: 220
 " And punish *Paris*, who from *Greece* had fled,
 " And *Helen* stol'n from *Menelaus'* bed.
 " When Great *Apollo's* Oracle declar'd
 " No hope, no prospect of success appear'd:

NOTE.

Verse 211, *Beauteous Hebe* — According to the poets she was daughter of *Juno* without a father.

IMITATIONS.

Verse 201, *Od. Met.* 9.

Verse 203, *Id. ib.*

" Ne'er should they conquer, ne'er compleat their fame,
" Till to the siege *Alcides'* arrows came.

" Your father then, whose enterprizing heart
" Excell'd all others in designing art;
" Convinc'd that I those arms victorious held,
" Engag'd to bring me with them to the field. 230

" Long time had past since *Hercules* appear'd,
" No new exploit of his had late been heard:
" Monsters, and thieves, who now forgot their fears,
" Uncheck'd renew'd their rapines, and their wars.

" The *Greeks* in doubt the fruitless search gave o'er,
" And some averr'd that hero was no more:

" While some affirm'd beneath the frozen Bear,
" He wag'd with *Scythia* an offensive war.

" *Ulysses* dead believ'd: propos'd to sooth,
" And win me over to declare the truth. 240

" My secret haunts he found; where sunk with grief
" For Great *Alcides*, I refus'd relief.

" Nor easy was the task access to gain:

" For now all mortals I beheld with pain,
" And none from *Oeta's* desarts could remove

" For there expir'd the object of my love.

" I fill'd each place with tears, with sighs the wind;

" My sole delight t'imprint him on my mind.

" But lo! your fire, on whose enchanting tongue,
" Mellifluous dews, and soft persuasion hung; 250

" Soon o'er my heart insensibly prevail'd,

" And with resistless eloquence assail'd.

" In concert wept to forward his design,

" And seem'd to mingle his concern with mine.

" My

“ My soul in soft compassion melted down
“ For those who threaten’d *Troy*’s devoted town:
“ Whose quarrel just, whose cause was good, he said:
“ But ne’er could prosper till I gave my aid.
“ Yet conscious of my oath, with caution great
“ I strove to hide the Great *Alcides*’ fate. 260
“ Sure of his death, he shew’d ’twere vain t’ oppose,
“ And press’d me hard his ashes to disclose.
“ Alas! I fear’d by perjury to reveal
“ What heav’n was witness I ne’er ought to tell:
“ But to elude that oath I durst not break,
“ Had straight recourse to this contrivance weak:
“ I stamp’d my foot upon that hallow’d clay
“ Where the dear reliques of my hero lay.
“ Th’ avenging Gods my breach of faith survey’d,
“ And soon a dire example was I made. 270
“ Hence to the camp I past: each great Ally
“ Receiv’d me there with extacy of joy,
“ All honours gave; all gratitude declare
“ As though *Alcides* had himself been there.
“ At *Lemnos*’ isle, to win the *Grecians*’ hearts,
“ I needs must prove the virtue of my darts:
“ And aiming at a buck which cross’d the wood,
“ Whose bounding steps too eager I pursu’d;
“ Dropp’d on my foot, and, oh! too quickly found
“ The killing dart had pinn’d me to the ground. 280
“ Full soon the dreadful consequence I view,
“ And all the torture of *Alcides* knew.
“ Whole days, and nights, my groans that island fill’d;
“ The black corrupted gore my wound distill’d,
“ Bred

" Bred such contagion in th' infected air,
 " As now the *Grecians* could no longer bear.
 " It suffocation threaten'd to them all:
 " Before its stench the stoutest warriors fall.
 " The troops aghast, Heav'n's awful judgements own;
 " For plagues like these proceed from Heav'n alone. 290
 " Your fire, though first to bring me to the fight,
 " Was first to leave me, by a shameful flight.
 " Some small excuse he afterward assign'd,
 " That public spirit had engross'd his mind:
 " When *Greece* was call'd to triumph o'er her foes,
 " No private ties, he thought should interpose.
 " The tainted camp no more could room afford
 " Where victims should be slain, or heav'n ador'd;
 " For such my cries, so dreadful was the sound,
 " So great the pest, the terror of my wound. 300
 " But when to him the *Grecians* gave their ear,
 " And left me thus abandon'd to despair,
 " I thought a treachery so black, so base,
 " Reflected scandal on all human race.
 " Fool that I was, and blind! nor understood
 " How just it seem'd that all the wise, and good,
 " Should join'd th' incens'd Gods, t' oppose a man,
 " With whom both oaths, and promises, were vain!
 " Here liv'd I helpless, strange to ev'ry joy,
 " Till near the grand catastrophe of *Troy*. 310
 " Consign'd to pain, and in a desert isle,
 " Where nature's fruits are never known to smile.

IMITATION.

Verse 297, *Sophocl. Philoctet.*

VOL. II.

F

" Where

" Where nought is seen but rocks which *Ocean* laves,
 " No sound is heard, but of the dashing waves.
 " Amidst this solitude a cave I spied,
 " Within a craggy rock's capacious side,
 " Where two tremendous pikes aspiring rise
 " Like two fair turrets reaching to the skies:
 " And from its mossy foot a limpid stream,
 " With purest rills, its only comfort, came : 320
 " This cave, of savage beast the dire retreat,
 " Expos'd me hourly some strange death to meet.
 " Some leaves, on which to rest my limbs, I gain'd :
 " A wooden cup of fashion rude retain'd ;
 " And some few tatter'd robes collected round,
 " To staunch the blood ; and clean my loathsome wound.
 " Deserted here by heav'n, and earth, I liv'd ;
 " And with my darts the tedious hours deceiv'd :
 " Transfixing doves, frequenters of the rock,
 " The foe declar'd of all the feather'd flock. 330
 " These my support : when any chanc'd to fall,
 " All prone on earth was I constrain'd to crawl :
 " Distract with pain the wretched prey pursu'd,
 " And thus my hands still minister'd my food.
 " The *Greeks* indeed some stores had left behind,
 " Which seem'd for no continuance design'd.
 " Fire had I none ; but what, with labour great,
 " By close attrition of two flints I get.

IMITATIONS.

Verse 317, *Sophocl. Philoctet.*Verse 319, *Id. ib.*Verse 325, *Id. ib.*Verse 334, *Id. ib.*

" All

" All wild and barb'rous as this state appear'd,
 " Yet while no impious men I saw, or heard; 340
 " Still could I live in peace, and still be blest,
 " But those tormenting pains had murder'd rest:
 " And thus to cruel recollection brought,
 " My fore distress still dwelt upon my thought.
 " What! far from home, said I, to drag a friend,
 " And him who could alone their fame extend;
 " Then leave him in his sleep, with horrid guile,
 " In want, and begg'ry, on a desert isle!
 " For I in truth was lock'd in slumber sweet
 " When they in silence hasten'd their retreat. 350
 " O judge of my surprise, conceive my tears,
 " When to my waking eyes their fleet appears
 " At distance great, and traversing the main:
 " O think how justly I might then complain.
 " Alas! where'er I cast my troubled sight
 " Dire was the scene, and stranger to delight.
 " No port, no busy merchandise was here;
 " No ship by choice would ever venture near:
 " And not a mariner approach'd the shore,
 " But driv'n by wrecks, when winds tempestuous roar. 360
 " Ev'n these on board would never dare receive,
 " But still despairing on the coast would leave:
 " Lest they resentment of the *Greeks* should feel,
 " Or anger heav'n by their officious zeal.

IMITATIONS.

Verse 337, *Sophocles Philoctetes.*

Verse 347, *Id. ib.*

Verse 357, *Id. ib.*

" Ten tedious years in sad distress I griev'd,
 " And thus in want of all convenience liv'd:
 " Cherish'd a wound which on my vitals fed,
 " While every hope of my deliv'rance fled.
 " One day returning, with accustom'd pain,
 " From seeking plants medicinal to gain, 370
 " A beauteous youth I spied within my cave,
 " Of mien majestic; and of aspect brave.
 " *Achilles*' self, methought, I seem'd to see,
 " So much their gait, their features all agree.
 " Yet in their age some difference I found,
 " For here all sweets of blooming youth abound:
 " But on his face thus fair, majestic, bold,
 " Confusion join'd with pity I behold.
 " He seem'd affected greatly at the view,
 " While grov'ling thus on earth my load I drew. 380
 " Those piercing cries, with which I rent the pole,
 " Unman'd him quite; and soften'd all his soul.
 " O stranger! I exclaim'd, the cause declare;
 " What dire misfortunes can have brought you here?
 " What sore disaster cast you on this isle,
 " This barren, waste, inhospitable soil?
 " That dress indeed your country should bespeak,
 " Still must I love the very name of *Greek*.
 " O let me hear once more that fav'rite tongue
 " I learn'd in youth; but have disus'd so long. 390

IMITATIONS.

Verse 365, *Accius in frag. deperd. Philoct.*

Verse 370, *Sophocl. in Philoctet.*

Verse 383, *Id. ib.*

" Fear

" Fear not a man to these distresses brought:
 " My state to pity should excite your thought.
 " Scarce had he told me he deriv'd from *Greece*,
 " O Gods! I cried, what pleasing sounds are these!
 " How grateful are they to the ravish'd ears
 70 " Of one thus helpless for so many years!
 " My child, what wrecks, what tempests here have driv'n,
 " Or rather, what propitious gales from heav'n?
 " Which you the glorious minister hath chose
 " To end my suff'rings, and relieve my woes. 400
 " He answer'd mild---From *Scyros* do I come,
 " *Ægean* isle, am there returning home.
 " My birth, 'tis said, I from *Achilles* drew;
 " That truth, perhaps, is better known to you.
 " Reply so short ill satisfied my mind,
 80 " I wanted more; and eagerly rejoin'd.
 " O Son of him whose mem'ry I revere,
 " Entrusted young to *Lycomedes*' care,
 " Say, I adjure you, by that honour'd name,
 " What hither hath convey'd, and whence you came? 410

NOTE.

Verse 401, *From Scyros*—The Goddess *Tethys*, being told by the Oracle that her son *Achilles* would be slain if he went to the Trojan war, sent him privately, in the disguise of women's apparel, to *Lycomedes* King of *Scyros*; an island in the *Ægean* Sea, and one of the *Cyclades*. Here he debauched *Deianira* one of the King's daughters, by whom he had this *Pyrhus*, afterwards King of *Epirus*.

IMITATION.

Verse 403, *Sophocl. in Philoctet.*

F 3

" From

" From *Phrygia* last, said he, where hated *Troy*
 " Th' united force of *Grecians* doth employ.
 " From *Troy*? too young, too tender sure that frame,
 " T' attend the *Greeks* when first to *Troy* they came.
 " Of this, said he, you diffident appear,
 " But wherefore? arm'd you in that glorious war?
 " Alas! I answer'd, little do you know
 " The name of *Philoctetes*, or his woe.
 " Wretch that I am! my foes insult my pains:
 " While *Greece* of this no information gains. 420
 " Those ills increase I to th' *Atrides* owe;
 " May heav'n on them fit recompence bestow!
 " In order then recounted I my tale,
 " How in my sleep the *Greeks* had hois'd their sail.
 " Patient he heard till my complaints were done,
 " And thus began the series of his own.
 " When great *Achilles*, *Troy's* most dreaded foe,
 " At length descended to the shades below;---
 " *Achilles* dead? I interrupting cried,
 " Forgive th' affliction which I cannot hide: 430
 " Permit me, gen'rous youth, permit me here
 " To drop one pious tributary tear.
 " Alas! said he, 'tis comfort which you bring,
 " Tho' sorrow thence to *Philoctetes* spring.
 " When death, I say, had crown'd *Achilles'* fame;
 " To me *Ulysses*, join'd with *Phanix* came.

IMITATIONS.

Verse 411, *Sophocl. in Philoctet.*

Verse 422, *Id. ib.*

Verse 427, *Id. ib.*

Verse 436, *Id. ib.*

" And

- " And straight assur'd me I must lend them aid;
 " Or else no conquest could of *Troy* be made.
 " Small eloquence suffic'd consent to gain,
 " I burn'd with anger for a father slain; 449
 " Was all impatient for that glorious strife,
 " Panting for fame, and prodigal of life.
 " I soon arriv'd: when in th' imbattled field
 " Each swore in me *Achilles* he beheld.
 " But oh! that hero was defunct, and gone:
 " In me they saw his unexperienc'd son.
 " My youth was fir'd with honours which they gave,
 " And thought whate'er it could demand to have:
 " I begg'd the weapons of the fire I mourn'd,
 " To which the Kings this answer high return'd: 450
 " Whate'er besides *Achilles* might possess,
 " We grant is yours: *Ulysses* must have these.
 " Enrag'd at this, I from their presence fled,
 " In secret griev'd, and tears abundant shed.
 " *Ulysses* saw what trouble had possess'd,
 " But coolly smil'd; and briefly thus address'd:
 " Fond youth, as yet no part have you, or share
 " In all the perils of this tedious war.
 " Your courage seems too boist'rous to be brave,
 " Ne'er did you earn these arms; shall ne'er receive. 460
 " Thus robb'd, with just resentment do I burn;
 " And now to *Scyros* meditate return.

IMITATIONS.

Verse 443, *Sophocl. in Philoctet.*Verse 450, *Id. ib.*Verse 457, *Id. ib.*

- " Yet less of anger tow'rd *Ulysses* springs,
 " Than to those haughty and imperious Kings.
 " May all their foes conspire to blast their fame!
 " May heav'n too join them, to compleat their shame!
 " He ended here. When I the cause demand,
 " Why *Ajax* fail'd th' injustice to withstand?
 " *Ajax*, said he, no longer had the pow'r;
 " For *Telamonian Ajax* is no more. 470
 " No more? I cried; and yet *Ulysses* lives,
 " In height of affluence, and glory, thrives.
 " I next of brave *Antilochus* enquir'd,
 " Grave *Nestor's* son, whose prudence all admir'd:
 " And of *Patroclus* Great *Achilles'* friend;
 " All, all, return'd he, to their graves descend.
 " What all extinct, I cried, is't thus you say?
 " Thus doth *Bellona* on the virtuous prey:
 " But still the base, the worthless doth she spare,
 " *Ulysses* still can draw this vital air. 480
 " *Thersites* too; yet still do we adore
 " The partial Gods, and celebrate their pow'r.
 " While thus enrag'd against your fire I spake,
 " The fraud of *Pyrrhus* further'd my mistake.
 " With mournful accent now Adieu! he cried,
 " Far from the *Greeks* henceforth will I reside:
 " More pleas'd to dwell in *Scyros'* savage land,
 " Than where the wicked must the good command.

IMITATIONS.

Verse 471, *Sophocl. in Philoctet.*Verse 481, *Id. ib.*Verse 482, *Pacuv. in fr.*Verse 486, *Sophocl. in Philoctet.*

" Farewel!

- " Farewel; my destin'd course must I pursue;
 " May heav'n with smiles propitious look on you! 490
 " By all that's dear, by all you value most;
 " The womb that bare you, and your father's ghost;
 " I charge, abjure, said I, you'll set me free
 " From all the wants and miseries you see.
 " Well I foresee the trouble you may find,
 " But here to leave, were brutishly unkind.
 " To prow, to stern, permit me to be roll'd,
 " Where least I may offend; or ev'n the hold.
 " Great souls alone the glory can perceive
 " Of virtuous actions, and the bliss they give. 500
 " Oh! leave me not in this deserted land,
 " Where not a step of man imprints the sand.
 " With you to *Scyros*, or *Eubœa*, bear:
 " From whence *Trachinia*, *Oeta*, is not far;
 " And fair *Thessalian* plains whose beauties seem
 " Perpetual, wash'd by *Sperchius'* silver stream.

NOTE.

Verse 503, *With you to Scyros, or Eubœa*—The island of *Eubœa*, now *Negroponte*, was formerly joined, as *Pliny* tells us, by an isthmus to *Boœtia*: as it is now, by a bridge, over the narrowest part of the *Euripus*. The *Euripus* is extremely famous in history for the regularity of its motions: having been observed to ebb and flow fourteen times, in the space of a natural day. We are told that *Aristotle* died with grief, because he could not account for the cause of it.

IMITATIONS.

- Verse 492, *Sophocl. in Philoctet.*
 Verse 497, *Id. ib.*
 Verse 503, *Id. ib.*

" Oh!

- " Oh! bear me, bear me to mine aged fire,
 " Alas! perhaps he likewise may expire!
 " For long ago, by letters, did I pray
 " Some bark he'd send to waft me far away. 510
 " Or he, poor man, is mingled with the dust;
 " Or those my messengers betray'd their trust.
 " Ah, generous youth, on you must I depend:
 " Oh! think how frail is life, and prove a friend;
 " Ev'n those whom fortune crowns with all success,
 " Should fear t' abuse it, and should aid distress.
 " To *Pyrrhus* thus unburthen'd I my grief,
 " And he as frankly promis'd me relief.
 " Thrice happy day! I cried, *Achilles'* heir
 " Doth now well worthy of his fame appear. 520
 " Ye dear companions of my future way,
 " Permit one last adieu, no more I'll stay.
 " See! where I liv'd, my hopeless state conceive:
 " No other mortal could so long survive.
 " But sad Necessity a lesson gave,
 " She gives us knowledge we ne'er else should have:
 " And those who ne'er acquainted were with woe,
 " But ill themselves, or fellow mortals know.
 " Thus having said; in haste my bow I took,
 " And in my hand those deadly arrows shook. 530

NOTE.

Verse 507, *To mine aged fire*—*Philoctetes* was the son of *Pæan*.

IMITATIONS.

Verse 507, *Sophocl. in Philoctet.*

Verse 515, *Id. ib.*

" In

" In humble guise, and with submissive charms,
 " *Pyrrhus* requested to salute those arms:
 " Which through the world were now so famous grown,
 " Sacred to Vict'ry, and *Alcmena's* Son.
 " Whate'er is mine, said I, may you command;
 " 'Tis you restore me to my native land,
 " To life, to comfort, to my dearest friends;
 " My father chief who prone to earth descends.
 " At pleasure wield them, and an honour boast
 " None else e'er knew of all the *Grecian* host. 540
 " He bow'd obsequious, to my cave retir'd,
 " There gaz'd with rapture; and those arms admir'd.
 " Meanwhile my tortures had return'd again,
 " I grew delirious; and distract with pain.
 " For sharpest swords incessantly I cried
 " Which from my body might this foot divide.
 " O Death! so oft invited as a friend,
 " Why com'st thou not my wretched days to end?
 " O *Pyrrhus*, *Pyrrhus*, reach the flaming brand,
 " Apply it quickly with a friendly hand, 550
 " As I to *Hercules*, great son of *Jove*,
 " Whose limbs I burn'd to manifest my love.
 " Receive me, earth, receive a dying man
 " Who finds all help, and all assistance vain.
 " While thus transported by my pain I weep
 " I soon, as usual, was surpris'd by sleep.

IMITATIONS.

Verse 532, *Sophocles* in *Philoctetes*.

Verse 545, *Id. ib.*

Verse 553, *Id. ib.*

" By

- " By sweat profuse some little comfort found,
 " Black fetid blood distilling from my wound.
 " Thus lock'd in slumbers, easy was the task
 " To steal those arrows, and no leave to ask: 560
 " But he, true offspring of *Achilles* seen,
 " Disdain'd an act so treach'rous, and so mean.
 " I wak'd, and saw disorder in his face:
 " He sigh'd, as one who scorn'd pretensions base;
 " Whose gen'rous soul could never stoop to art,
 " Or speak a language foreign from his heart.
 " And would you then surprise me, Sir? I cried:
 " What means that brow? what cares your soul divide?
 " The cares, return'd he, which my thoughts employ,
 " Are these; this hour must you embark for *Troy*. 570
 " Ye Gods! what hear I? Am I thus betray'd:
 " Restore my arms---no more my peace invade.
 " To this he nought reply'd, but calmly gaz'd,
 " As though mine anger no concern had rais'd.
 " Hear me, exclaim'd I, hear ye shores around,
 " Ye savage monsters, and ye rocks profound!
 " To you I call, acquainted with my woe,
 " None else will heed me, or compassion shew.
 " Can great *Achilles'* heir a traitor prove,
 " And steal the weapons of the son of *Jove*? 580
 " Can he betray, and thus insult my pain?
 " Seek praise from hence among the *Greeks* to gain?

IMITATIONS.

Verse 572, *Sophocl. in Philoctet.*Verse 575, *Id. ib.*

" Alas!

- " Alas! he triumphs o'er a breathless trunk,
" An empty shade, by sore misfortune sunk.
" O! had he thus assail'd when blood ran high!
" But now he conquers by his treachery.
" Where shall I turn? --- Restore, restore those darts,
" Be like your father, and disdain these arts.
" Be like yourself --- What answer will you give?
" Alas! he speaks not. Wherefore should I live? 590
" To you, thou savage rock, will I appeal,
" Abandon'd, naked, who no joys can feel.
" Within this cave, in want of all, I die;
" Henceforth no more th' affrighted beasts shall fly;
" No more that bow shall fill them with dismay,
" I fall, no matter when, an easy prey.
" And yet, my son, you seem not ill inclin'd;
" What odious counsel thus perverts your mind?
" O! then relent, bid all these troubles cease,
" Return those arrows, and depart in peace. 600
" At this I found him melt into a tear,
" Tho' low his voice, these words distinct I hear:
" Would Heav'n I ne'er from *Scyros* had been ta'en,
" Thus to afflict, and aggravate his pain!
" Meanwhile, O Gods, exclaim'd I, in affright,
" Is that *Ulysses* who presents to sight?
" The same, he cried; and ah! too well I know
" That hated voice whence all my mis'ries flow.
" Had *Pluto's* realm before my view been spread,
" With all the torments of th' unhappy dead; 610

IMITATION.

Verse 603, *Sophocl. in Philoctet.*

" Should

" Should black *Cocytus* all his flames unfold,
 " Which ev'ry God must tremble to behold,
 " So great a dread my fancy could not seize,
 " And all his terrors had been small to these.
 " O *Lemnos*! said I, and thou God of Day
 " Who searchest all things with thy piercing ray,
 " Can you thus prostitute your pow'r Divine?
 " Perceive, and suffer such a grief as mine?
 " Calmly *Ulysses* urg'd:---'twas *Jove's* decree,
 " Himself the humble instrument must be. 620
 " Dar'ft thou profane, said I, that glorious Name?
 " Seest thou this youth yet innocent of shame;
 " Whose gen'rous soul disdains to be a slave,
 " And sinks beneath that impious task you gave?
 " 'Tis false, he cried: none such I gave in charge,
 " Our only aim your freedom is t' enlarge,
 " For your deliv'rance, and your cure we came;
 " And by the fall of *Troy* t' advance your fame.
 " 'Tis *Philoctetes* 'self his foe that proves,
 " And not *Ulysses*, who esteems and loves. 630
 " With this a torrent pour'd I on your fire
 " Of all that rage and fury could inspire.
 " Since on this shore you destitute could leave,
 " Why would you rob me of a peaceful grave?
 " Go, search renown amid th' impurpled field,
 " And all the softs delights which life can yield:

IMITATIONS.

Verse 609, *Apul. Met.* 1.Verse 615, *Soph.* *ibid.*

" Unenvied

“ Unenvied crouch th’ *Atrides* love to gain,
“ But leave to me my poverty and pain.
“ Wherefore now aim to drag me from the shade,
“ A lifeless lump, a wretch already dead? 640
“ How think you now more useful I can prove,
“ Than when you judg’d it perilous to move;
“ For that my cries and my infectious wound
“ Would taint your victims, and pollute the ground?
“ O curfed source of ills not soon forgot,
“ May Heav’n with plagues—Alas! Heav’n hears me not!
“ Deaf is it’s ear, averted is it’s pow’r,
“ And fends this foe to persecute me more.
“ Adieu! dear country which I ne’er must see,
“ Be ne’er from mis’ry, and misfortune free: 650
“ Yet, Righteous Gods, if one among you live
“ So just, so good, he can my wrongs perceive,—
“ Chastise *Ulysses*—Be his fate decreed;
“ I then will own me cur’d and blest’d indeed.
“ As thus I rav’d, your father calmly heard,
“ And great compassion in his looks appear’d;
“ Like one whose virtue could with ease excuse
“ A wretch, provok’d by suff’rings to abuse.
“ As when a stedfast rock, exalted high,
“ Braves all the fury of th’ inclement sky, 660
“ And stands unmov’d amidst the blust’ring rage,
“ When all the jarrings elements engage;
“ So firm, so silent did your Sire attend,
“ Till all this tumult of my grief should end.
“ Well knew he, when a storm the passions blew,
“ How vain the task men’s reason to subdue;

- " So wav'd th' attack, and cooler thoughts inspir'd,
 " When half fatigu'd those passions had retir'd.
 " O *Philoctetes*, *Pean*'s valiant son,
 " Say, where, he cried, is all your prudence flown? 670
 " Or where that courage we so much admir'd;
 " Behold this moment is it all requir'd.
 " If you refuse, and still averse shall prove
 " T' obey the mandate of Almighty *Joue*;
 " Unworthy are you valiant *Greece* to aid,
 " Or the dire scourge of *Ilium* to be made.
 " Stay you inglorious here, while I pursue
 " With these same arms the same should wait on you.
 " *Pyrrhus*, away! ill suits this idle prate
 " With public weal, and safety of the State. 680
 " Rous'd like a lionsess, at this I rav'd,
 " (When of her tawny young at first bereav'd,
 " She furious flies the spoiler to explore;
 " And the wide forest trembles at her roar.)
 " O cave! I cried, receive me in your womb!
 " Be you my comfort! and be you my tomb!
 " No more we part; no food can now remain,
 " No hopes are left of respite from my pain.
 " Oh! for a friend that would his aid afford,
 " And to my wishes bring the pointed sword! 690
 " Or would yon vultures all my vital tear!
 " Alas! no further cause have they to fear.

IMITATIONS.

Verse 690, *Sophocl. in Electra.*Verse 591, *Soph. in Philoctet.*

" Dear, precious bow ! made sacred by the hand
 " Of *Jove's* immortal son, from whom I gain'd !
 " O *Hercules* ! if ought of earth remain
 " Within thy thought, how now canst thou refrain ?
 " That bow no more adorns thy faithful friend,
 " But vile *Ulysses'* glory must extend.
 " Come ev'ry bird then of rapacious kind,
 " Come ev'ry savage beast to blood inclin'd ; 700
 " This cave no more shall terrify your hearts,
 " These hands no longer shall be arm'd with darts :
 " Wretch that I am ! No more your foe I'll be,
 " Come then in turn ; your vengeance reek on me :
 " Or may the thunder of relentless *Jove*,
 " With ruin swift pursue me from above !
 " *Ulysses* now all means had tried, and arts,
 " So judg'd it proper to restore my darts.
 " To *Pyrrbus* then the signal did he give,
 " And in that instant I my arms receive. 710
 " Dear Son of Great *Achilles*, I exclaim,
 " Well do you shew the stock from whence you came.
 " But let me punish my invet'rate foe,
 " And send him breathless to the shades below.
 " Forth from the quiver then I drew a dart,
 " And aim'd directly at your father's heart ;
 " But *Pyrrbus* stay'd : 'tis rage, said he, alone
 " Inspires an act, which you must blush to own.

IMITATION.

Verse 705, *Cic. Tusc. 2, ex Philoſ. Soph.*

" *Ulysses* fearless in this straight appear'd,
 " Calm, as before, he my reproofs had heard. 720
 " His patient valour touch'd me to the soul,
 " With secret shame I view'd that transport foul,
 " Which thus on him those arrows would have pour'd;
 " That he so late, in pity, had restor'd.
 " But as resentment could not get subside,
 " This very obligation hurt my pride.
 " Know now, said *Pyrrhus*, that by Heav'n's command
 " Hath *Priam's* son futurity explain'd.
 " For this did *Helenus* his *Ilium* leave,
 " This information to the *Grecians* give: 730
 " Alas! poor *Troy*, said he, shall surely fall:
 " But first, that hero must approach her wall
 " To whom *Alcides'* arrows are devolv'd;
 " 'Tis thus in Council of the Gods resolv'd.
 " There *Æsculapius'* sons his wound shall cure,
 " Till then, his torture must he still endure.

" Then

NOTE.

Verse 735, *There Æsculapius' sons*—*Æsculapius* was the son of *Apollo*, and God of Physic; which he is said to have practised at *Pergamus*. His chief Temple was at *Epidaurus*, in the kingdom of *Argos*, to which there was great resort from all parts of *Europe*, and *Asia*, for the cure of all distempers. He had another very magnificent one at *Cos*, enriched with presents and offerings of great value: being looked upon by the people of that island as the tutelary God of their country. The *Romans* brought him from *Epidaurus* in the shape of a great serpent in order to cure a plague which then raged among them. He took up his habitation in a small island in the midst of the *Tiber*, where they erected a temple to him. He was a native of *Messene*, a city of *Peloponessus*, and studied under the famous *Chiron*, who taught him Physic, and Surgery. *Æsculapius* had

" Then first my soul to fluctuate begun,
 " I felt the virtue of *Achilles'* son:
 " Observ'd his plain sincerity of thought
 " Who back thus freely had my weapons brought. 740
 " Yet to *Ulysses* I disdain'd to yield,
 " False rules of honour in suspension held.
 " How will the world my condemnation sign,
 " Should I *Ulysses* and th' *Atrides* join?
 " Thus doubting; to my sight, and ravish'd ears,
 " A voice divine, a prodigy appears.
 " Amidst a cloud with rays encircled round
 " Aloft in air I Great *Alcides* found;
 " His brawny limbs conspicuous to my view,
 " His plain address, and manly features knew. 750
 " His looks majestic now, more glorious shone
 " Than when on earth those victories he won.
 " Courage! he said, and banish ev'ry fear:
 " The Great *Alcides* you both see, and hear.
 " For this I quit the radiant realms above
 " To give you notice of the will of *Jove*.
 " You know the toils, the perils I endur'd,
 " By which a crown immortal I procur'd:

NOTE.

two sons *Podalirius* and *Machaon*, both celebrated Physicians.
 At the request of *Diana* he is said to have restored *Hippolytus* to
 life, after he was torn to pieces by his horses.

IMITATION.

Verse 746, *Soph. Philocl.*

" The self-same race of glory must you run :
" Away, depart with Great *Achilles'* son. 760
" Soon shall you find a cure ; shall *Paris* kill ;
" My darts shall crush that source of so much ill.
" When captive *Ilium* shall in heaps be laid ;
" The fairest spoils to *Oeta* be convey'd :
" To honour'd *Pæan* be they straight consign'd,
" For still he lives ; though broken and declin'd.
" With these a trophy shall that hero raise
" High o'er my tomb my conqu'ring arms to praise.
" And you, O *Pyrrhus*, hearken, and attend :
" Be strong, be brave ; and *Philoctetes'* friend : 770
" Without him, no success to you can flow,
" No fame shall he, without his *Pyrrhus*, know.
" United thus, together haste away
" Like hungry lions when in quest of prey :
" While I to *Troy* shall *Æsculapius* send
" That *Philoctetes'* suff'rings may have end.
" 'Bove all, my *Greeks*, Religion may you love !
" All else will perish---that eternal prove.
" O happy Day, I cried, O heav'nly Light !
" Thus after darkness offer'd to my sight ! 780
" I go, your great commands will I pursue ;
" Permit me yet to bid one last adieu !
" Farewel, dear Cave, and thou ethereal Maid,
" The Guardian Goddess of this humid mead !
" Farewel, tremendous Beach, where I no more
" Shall hear these billows lash the sounding shore ;
" Where I so long have been condemn'd to sigh,
" Expos'd to inj'ries of th' inclement sky !

" Adieu

- " Adieu ye Capes, ye Promontories all,
 " Where Echo listen'd to my mournful call: 790
 " Ye chrystal limpid Streams, and Fountains fair,
 " (Who yet for me could bitter draughts prepare)
 " *Lemnos* farewell! O prosp'rous let me go!
 " Since friends ordain, and heav'n will have it so.
 " That instant we embark'd and sail'd with joy,
 " And soon arriv'd we at the siege of *Troy*.
 " Where *Podalirius*, and *Machaon*, join
 " Their father's science, and his skill divine;
 " To stop my raging pains, my ulcer heal,
 " As now you see; that I no more should feel. 800
 " My pristine strength and vigour quickly came,
 " Yet still I halt, you see, and still am lame.
 " Pierc'd by this hand the impious *Paris* found
 " A ruin swift; and gasping bit the ground:
 " As when a tim'rous fawn by hunters prest,
 " The galling arrow feels within his breast.
 " Soon tumbling from her height great *Ilium* fell;
 " What after follow'd, needless 'twere to tell.
 " Still of its rage my soul was never cur'd,
 " Stung by those ills, which I so long endur'd. 810
 " *Ulysses*, valiant as he was, and wise,
 " Could ne'er efface the memory of this.

IMITATIONS.

Verse 797, *Prop. lib. 2, El. 1.*

Verse 807, *Virg. Æn. 3.*

" But when his likeness in his son I view'd,
" So meek, so mild, so virtuous, and so good;
" Such worth uncommon I must needs admire,
" And feel affection rising for the fire."

END OF THE FIFTEENTH BOOK.



BOOK XVI.

BOOK XVI.

THE ARGUMENT.

Telemachus is engaged in a dispute with Phalantus, in regard to some Prisoners to which both of them lay claim: he fights, and conquers Hippias, who despising his youth, had proudly seized these Prisoners for his brother Phalantus: but little pleased with his Victory he in secret bewails his error and his rashness, which he is very desirous if possible to repair. In the mean time Adrastus, King of the Daunians, being informed the Confederate Princes are wholly employed in making up the quarrel between Telemachus and Hippias, marches to attack them unawares. Having taken by surprise an hundred Vessels of their Fleet, in order to convey his Troops into their Camp, he first sets that Camp on fire, begins the Assault upon the quarters of Phalantus; slays Hippias his brother, and Phalantus himself is desperately wounded.

STRUCK with the strange adventures he had heard,
Ulysses' Son as motionless appear'd.

His eyes were fix'd upon the wondrous man,

Recounting thus the series of his pain.

The different passions *Hercules* had shown,

Or *Philoctetes*, or *Achilles' son*:

His father's too were pictur'd in his eyes,
 As all the various images arise.
 Full oft the current of this tale divine
 He interrupted; yet without design: 10
 Oft pensive seem'd, as one whose studious thought
 Remotest consequence of all had sought.
 When *Pyrrhus*' portrait *Philoetes* drew,
 As *Pyrrhus*' self he stood confest to view.
 The same their manners, and the same their hearts;
 Both scorn'd alike all base dissembling arts.

In comely order now advanc'd th' Allies
Adrastus, *Daunian* Monarch, to chastise.
 Who hurl'd defiance tow'rd the vault of heav'n,
 And all his mind to treachery had giv'n. 20
Telemachus had need of all his sense,
 To act discreetly; and without offence:
 Where ev'ry Chief was jealous of his friend,
 Where all aspir'd to rule; and none would bend.
 His part was, under no dislike to fall,
 But gain th' esteem, and friendship, of them all.
 His nature was sincere, and just, and good;
 But pleasing methods rarely he pursu'd:
 No love for riches had engross'd his heart,
 Yet what he had, he chose not to impart. 30
 Thus with a soul so noble, and so high,
 He seem'd not form'd for amity, or joy,
 Too selfish, and too close; without regard
 To friends that serv'd, or those he should reward:

IMITATION.

Verse 18, *Virg. Æn.* 7.

Rashly

Rashly his humour would pursue alone,
Penelope herself those seeds had sown :
Who, spight of *Mentor*, bred him up in pride
Sufficient all his excellence to hide.

He look'd on others with a secret scorn,
Fram'd for his will, and for his pleasure born : 40
With admiration would himself behold,
As Heav'n had form'd him of a diff'rent mould,
With grace divine their rev'rence to attract ;
And, as he gave command, to think, and act.
'Twas honour great that he employment gave :
No further profit must they hope to have.
Nought for his service must too hard appear,
No cross event his haughty soul could bear.

Whoe'er had seen him in his nat'ral state,
Would think he all things but himself must hate : 50
That all his views were to support his throne,
And all were centred in himself alone.
Yet this morose unsociable pride,
This strange indifference to all beside ;
Flow'd from those passions which a bridle need,
From mere ungovern'd appetite proceed.
Ev'n, from his cradle, had he thus been taught,
The Queen with flatt'ry poison'd all his thought :
And now a dreadful monument he stood
Of ills, attendant upon Royal blood. 60

In early youth, though fortune so had frown'd,
Still haughty, fierce, intractable she found :
Expos'd to want, abandon'd to despair,
He still retain'd that same imperious air :

Which

Which like the palm triumphant yet would rise,
And ev'ry effort to depreis despise.

While *Mentor* held the rein, compell'd t' obey
These passions fled, and hourly felt decay:

As when a fiery steed, with rapid bound,
Frisks o'er the mead in some extended ground; 70

Nor cragg'd rock, nor precipice can stay,
But through the torrent will he force his way;

Yet hears his groom, his voice will understand,
And calm submit him to that well known hand;

So did *Telemachus* all rule disdain:

The hand of *Mentor* could alone restrain.

One look from him to virtue could engage,

And stop the current of his utmost rage.

Not *Neptune's* self when he his trident heaves,

To still the storm, and hush the troubled waves; 80

Can more successfully exert his sway,

Or find them more implicitly obey.

But now alone, remov'd from *Mentor's* eye,

Again those passions swell'd, the tide ran high:

As fiercest floods with inundation stray,

The dyke once broke, which should their fury stay.

He could not truckle to the *Spartan* pride,

And to *Phalantus* whom he saw preside.

This *Spartan* Colony, a num'rous host,

(Who built *Tarentum* on th' adjacent coast: 90

IMITATIONS.

Verse 69, *Hom. Il. 6.*

Verse 79, *Virg. Æn. 1.*

Th'

Th' unpolish'd offspring of a lawless joy,
Begot by slaves whose lords were then at *Troy*)
Had something savage, barb'rous in their mien,
Plain in their looks their origin was seen;
Like fierce banditti did they rather live,
Than valiant heroes, who from *Greece* derive.

On all occasions would *Phalantus* aim
T' oppose *Telemachus*, and blast his fame:
In full debate his counsel would disdain,
As of a child without experience, vain. 100
Would set him up a mark for ridicule,
Describe him as a soft effem'nate fool:
Point out his foibles; jealousies inspire
How much his rashness would their care require.

It chanc'd one day, by fortune of the field,
Some *Daunian* soldiers were constrain'd to yield:
Phalantus here persisted still to wrong,
And urg'd those captives to himself belong;
For that he foremost of the line had stood,
And with his *Spartans* had the foe subdu'd. 110
He own'd; when all was o'er, when danger fled,
'Twas then *Telemachus* his battle led,
An easy task, he said, their lives to give,
And in the camp the prisoners to receive.
On th' other side *Telemachus* maintain'd
Himself in person had the vict'ry gain'd:
But for his opportune, his timely aid,
Phalantus' self had been a captive made.
Together pass'd they on, and both agreed,
Before th' Assembled Chiefs their cause to plead. 120
Ulysses'

Ulysses' son so high in choler rose,
 If not prevented, they had come to blows.
Phalantus' brother to assist him came,
 A noted warrior, *Hippias* was his name.
 Not mighty *Pollux*, as *Tarentines* say,
 At fight with cestus could more art display:
 Nor had ev'n *Castor* so renown'd in fame,
 Superior skill th' unruly horse to tame.
 Strong were his limbs, gigantic was his size,
Herculean frame, shot terror from his eyes. 130
 No pleasing accents dropp'd he from his tongue,
 But aw'd with brutish rage th' imbattled throng.

Awhile at distance he the fray survey'd,
 Perceiv'd his brother had a scorn been made;
 Then to *Tarentum* with the captives hied,
 Nor stay'd till Chiefs the contest should decide.
 Of this *Telemachus* was soon inform'd:
 Forth rush'd th' intrepid youth, he rag'd, he storm'd;
 As when a foaming boar perceives the smart,
 And seeks the daring author of the dart. 140
 Distract with ire he travers'd all the plain,
 Here haply of his foe some glimpse to gain.
 He vow'd destruction, while aloft in air
 Bright as a meteor, blaz'd the glitt'ring spear.
 At length descried him, when redoubled rage
 His breast dilated, eager to engage.

IMITATIONS.

Verse 125, *Hor. lib. 1. Ode 12.*Verse 139, *Virg. Æn. 12.*

No longer he preserv'd that sober thought,
Which *Pallas*' self, in form of *Mentor*, taught;
But seem'd a frantic madman unconfin'd,
Or *Libyan* lion of the fiercest kind. 150

"Stay, *Hippias*, stay thou caitiff base," he cried:

"In combat fair this cause will we decide.

"And see if any shall so hardly live

"That dares *Ulysses*' Son of spoils deprive.

"What; shall these captives to *Tarentum* go?

"Descend you first into the shades below."

He spake; and in his hand the jav'lin shook:

But thus enrag'd so little aim he took;

Aside the weapon glanc'd, imprest no wound;
At distance fell, and guiltless struck the ground. 160

With this the sabre from his side he drew,

Whose hilt was beaten gold superb to view,

Laertes' gift; the pledge of dear regard

When he to sail from *Ithaca* prepar'd.

Much fame that hero had with this acquir'd,

When sprightly youth with martial ardour fir'd.

Epirot Chiefs whom he in war subdu'd

Had felt its weight, and stain'd it with their blood:

No sooner was it drawn, than *Hippias* strove

His nervous arm's superior strength to prove. 170

Seiz'd on his hand which aim'd a fatal stroke

The brittle blade was in the conflict broke.

Lock'd in each other's arms they now appear,

Like savage beasts each other did they tear;

Their eyes shot flame, contracted low they bend,

Then in a moment all their limbs extend:

Now

Now up, now down; each fled upon his foe,
 While all around the purple torrents flow.
 Foot join'd to foot, and hand to hand was seen,
 So interwoven as they one had been. 180

But *Hippias* more advanc'd so close assail'd
 The blooming Prince, that all his vigour fail'd:
 His breath was gone; his trembling knees below
 Declar'd the palm inclining to his foe.

This *Hippias* saw; and all his strength renew'd,
Ulysses' Son had surely been subdu'd:
 Had felt th' effects of arrogance, and pride,
 (Those fatal passions which he could not guide)

But that *Minerva* who thus far allow'd,
 For his improvement merely and his good, 190
 Determin'd now to end the horrid fray,
 And all the glory to her ward convey.

Still at *Salentum's* Court the Goddess liv'd;
 But beauteous *Iris* her commands receiv'd,
 Fair Messenger of Heav'n, who from th' abodes
 Of blest *Olympus*, bears the will of Gods.
 Swift thro' the marble air she wing'd her flight
 Thro' all th' unmeasur'd space, and realms of light;
 While far behind a radiant train she drew,
 Ten thousand colours beautiful to view: 200

NOTE.

Verse 194, *But Iris*—The daughter of *Thaumas* and messenger of *Juno* particularly, though here likewise of *Minerva*: whose commands she executed descending on the rainbow.

IMITATION.

Verse 199, *Virg. Æn. 4, and Æn. 5.*

Nor

Nor stopp'd till she had reach'd *Hesperia's* coast,
 And in their tents espied th' imbattled host.
 At distance first survey'd the deadly feud,
 And high in rage the combatants she view'd:
 Then shudder'd at the thought where this might end,
 And what the dangers which her charge attend.
 Wrapt in a painted cloud of vapours bland,
 Then swift advanc'd, and interpos'd her hand;
 What time, with force redoubled to defeat,
Hippias suppos'd his victory compleat. 210
 The flaming *Ægis* spread she quick as thought,
Minerva's arms, and for this purpose brought:
Ulysses' son perceiv'd his strength return,
 Again his martial rage began to burn:
 While in proportion that of *Hippias* fail'd,
 Strange panics found he o'er his soul prevail'd.
 On ev'ry quarter with resistless fire
 The Prince attack'd, nor suffer'd to respire.
 At length with rapid whirl he swung him round,
 And fell upon him gasping to the ground. 220
 So the vast oak in *Ida's* sacred wood,
 By strokes unnumber'd of the ax subdu'd;
 At length to earth with horrid crash descends,
 While echo all aghast the sound attends.
 The 'cumber'd soil with groans the burthen bore,
 And universal tremour shook the shore.
 But sacred Wisdom now resum'd her throne,
 Amid the bosom of *Ulysses'* son.

IMITATIONS.

Verse 221, *Virg. Æn. 5. Hom. Il. 13.*

Scarce his opponent on the earth was laid,
 When calm reflection had begun t' upbraid: 230
 Could he a brother of the Allies subdue,
 Whom to assist had been his only view?
 In great anxiety he call'd to mind
 All *Mentor's* counsels, and instructions kind:
 Much of his own unworthiness complain'd,
 And blush'd to see the conquest he had gain'd.
 Meanwhile *Pbalantus*, by his rage betray'd,
 Had ran transported to his brother's aid:
 And straight had pierc'd *Telemachus* his heart,
 But fear'd that *Hippias* might receive the dart. 240
 For still beneath him on th' ensanguin'd field
 The victor youth his adversary held.
 With ease could he have slain, the means possess;
 But wrath was now subsiding in his breast.
 By moderation wisely did he aim
 T' atone for faults, and to retrieve his fame.
 Then starting up exclaim'd—"Rise, *Hippias*, rise,
 " Enough that you no more my youth despise:
 " Your life I freely give; and what is more,
 " Admire your courage, and amazing pow'r. 250
 " The Gods have sav'd me: shew them rev'rence due,
 " Henceforth, the *Daunians* only we'll pursue."
 As thus he spake, with dust, and blood, besmear'd,
 Abash'd the hero his vast limbs uprear'd:
 Amaz'd *Pbalantus* fear'd the life to take
 Of one, who frankly gave his brother's back.
 The great Allies now hurried to the field,
 Together there the combatants beheld.

A part *Ulysses'* son in triumph bear,
A part the brothers take into their care. 260

While *Hippias* eager strove to veil his face
With down cast eyes concealing his disgrace.
All gaz'd with wonder on a stripling young,
Above his years thus active, and thus strong:
O'erpow'ring one of such gigantic mould,
Whose very form was dreadful to behold.
Like those earth-born *Olympus* Hill had known,
Who threaten'd all th' Immortals to dethrone.

Alas! from hence no pleasure he acquir'd:
While all with wonder view'd him, and admir'd; 270
Perplex'd, asham'd, he hasten'd to his tent
In private there his folly to lament.
He saw, and he condemn'd that wanton rage,
Which reason aim'd so vainly to assuage:
In all that pride, and haughtiness of soul,
Discern'd a principle degen'rate, foul.
Perceiv'd true greatness must consistent be
With justice, candour, and humanity.
But oh! what hope these passions to reform
When each returning day renew'd the storm? 280
O'erwhelm'd with sorrows he himself abhorr'd,
He sigh'd, complain'd; and as a lion roar'd.

Twice in the *Ecliptic* had the golden Sun
From East to West his course diurnal run;
While still disconsolate, remote from sight,
He fled all converse; and abhorr'd the light.
"Alas!" he cried, "how now shall I appear
"In *Mentor's* presence with that front severe?

" Am I the Son of Great *Ulysses* seen,
 " The wisest, patientest, and best of men; 290
 " And come I here dissention foul to sow,
 " To be myself th' Allies' most dang'rous foe?
 " Is it their blood for which I ought to thirst,
 " Or should I persecute the *Daunian* first?
 " Fool-hardy wretch! thus rashly to advance
 " Though wanting knowledge to direct his lance.
 " Expos'd to fall superior force beneath,
 " Disgrace deserving, and the worst of death.
 " Would heav'n I so had fall'n! I then no more
 " Such cause should find my weakness to deplore: 300
 " No more remain that inconfid'rate fool,
 " Thus blind to counsel, and averse to rule.
 " O were I certain ne'er again t' offend,
 " How kind would heav'n appear, how much my friend!
 " Perhaps ere yet the present day shall close
 " Shall recent faults, to infamy expose.
 " Inglorious conquest! ev'ry praise I hear
 " Is foul reproach; and shocking to mine ear."

As thus retir'd he sat, o'erwhelm'd with shame,
 Lo! *Nestor* wife with *Philoetetes* came: 310
 The first, with purpose amply to upbraid
 And shew how much of rashness he betray'd.
 But quickly saw his state: applied relief,
 And kindly strove to mitigate his grief.

The Chiefs their march retarded found the while,
 Till first all parties they could reconcile.
 Each hour they fear'd th' enrag'd *Tarentine* host,
 To thoughts pacific would be wholly lost;

And

And 'gainst the *Cretans* hostile arms prepare
Who follow'd young *Telemachus* to war.

320

All were at stand, and all disorder'd grown:
Such mischief follow'd from the fault of one.

Telemachus who saw their present fear,

And ev'ry danger threat'ning from afar,

Was now abandon'd to a deep despair.

They durst not march; lest haply in the way

These fierce *Tarentines* should commence a fray:

For hard the task to quiet them was found

Ev'n now in camp, with guards encompass'd round.

From tent to tent did *Philoctetes* haste,

330

Grave *Nestor* too as mediator past;

And brought proposals from *Ulysses'* heir

T' appease *Phalantus*, who disdain'd to hear.

Nor *Nestor's* eloquence could now controul,

Nor *Philoctetes* melt his stubborn soul:

"Vengeance," he cried, "'tis vengeance I require;"

And *Hippias* added fuel to the fire.

More meek, and mild, *Telemachus* appear'd

Deprest with grief, and dangers which he fear'd.

While thus the Princes all their arts display,

340

And ev'ry squadron witness'd its dismay;

The camp seem'd all with panic dread possess'd,

Resembling much that family distress,

When first relentless death has seiz'd the friend

On whom relations, children, all depend.

Such consternation strange the squadrons held,

When lo! a sound perceiv'd they from the field

Of neighing courfers, and the rattling car,
 The clang of arms, and all the din of war.
 Triumphant shouts of victors rend the skies, 350
 Who flush'd with conquest to the slaughter rise:
 With shrieks o' th' vanquish'd, and the dreadful cry
 Of bleeding warriors, that expiring lie.
 The whirling dust straight intercepts the light,
 Their very camp was vanish'd from their sight:
 Vast clouds of smoak which suffocating roll,
 Obscure the air; and darken all the pole.
 At distance too they hear a rumbling sound,
 As groan the mountains, and as rocks the ground,
 When mighty *Ætna* her sulphureous show'rs 360
 O'er all the plain from fuel'd entrails pours,
 What time great *Vulcan* leaves the realms above,
 To forge new thunders for Almighty *Jove*.
 Fear seiz'd on all, all trembled for their doom,
 Uncertain whence these dire alarms could come.

Adrastus ever vigilant, and brave,
 All unexpected this disturbance gave.
 He knew the march, th' intention of th' Allies,
 But kept them wholly ignorant of his:
 With wondrous diligence had compass'd round 370
 A hill, where scarce the least access was found,
 Whose passes, chiefly by themselves possess'd,
 With great security had fill'd their breast.
 They hop'd, when once th' expected aids arrive,
 Thence to descend, and sure defeat to give:

IMITATION.

Verse 360, *Virg. Æn.* 3.

The

The *Daunian* Prince who spar'd no cost, or pain,
Of all their schemes intelligence to gain;
Had fathom'd this; for *Nestor*, *Pylian* sage,
And *Philoctetes*, wonders of their age,
Who both to fame by long experience rose; 380
Were both too prone their counsels to disclose.
Nestor in verge of life was ne'er so pleas'd,
As telling ought which admiration rais'd.
And *Philoctetes* though more cautious made,
Yet still was sanguine, and his thoughts betray'd.
Once rouse that furious lion in his heart,
He ev'ry secret freely would impart;
Some artful spies, conducted by this clue,
From bottom of his soul his counsels drew.
'Twas but to vex; Discretion then was lost: 390
Straight would he vaunt, would swagger, and would boast;
Pretend the means already in his hand,
To compass all things which himself ordain'd.
Then seem to doubt, and he would soon explain
His secret purpose, your belief to gain.
As when some precious vase, of curious mould,
If crack'd, no more the choice perfume can hold;
So did a crevice in his soul appear,
Whence issu'd all intrusted to his care.

NOTE.

Verse 382, *Nestor in verge of life, &c.*—This character of *Nestor* seems to be taken from the 23d *Iliad*, where *Ajax* upbraids him with this very failing.

IMITATION.

Verse 398, *Ter. Eun. Act. 2, Sc. 2.*

H 3

These

Of neighing coursers, and the rattling car,
 The clang of arms, and all the din of war.
 Triumphant shouts of victors rend the skies, 350
 Who flush'd with conquest to the slaughter rise:
 With shrieks o' th' vanquish'd, and the dreadful cry
 Of bleeding warriors, that expiring lie.
 The whirling dust straight intercepts the light,
 Their very camp was vanish'd from their sight:
 Vast clouds of smog which suffocating roll,
 Obscure the air; and darken all the pole.
 At distance too they hear a rumbling sound,
 As groan the mountains, and as rocks the ground,
 When mighty *Ætna* her sulphureous show'rs 360
 O'er all the plain from fuel'd entrails pours,
 What time great *Vulcan* leaves the realms above,
 To forge new thunders for Almighty *Jove*.
 Fear seiz'd on all, all trembled for their doom,
 Uncertain whence these dire alarms could come.

Adrastus ever vigilant, and brave,
 All unexpected this disturbance gave.
 He knew the march, th' intention of th' Allies,
 But kept them wholly ignorant of his:
 With wondrous diligence had compass'd round 370
 A hill, where scarce the least access was found,
 Whose passes, chiefly by themselves possess'd,
 With great security had fill'd their breast.
 They hop'd, when once th' expected aids arrive,
 Thence to descend, and sure defeat to give:

IMITATION.

Verse 360, *Virg. Æn. 3.*

The

The *Daunian* Prince who spar'd no cost, or pain,
Of all their schemes intelligence to gain;
Had fathom'd this; for *Nestor*, *Pylian* sage,
And *Philoctetes*, wonders of their age,
Who both to fame by long experience rose; 380
Were both too prone their counsels to disclose.
Nestor in verge of life was ne'er so pleas'd,
As telling ought which admiration rais'd.
And *Philoctetes* though more cautious made,
Yet still was sanguine, and his thoughts betray'd.
Once rouse that furious lion in his heart,
He ev'ry secret freely would impart;
Some artful spies, conducted by this clue,
From bottom of his soul his counsels drew.
'Twas but to vex; Discretion then was lost: 390
Straight would he vaunt, would swagger, and would boast;
Pretend the means already in his hand,
To compass all things which himself ordain'd.
Then seem to doubt, and he would soon explain
His secret purpose, your belief to gain.
As when some precious vase, of curious mould,
If crack'd, no more the choice perfume can hold;
So did a crevice in his soul appear,
Whence issu'd all intrusted to his care.

NOTE.

Verse 382, *Nestor in verge of life, &c.*—This character of *Nestor* seems to be taken from the 23d *Iliad*, where *Ajax* upbraids him with this very failing.

IMITATION.

Verse 398, *Ter. Eun. Act. 2, Sc. 2.*

H 3

These

These spies by money of *Adrastus* sway'd, 400
Of both their foibles great advantage made:
They flattered *Nestor*, gave him endless praise,
Recall'd the mem'ry of his younger days;
Admir'd his prudence, and his vict'ries past,
With infinite applause indulg'd his taste.
For *Philottetes* diff'rent snares they laid,
Perceiv'd th' impatience which so oft betray'd,
And talk'd of dangers, hardships of the war,
Errors, and faults, no prudence could repair.
When once inflam'd, his wisdom was no more, 410
Nor he that leader you admir'd before.

With all his failings, yet without a pain
Ulysses' son his secret could retain;
To this long habit had inur'd him well,
And sore misfortunes under which he fell.
Ev'n from his cradle had he learn'd to screen
His private thoughts, from suitors of the Queen.
Without a falsehood could he well conceal
Whate'er in prudence he should not reveal:
Had no important, or mysterious air, 420
Like those who proud of confidence appear:
His manner easy, free; and such his art
He seem'd to speak the dictates of his heart.
In trivial matters unreserv'd to view,
But where to stop, he most precisely knew.
Yet no affected silence you detect,
And nought conceal'd at bottom could suspect.
Thus was his heart impenetrably close,
For nought to dearest friends would he expose;

Save

Save what he needful, and expedient thought, 430
 When he their counsel and assistance sought,
 To *Mentor* only would he trust the whole,
 And pour forth all the burthen of his soul.
 All others trusted only in degree,
 As he their friendship and good sense should see.
 Oft had he mark'd how soon their private views,
 In council fix'd, became the public news;
 To *Philoetes*, and to *Nestor* shew'd
 How great the mischiefs which from hence had flow'd;
 And yet those chiefs, experienc'd as they were, 440
 With small attention this advice would bear:
 Old age is stubborn, and not quickly gain'd;
 By strength of habit, as it were, enchain'd.
 No longer due correction will it bear,
 No longer strive its follies to repair;
 As aged trees when firm, and knotty grown,
 All arts to straighten, or amend, disown;
 So men in years too harden'd prove at length,
 To curb that vice which strengthen'd with their strength,
 Grew with their growth; and though it merit blame, 450
 Is now incorp'rate with their very frame.
 Oft they in anguish its effects perceive,
 But all too late, and fruitlessly they grieve.
 'Tis youth, that spring of life, our faults must mend,
 We then with ease, like tender osiers bend.
 To join the host a young *Delopian* came,
 A flatt'rer smooth; *Eurymachus* by name:

IMITATION.

Verse 454, *Hor. lib. 1. Ep. 2.*

H 4

His

His supple wit conformable to all,
Each leader found him ready at his call;
Their best affection he obtain'd with ease, 460
Had still some new contrivances to please.
You would imagine when you heard him speak,
No task he deem'd too hard to undertake:
And when consulted that advice would give,
Which he who ask'd, most gladly would receive.
A pleasant droll, would ridicule with art,
Yet ne'er from deference to the Chiefs depart.
The praise he gave so delicate appear'd,
That ev'n the modest with complacence heard.
Grave with the grave, and jovial with the gay, 470
All forms he took, all charms could he display.
Sincere good men a certain sameness have,
Strict rules of Virtue will they never leave:
Hence is their presence irksome to the great,
Who all, but those that sooth their passions, hate.
This man possess'd a genius for the wars,
Was form'd for bus'ness, and for great affairs:
Soldier of fortune, *Nestor's* love had gain'd,
Stil'd him his Patron; and his trust obtain'd:
Who fond of praise, and not suspecting art, 480
Discover'd all the feelings of his heart.

Brave *Philottetes* held him not so dear,
To no degree of trust would he prefer.
Yet his own passions which so bore the sway,
Could him with *Nestor* equally betray.
Eurymachus, who well his failing knew,
By contradicting, could his end pursue,

Vast fums from base *Adraftus* would he draw,
To send intelligence of all he saw.
Deserters num'rous in the camp abound, 490
Who from the *Daunian* Prince indulgence found;
And one by one, would oft forsake th' Allies:
Would quit their quarters, and return to his.
Whene'er *Adraftus* ought of weight should know,
These would *Eurymachus* permit to go:
And hard the task the treach'ry to explore,
No charge of letters those deserters bore,
That if surpris'd, no circumstance appear'd
To make *Eurymachus* the less rever'd.

Meanwhile *Adraftus* in all parts prevail'd, 500
Of due success their enterprizes fail'd:
Scarce in one sentence could the Princes meet;
The *Daunian* King took measures to defeat.
Hence in *Telemachus* suspicion grew,
Who burn'd impatient till the cause he knew:
Th' alarm to *Nestor*, *Philoctetes*, gave.
But all in vain; they nothing could perceive.

Th' Allies in Council had decreed of late
To stay for succours, and their force compleat:
An hundred barks, by cover of the night, 510
In private send those troops to expedite:
Which should convey them from the rugged coast
In more security to join the host.
Meanwhile themselves were free from ev'ry fear:
The straights possibl'd they of the mountain near,

The

The tow'ring *Apennine*; whose steepy side
 All possible access, they thought, denied.
 On flow'ry banks, by fair *Galesus*' head,
 Adjoining to the sea their tents were spread:
 The sweet champain with verdant pastures crown'd, 520
 With all things needful amply seem'd t' abound.
 Behind this mountain great *Adrastus* lay,
 And vain th' attempt they judg'd, to force his way.
 But when their present weakness he perceiv'd,
 And knew how shortly they would be reliev'd;
 What num'rous forces now were marching on,
 The naval strength for their protection gone;
 The private quarrels which the camp divide,
 Through indiscretion, and *Phalantus*' pride;
 Forthwith advanc'd he, took a circuit wide: 530
 March'd night, and day, to reach the ocean-side;
 And pass'd through ways impracticable deem'd,
 So fully bent upon that point he seem'd.
 Thus valiant souls by peril, and by pain,
 Through all obstructions will their purpose gain:
 And nought impossible to those appears
 Who dare attempt, and can discard their fears:

NOTE.

Verse 518, *On flow'ry banks, by fair Galesus*—A river of Calabria near Tarentum.

IMITATIONS.

Verse 518, *Hor. lib. 2, Od. 6.*

Verse 534, *Hor. lib. 2, Od. 3. and Virg. Geo. 1.*

While

While those to ease consign'd, in whose account
All hardy tasks to contradictions 'mount ;
Their fatal error, when too late, may know, 540
Surpris'd, and crush'd, by some advent'rous foe.
Scarce had *Aurora* streak'd with gold the East,
When all these barks *Adrastus* had possess'd.
Ill were they guarded as no foe was near,
Without resistance vanquish'd by their fear.
In these embarking, instantly he stood
With sails expanded for *Galeus*' flood :
There up the silver stream, in bright array,
All unsuspected he pursues his way.
The guards who posted by the river side, 550
This formidable fleet had first espied ;
With shouts of gladness welcom'd them to shore
As an expected, and a friendly pow'r :
And ere the sad mistake they understand ;
Adrastus and his troops were safe on land.
With furious onset they th' Allies invade,
Who all amaz'd no danger had survey'd :
Were unprepar'd for these so dire alarms,
Without or Chief, or discipline, or arms.
The quarter first attack'd *Pbalantus* held, 560
And thence confusion spread through all the field.
His *Spartan* youth unable to sustain
The furious shock, dispers'd along the plain :
And while in search of arms confus'd they run ;
The conflagration in the tents begun.

On

On ev'ry side the crackling flames arise,
 While wreaths of smoak invellop'd all the skies.
 Great was the terror, dreadful was the sound,
 As when a torrent wastes the country round;
 When oaks enormous from their roots are torn, 570
 Corn, barns, and bleating flocks adown the stream are borne.
 From tent to tent, assisted by the wind,
 Devouring fires a speedy passage find:
 The camp a face like arid woods displays
 Which one small spark hath kindled to a blaze.
Pbalantus near observ'd this hostile rage,
 But wanted pow'r its fury to assuage.
 He saw his troops must perish in the flame,
 Or quit their tents, with infamy, and shame:
 And knew what foul disorders hence would flow, 580
 Retiring thus before a conqu'ring foe.
 Half arm'd he strove to form his squadron brave,
 But oh! no leisure time *Adrastus* gave:
 Expertest archers here with missile darts
 In front his numbers thinn'd, and pierc'd their hearts;
 There from the slingers, like the patt'ring hail,
 Thick show'rs descending o'er his flank prevail:
 While brave *Adrastus* with a chosen band
 Brandish'd his sword, and foremost gave command.
 Insatiate, fierce, and wading deep in blood, 590
 By light of flames the fugitives pursu'd.

IMITATIONS.

Verse 569, *Virg. Æn. 2. Hom. Il. 11.*

Verse 574, *Virg. Georg. 2. Hom. Il. 11.*

Whole ranks he mow'd, whate'er escap'd the fire;
 No tiger's rage was equal to his ire,
 Or hungry lion's; who at once shall tear
 The trembling shepherd, with his fleecy care.
 No more *Pbalantus*' efforts now avail'd,
 His troops grew languid, and their courage fail'd.
 Pale Death led on by some infernal fiend
 Who crown'd with serpents seem'd their steps t' attend;
 Froze up the blood which flow'd in ev'ry vein, 600
 No more of strength their stiffen'd limbs retain:
 Their feeble knees with tremor knock'd the ground,
 Not ev'n a prospect of escape was found.
 Shame, and despair, *Pbalantus*' rage renew'd
 With hands, and eyes, to heav'n uprais'd he stood:
 While at his feet his brother bit the strand,
 Struck by the thunder of *Adrastus*' hand.
 Low in the dust, and grov'ling on the ground,
 The valiant *Hippias* lay: and from his wound
 (Where late the griding sword had cleft his side) 610
 A deluge follow'd, and a purple tide.
 His eyes no longer could the light pursue,
 To *Stygian* shades his soul indignant flew.
Pbalantus' self from head to foot bedew'd,
 Unable yet t' avenge his brother's blood;
 Hemm'd in by circling foes, a num'rous throng,
 While thousand darts upon his buckler hung,

IMITATION.

 Verse 613, *Virg. Æn. 12.*

Breathless,

Breathless, and faint, with scars all cover'd o'er,
In vain recall'd his dissipated pow'r;
While all the Gods that view'd him from above, 620
Still to his pray'rs inexorable prove.

END OF THE SIXTEENTH BOOK.



BOOK XVII.

BOOK XVII.

THE ARGUMENT.

Telemachus, having put on his divine Armour, hastens to the assistance of Phalantus: lays prostrate in the first place Iphicles the Son of Adrastus, repels the victorious foe, and would have compleatly vanquish'd him, had not a sudden tempest coming on put an end to the Engagement. After which, he gives orders to have the wounded carried off, pays great attention to them, and chiefly to Phalantus; performs with great honour the funeral Obsequies of his Brother Hippias, with whose Ashes he presents Phalantus collected in a golden Urn.

IMPERIAL Jove in Synod of the Gods,
Beheld this slaughter from the blest abodes;
Revolving all the fix'd decrees of Fate,
Observ'd what Heroes should their course compleat;
Whose thread to cut the Sisters had decreed,
And who the Warriors doom'd that day to bleed.
Around the great Divinities above,
In silence gaz'd, to learn the will of Jove,

IMITATION.

Verse 1, *Virg. Æn.* 11.

Who, with harmonious voice, attention won,
 And thus with awful Majesty begun: 10
 " You see th' Allies, to what extremes they're driv'n;
 " You see the vict'ry to *Adrastus* giv'n:
 " But 'tis a fleeting transitory scene,
 " Short are the triumphs of unworthy men.
 " His breach of faith, and profanations great
 " Are cause, his conquest shall be incomplete.
 " Nor had th' Allies this fore distress endur'd,
 " But with the view their folly should be cur'd;
 " And they this wisdom from experience gain,
 " Their deep designs more closely to retain. 20
 " From hence fresh glory *Pallas* shall impart
 " T' *Ulysses*' son, that darling of her heart."
 He ended here. They tacitly beheld
 The conflict rude, and fortune of the field.

To *Philoctetes* now the tidings came,
 And *Nestor* wise,---" the camp was all on flame;
 " That nought avail'd its fury to restrain,
 " The troops no more due order could maintain;
 " And that *Phalantus* could no more perform
 " To stop the foe; but yielded to the storm." 30
 This dreadful message scarcely had they heard;
 To arms they cried, their battle they prepar'd:
 The Chiefs were summon'd and their charge receive,
 Their safety to secure, their camp to leave.

Ulysses' son, dejected where he sat,
 Alarm'd at this, his former griefs forgot.
 Those arms divine attempted now to wield,
 Which *Pallas*' self, by *Mentor*'s form conceal'd,

Had

Had as a present from *Salentum* brought,
And feign'd 'em there by skilful artist wrought: 40
In fact, great *Vulcan* was himself the slave,
While flaming *Ætna* groan'd through ev'ry cave.
Like polish'd glass the mail refulgent shone,
Bright as the Sun in his meridian throne:
In fair relieveo here, the wondring eyes
Saw *Pallas* strive with *Neptune* for the prize.
Each seem'd intent, and eager seem'd for fame;
A rising town to honour with their name.
With pow'rful Trident *Neptune* strikes the ground,
When lo! a courser bursting from the wound! 50
His foaming nostrils, fiery eyes you find,
And flowing mane that wanton'd in the wind.

NOTES.

Verse 43, *Like polish'd glass*—This description of *Telemachus's* arms is an imitation of, and perhaps little inferior to, that of *Achilles* in *Homer*, and *Aeneas* in *Virgil*.

Verse 48, *A rising town to honour with their name*—When *Cecrops*, the founder and first King of *Athens*, had completed his new city, we are told that he was at a loss what name to call it by. Upon this occasion there appeared to him an olive tree and a horse: and the Oracle, being consulted, made answer; that *Neptune* and *Minerva* were contending for the honour of giving a name to his city, that the olive was the gift of *Minerva*, and the horse of *Neptune*. And that the people should chuse which they thought the most beneficial. The tribes being assembled to give their opinion, all the men were unanimous in giving the prize to *Neptune*: but the women, who were the majority, gave it for the Goddess. The city was likewise called *Athenæ*, which was one of the names of *Minerva*. In revenge for this affront, *Neptune* laid their territories under water. And the men, in order to appease him, passed three votes against the women. The first, that they should not be called *Athenians*, but *Atticans*; the second, that they should have no share in the Government; and the third, that no children should bear the mother's name. See *Plutarch's* life of *Themistocles*.

The pliant limbs, the nervous joints appear
 Active, and strong; and swifter than the air.
 Disdaining walk, and bounding o'er the plains,
 So great the strength, and vigour of his reins:
 While yet so light his footstep you perceive,
 As on the sand no printed mark to leave.
 Such wondrous art too, *Vulcan* could display,
 That all who view'd, would think they heard him neigh. 60

Hard by see *Pallas* with an olive stand!
 A fruit first planted by her heav'nly hand:
 The fertile branch an emblem was of peace,
 Whence plenty flows and sciences increase.
 Far more delightful this, than war and blood;
 Of which the mettled horse a symbol stood.
 Plain useful gifts her victory proclaim,
 And stately *Athens* bears the Goddess' name.

Not far from hence was *Pallas* view'd again,
 The lib'ral arts attending in her train: 70
 About her these like tender infants play,
 And spread their plumage in the face of day.
 Here find they shelter from the dire alarms
 Of brutal *Mars*, and his all-conqu'ring arms:
 So bleating lambs, to manifest their fear,
 Crowd round their dam, when prowling wolves are near:
 Whose op'ning jaws now ready to devour,
 And throat inflam'd; point out the dang'rous hour.

Again *Minerva* with disdainful air,
 And diff'rent attitude, with brow of care 80

IMITATION.

Verse 62, *Virg. Georg. 2.*

Indignant

Indignant frown'd; *Arachne* should presume
 To vie with her, in labours of the loom.
 But soon her excellence superior rose,
 Th' unhappy maid too late her error knows;
 When ev'ry wither'd limb distorted grew,
 And she a spider stood confest to view.

You next beheld her where the giant brood,
Olympus' self with impious war pursu'd.
 Here ev'n to *Jove* advice doth she suggest,
 And animate each God with fear oppress. 90
 Next this; on *Xanthus*, and on *Simóis*' stream;
 You saw her potent lance, her *Ægis* beam
 What time *Ulysses* by the hand she led,
 And rallied all the coward-Greeks that fled.
 To ev'ry hero there superior far,
 Ev'n *Hector*'s self; that thunderbolt of war.

NOTES.

Verse 81, *Indignant frown'd*; *Arachne*—The daughter of *Idmon* of *Colophon*.

Verse 91, *Next this; on Xanthus, and on Simóis' stream*—The *Xanthus* was a river of the lesser *Phrygia*, which took its rise from Mount *Ida*; and together with the *Simois* fell into the *Ægean* Sea over against the island of *Tenedos*. *Homer* informs us in the twentieth *Iliad*, that it was called *Scamander* by the Gods, and *Xanthus* by men; *Hesiod* styles it the *Divine Scamander*; and *Herodotus* says it was drunk up by the numerous army of *Xerxes*. It was the custom of the *Phrygian* maids, to bathe before marriage in the river *Xanthus*; when they made use of these words—Receive, O *Scamander*, my virginity. However famous these two rivers were in former ages, at present they are said to be no better than brooks.

IMITATION.

Verse 86, *Od. Met. 6.*

Last, with *Ulysses* was the Goddess seen;
 Him introducing to that dire machine
 In one short night alone sufficient found,
 All *Priam's* realm to level with the ground. 100

The heav'nly artist next took greater scope,
 Lo! fruitful *Ceres* there imbrowns the slope!
 A glorious subject worthy all his pains,
 To paint fair *Enna* and *Sicilian* plains:
 Here *Ceres* gathers all the scatter'd race,
 Whose food was acorns, or who liv'd by chace;
 And puts a period to their savage toil:
 By tillage teaching to improve the soil.
 Her hand presents them with the crooked share,
 The stubborn oxen shews them how to pair. 110
 See genial Earth her furrow'd bosom show
 Now deep intrench'd, and wounded by the plow!
 In wavy prospect see the golden ear,
 Luxuriant rise to beautify the year!
 The sturdy reaper with his sickle stands,
 With Nature's gifts rejoicing fills his hands;
 And iron, elsewhere us'd but to destroy,
 Is here the cause of plenty, and of joy.

The jocund Nymphs with flow'rs and chaplets green
 By shady grove, or river's brink are seen. 120

NOTE.

Verse 104, *To paint fair Enna*—The birth place of *Ceres*. It was called the Navel of *Sicily*, because it stood on an eminence in the midst of it: and was by much the most fruitful part of the whole island.

Satyrs and Fauns in corner of the plain,

Frisk to the music of melodious *Pan*.

There *Bacchus* too with ivy wreath confest

Upon his thyrsus seem'd one hand to rest:

His other held a fragment of the vine,

Which foliage green, and clust'ring grapes entwine.

Majestic, soft, and languishing his air;

As first beheld by *Ariadne* fair.

What time th' abandon'd maid indulg'd her moan,

Stretch'd on the borders of a stream unknown. 130

To crown the whole; unnumber'd tribes appear'd

Where venerable seers first fruits prepar'd;

With hoary locks the sages cross'd the plain,

To pay their off'rings in the hallow'd Fane.

The youthful bands all homeward bent their way,

Spent with the toil, and labour of the day:

Their females all impatient seem to burn,

And forward came to welcome their return.

Their smiling infants in their arms embrace,

Impressing thousand kisses as they pass: 140

To this the clowns with rustic song succeed,

Or dance uncouthly to the oaten reed.

The whole a scene most ravishing to sight,

Of peace, of aff'ence, and of all delight.

NOTE.

Verse 128, *By Ariadne*—She was the daughter of *Minos* King of *Crete*, and married, against her father's consent, to *Theseus*: whom she assisted with a clue to get out of the famous labyrinth. But he ungratefully left her afterwards in the island of *Naxos*, where *Bacchus* fell in love with her and took her to himself.

Disporting there upon th' embroider'd mead
 The harmless wolves with bleating lambkins feed;
 No more by lions were the herds dismay'd,
 The spotted tigers innocently play'd:
 While beardless shepherds with their crook in hand,
 Obsequious found them, to their mild command. 150
 In short, this landscape beauteous to behold
 Recall'd the mem'ry of that Age of Gold.

Thus heav'nly arm'd, and glorious to the view,
 The Royal youth across his shoulder threw
 His usual buckler, as in fact he thought,
 In truth, that *Ægis* which fair *Iris* brought.
 Unknown to him, that messenger of heav'n
 In lieu of his, *Minerva's* shield had giv'n.
 (Which ev'n th' Immortal Gods survey with dread)
 And to a distance had his own convey'd, 160

Forth from the camp in haste the warrior came,
 To shun th' effects of that devouring flame:
 Aloud by name each Chieftain did he call,
 Sunk in despair that voice reviv'd them all.
 Etherial fervour sparkled in his eyes,
 His aspect grave, yet affable and wise:
 At all times ready orders just to give,
 Courteous, and free, to those who should receive:
 As when some tender sire his care employs,
 To rule his house; and form his blooming boys. 170
 No scheme he laid, no project fram'd in vain:
 Was eager, swift, to execute his plan.

NOTE.

Verse 145, *Isaiah* xi, 6.

So

So rapid rivers, with impetuous course,
 Adown the stream the foaming billows force;
 Nor thus alone their violence display,
 But heav'ist barks with equal ease convey.

Brave *Philoctetes*, and the *Pylian* sage,
 With all those Chiefs that in the war engage,
 Beheld *Ulysses'* son command the field,
 With pow'rs invested to which all must yield. 180
 No more experience gain'd by length of years,
 As erst, their just pre-eminence declares;
 All wondring gaz'd on his superior parts,
 While Envy seem'd a stranger to their hearts.
 Him, as accusom'd so, they all obey'd:
 No task refus'd, no hard reflections made.

And now advancing to the mountain's brow,
 He view'd the strength, and order of the foe:
 When sudden thoughts within his breast arise,
 That he the *Daunians* could in turn surprize. 190
 He saw their troops were scatter'd o'er the plain,
 While eager thus to fire the tents they ran:
 With swiftest march he compass'd all the hill,
 Each vet'ran Chief attendant on his will,
 And while they judg'd him struggling with the flame,
 Fierce as a torrent on their rear he came.
 Surpris'd, amaz'd, unable to retreat;
 They fell by thousands gasping at his feet.
 Thick as autumnal leaves bestrew the ground,
 When crackling forests yield the dismal sound; 200

IMITATION.

Verse 199, *Virg. Æn. 6.*

I 4

When

When aged trunks no more the shock withstand,
And the bleak North leads Winter by the hand.

Here first at *Ipbicles* he aim'd a dart,
Adrastus' youngest hope, and pierc'd his heart.
Unhappy youth! who dar'd the fight require,
T' avert the danger of his threaten'd fire.
In youth, in bloom, and thirst of high renown;
Resemblance bore he to *Ulysses*' son:
The same their stature, and the same their age,
With equal sweetness could they both engage. 210
Alike in conduct, strangers both to fear;
And both to parents equally were dear.
But oh! too soon Death's iron hand subdu'd,
As the rough mower crops the op'ning bud.
Next o'er the brave *Euphorion* he prevail'd,
Chief *Lydian* he that to *Etruria* sail'd.
Next *Cleomenes* with his sword he clave,
Ill-fated youth! who other promise gave;
With fairest spoils his beauteous bride to store,
Alas! that bride must he behold no more! 220

All rage and fury, stern *Adrastus* frown'd:
His valiant offspring breathless on the ground,
The field with blood of other leaders stain'd;
And vict'ry now just slipping from his hand.
Low fainting at his feet *Pbalantus* lay,
Like some poor bleeding victim in dismay;
Which half dispatch'd hath yet escap'd with life,
But flies the altar, and the sacred knife.

IMITATION.

Verse 226, *Virg. Æn. 2.*

One moment more; the *Spartans* had been lost,
Crush'd by *Adrastus* and his conqu'ring host. 230

The brave *Pbalantus* drooping in the flood
Both of his own, and of his people's blood;
The shouts triumphant could at length perceive,
And saw the Prince approaching to relieve:
Reviv'd by this, those deadly shades of night
At once dispers'd which hung upon his sight.
The *Daunian* troops (who long had victors been,
And who this fierce attack had ne'er foreseen)

At leisure left his forces to renew,
While they a foe more dang'rous should pursue. 240
As when a tiger by some sturdy swain
Is stript of prey, which he but late hath slain;
So rag'd *Adrastus*: while *Ulysses'* son
Search'd all th' imbattled host for him alone.
One blow, he judg'd, would finish all the war,
And rid th' Allies of all they had to fear.

But *Jove* refus'd his glory to compleat,
Or give him vict'ry at so cheap a rate:
Minerva's self desir'd he more should feel,
Be thence instructed how to govern well. 250

Heav'n interpos'd the *Daunian* King to save,
That young *Telemachus* more fame might have.
At *Jove's* command th' obsequious clouds appear,
His bolts terrific hov'ring hung in air;
Preserv'd the *Daunians* from the death they fear'd,
And loud to all the will of fate declar'd.
It seem'd in truth, so dreadful was the crack,
As heav'n's great arch on feeble men would break.

From

From pole to pole red lightnings rent the sky
With blaze tremendous dazzling ev'ry eye. 260

Then in a moment were they vanish'd quite,
And all was buried in the gloom of night:
The pouring rains in cataracts descend,
The hosts dissever; and the conflict end.

The *Danian* Monarch straight th' advantage took,
Although to heaven he disdain'd to look:
Thus by ingratitude, the foulest crime,
Deserving vengeance at some future time.
Full in his way a deep morass he spied,
In length extending to *Galeus'* side. 270

'Twixt that, and all the flaming tents he past,
Retiring with his troops in utmost haste.
This shew'd th' amazing presence of his mind,
Shew'd what resources he ev'n yet could find:
Th' Allies encourag'd by *Ulysses'* son,
Impatient seem'd to have the chace begun:
He, favour'd by the storm, had nought to fear,
And fled like birds which 'scape the fowler's snare.
Back to the camp the bands victorious came
To stop the rage of that devouring flame. 280

A thousand objects here demand their care:
Misfortunes various of destructive war.
Here bleeding squadrons half consum'd they found,
Yet wanting strength to raise them from the ground:
No way to 'scape the fires. But mournful cries,
And lamentations loud invade the skies.

IMITATION.

Verse 278, *Psal.* cxii, 7.

Pierc'd

Pierc'd to the soul *Telemachus* appears,
By soft compassion melted into tears:
Oft turn'd aside with horror, and dismay,
Nor could distress so exquisite survey. 290

He shudder'd with the thought they still had breath,
Thus doom'd to mis'ry, and a ling'ring death.
Their flesh like victims half consum'd he found,
Whose fumes ascending fill'd the country round.

" Alas !" he cried, " behold the train of woes
" Which war, and foul contention, can disclose !
" What fury this, infatuation blind,
" Makes wretched mortals thus destroy their kind ?
" Short are our fleeting hours, our life a span ;
" And this too chequer'd with the worst of pain : 300
" Why then so hasty should we all appear,
" And why precipitate a fate so near !
" Why all these bitter potions mingle up,
" When Heav'n itself so largely dash'd the cup ?
" For man to man should as a brother be,
" And yet no savage brute so fierce as he.
" The spotted tigers, and the lions too,
" A diff'rent species, not their own, pursue :
" While wretched man, whose reason is his pride,
" Adventures crimes their instinct would forbid. 310
" Yet why these strifes ? Is this terrestrial ball
" For cultivation, and for use too small ?
" What spacious tracts now desert may we find,
" As yet quite strangers to all humankind !

IMITATIONS.

Verse 307, *Hor. Epod. 7. Boil. Sat. 8.*

" Shall

- " Shall then false glory, and the thirst of fame,
" In one proud conqu'ror set the whole on flame ?
" One impious scourge shall heav'n in anger raise,
" To murder millions for his empty praise ?
" All must to rack, be in confusion hurl'd,
" And blood and fire, for him must fill the world. 320
" Whate'er his sword, his conflagrations spare,
" Must fall by dearth, more dreadful still than war :
" That one who sports with Nature, and her laws,
" By gen'ral ruin may obtain applause.
" How monstrous this ! who terms too hard can find
" To brand these foes profess'd of all mankind ?
" Alas ! so far from heroes are they seen,
" They're all unworthy to be rank'd as men.
" Should be th' abhorrence, curse of ev'ry age,
" Whose admiration they had hop'd t' engage. 330
" Oh ! how should Monarchs due reflection make,
" Ere war, however just, they undertake !
" 'Tis not enough it is with right pursu'd
" It should be needful for the public good.
" No wounds or slaughter should the subject feel,
" Unless constrain'd, to save the public weal.
" But flatt'ring counsels, and false thoughts of fame,
" Suspicions base, and avarice extreme ;
" (Which thousand reasons plausible pretends
" T' indulge its rapines, and obtain its ends) 340
" Engagements various, unperceiv'd insnare
" Unthinking Sov'reigns, in the guilt of war.
" Hence risking all, incurring needless woes
" With equal prejudice to friends and foes."

Thus

Thus reason'd well *Ulysses'* virtuous son
 On all those evils he so late had known,
 Yet not contented seem'd he to display,
 But labour'd hard those mis'ries to allay.
 From tent to tent he pass'd with anxious care
 The weak to aid, the languishing to chear. 350
 With lib'ral hand his bounties did he show'r,
 And gave them proper med'cines to restore.
 Spake words of comfort in their deep distress,
 Encourag'd, strengthen'd, by his mild address;
 And where in person he could not befriend,
 Commission gave that others should attend.

Among the *Cretans* of superior fame
 Two rev'rend sages from *Salentum* came:
 The one, *Traumapbilus*, discreet of mind,
 With whom the good *Nozophugus* was join'd. 360
 The first, with brave *Idomeneus* at *Troy*,
 Us'd in that siege his efforts to employ:
 From *Æsculapius'* sons the art had found,
 That heav'nly art of curing ev'ry wound.
 Soon as its depth, its rancour he explor'd,
 A precious unguent instantly he pour'd,
 Which of a pow'r so salutif'rous prov'd,
 All putrefaction it, with ease, remov'd.
 Without incision would it heal the fore,
 Inducing flesh more wholesome than before. 370
Nozophugus no light from these had gain'd,
 But yet, by *Merion's* means, a book obtain'd,

IMITATION.

Verse 349, *Tacit. Annal. 1.*

Myſterious

Mysterious volume; fill'd with truths from heav'n,
 Which *Æsculapius* to his sons had giv'n.
 The favour too of ev'ry God had won,
 Had hymns compos'd in honour of the Sun;
 And fair *Diana*, Goddess of the Grove,
 Dear pledges both of great *Latona's* love.
 Each morn, the fairest of his milk-white flock
 Did on *Apollo's* sacred altar smoak: 380
 Hence he th' affection of that God acquir'd,
 Hence by *Apollo* was he oft inspir'd.
 The sick no sooner in his presence stood,
 Than ev'ry symptom in their eyes he view'd:
 Their breath, their make, and colour of their skin,
 Betray'd the lurking malady within.
 Oft sudorific med'cines would he give,
 And by success which he could thence perceive;
 Would shew how great was perspiration's aid,
 How dire a change the want of that had made. 390
 In chronic cases, diet-drinks he gave
 Which by degrees the noble parts would save:
 Correct each juice which acrimonious flow'd,
 Restore the strength; and sweeten all the blood.

NOTE.

Verse 378, *Dear pledges both of great Latona's love*—*Latona* was the daughter of the giant *Cæus*, by his sister *Phæbe*. When *Latona* became pregnant by *Jupiter*, *Juno* was so enraged that she banished her from the earth; and sent the serpent *Python* in pursuit of her. This moved the compassion of *Neptune*, who thereupon fixed the island of *Delos* for her; where she was brought to bed of twins, *Apollo* and *Diana*. *Apollo* soon after destroyed the *Python*. And three most magnificent temples were erected at *Delos*, for *Latona* and her two children.

His

His sentence was---Diseases hence arrive
 That men as cowards without virtue live:
 Shame is it, would he say, to human race
 Disease in such variety takes place.
 A temp'rate life will certain health produce;
 Excess, all Nature's bounties doth abuse. 400
 And change to poison of the rankest kind,
 What she as wholesome nourishment design'd.
 But feeble med'cine little can avail
 To lengthen life, which folly shall curtail.
 The poor are healthier far, the diff'rence such;
 These have too little; and the rich too much:
 Their appetite's provok'd by dainty food,
 And that excess is poison to their blood.
 All med'cine in itself pernicious seems,
 Ne'er should we use it, but in great extremes: 410
 The sov'reign remedy for all our ails,
 Which safe and harmless, at all times prevails,
 Is humble temp'rance, abstinence from vice;
 A mind compos'd, and constant exercise.
 Who these pursues no peccant humours knows,
 In channels pure his blood untainted flows.
 Thus did *Noxophagus* his sense reveal:
 Nor less in prudence, than in art excel.
 Would pain prevent by regimen alone,
 From whence all med'cine would be useless grown. 420
 Such were the men *Telemachus* had sent,
 The wounded to relieve in ev'ry tent:

IMITATIONS.

Verse 401, *Hor.* l. 2. Sat. 7. and l. 2. Sat. 2.

And soon by med'cine numbers they restore,
 By constant regular attendance more.
 To keep them neat, and cleanly was their care:
 Thus unpolluted to preserve the air.
 Confin'd them to a plain, and temp'rate food;
 Nought but a strict sobriety allow'd.
 The grateful troops to heav'n in rapture pray'd,
 Which brought this youthful hero to their aid. 430

"No mortal this," they cried, "some pow'r divine
 "In human shape hath form'd this good design;
 "Or if a mortal, he resembles heav'n:
 "To none of earth such excellence is giv'n.
 "He only lives to bless. His friendly care
 "Surpasses all his courage in the war.
 "Oh! could we call this virtuous Prince our own,
 "And, as he merits, lift him to the throne!
 "Alas! some happier empire shall he hold,
 "Where heav'n ordains another Age of Gold." 440

Ulysses' son (as nightly he pursu'd
 His usual course, and all the camp review'd,
 Left unawares *Adrastus* should invade,)
 Had all these praises to his ear convey'd.
 Yet clear of flatt'ry such as courts afford
 Which to his face will mock their Sov'reign Lord,
 And think no Monarchs modesty retain,
 'Tis but to praise them, and their favour gain.
 A soul too great possess'd the Royal youth,
 To relish ought inferior to the truth: 450

IMITATION.

Verse 441, *Tacit. Annal. 1.*

No

No praise but what he merited could bear,
 And that in secret; when they thought him far.
 Yet not insensible appear'd to this;
 Praise so unsullied was a source of bliss,
 Such as the Gods to virtue only give,
 The bad ne'er have it; nor can e'er conceive.
 Nor would he joys like these too far pursue,
 A thousand failings soon recurr'd to view
 His native fierceness, and his haughty mind,
 His strange indifference to all mankind: 460
 And conscious blush'd that he such faults could hide,
 That men for meekness should misconstrue pride:
 To wise *Minerva* all the glory gave,
 Himself unworthy thought the least to have.

" 'Tis you, great Goddess, you alone," he cried,
 " That sent me virtuous *Mentor* for a guide;
 " 'Tis you that monitor continue still,
 " Affections to controul so prone to ill.
 " You give me sense my failings to correct,
 " Your friendly aid hath ev'ry passion check'd: 470
 " That gives me joy in ministring relief
 " To wretches in distress, and sunk with grief.
 " You, Goddess, you from worst of crimes restrain,
 " Should you forsake, no praise could I obtain.
 " And, as an infant yet too weak to stand,
 " That rashly ventures from its mother's hand,
 " So helpless, weak, *Telemachus* were found,
 " And the first step, would bring him to the ground."

Brave *Philoetes*, and the *Pylian* Chief,
 This change observ'd surpassing all belief: 480

Remark'd how gentle, gen'rous, was his mind;
 How swift t' engage in ev'ry office kind.
 How ready to prevent all further pain,
 And quite transform'd into a diff'rent man.
 His deep concern at *Hippias'* obsequies
 Still more amaz'd, and fill'd them with surprise;
 Himself those mountains of the slain reviews,
 With pious tears the mangled corpse bedews:
 " Alas! illustrious shade! you now perceive
 " The love I bore, by honours which I give; 490
 " 'Tis true your haughtiness provok'd my rage,
 " But 'twas the fault of inexperience'd age.
 " Too oft th' effect of youth's impetuous fires,
 " And well I know th' indulgence it requires.
 " Henceforth in social friendship could we join,
 " Alas! I fear the blame was wholly mine.
 " Good heav'n! why thus a worthy man remove,
 " Ere I had leisure to acquire his love?"

In precious odours now command he gave,
 The breathless trunk they instantly should lave: 500
 A fun'ral pile majestic should prepare
 Of choicest wood, and high advanc'd in air.
 The lofty pine-trees groan'd beneath the blow,
 And roll'd in ruins from the mountain's brow:
 Th' aspiring oaks, coæval with the earth,
 Now left their ancient seat, and place of birth;
 Poplars, and elms adorn'd with foliage green,
 In heaps promiscuous on the plain were seen.

IMITATIONS.

503, *Virg. Æn.* 6, and 11. *Hæn.* II. 23.

The

The beech, which pride of all the grove had stood,
Headlong descended to *Galeus*' flood: 510

Of these a pile, like some great fort, they raise,
The crackling fires at once began to blaze :

From row to row the lambent flames arise,
While curling smoke envelop'd all the skies.

The *Spartan* troops with slow, and solemn pace,
With streaming eyes, in sad procession pass:

Their pikes revers'd, and gazing on the ground ;
Surcharg'd with bitt'rest grief they sternly frown'd.

Next *Pherocydes* bending with his years,
 Less sunk by age, than by his grief appears: 520

His *Hippias* to survive, his darling son
That, from a child, beneath his eye had grown.

All bath'd in tears, and to distraction driv'n
He lifts his aged hands, and eyes to heav'n.

Since first he heard, all nourishment forbore :
Sweet sleep his eye-lids could compose no more,

With trembling step he follow'd in the crowd,
But where, or how; he scarcely understood.

No single accent dropt he from his tongue,
Alas ! his pungent grief too weighty hung. 530

It seem'd a silence of most dreadful kind,
Caus'd by dejection; and despair of mind.

But when he view'd the flames impetuous roll,
He rav'd aloud, and pour'd forth all his soul.

' O *Hippias, Hippias!* shall I ne'er behold
' My dearest child, and ne'er again unfold?

' Shall I ignobly thus his fate survive ?
' Ah ! dearest boy, from me did you receive

K 2 " That

- “ That cruel counsel ; to renounce your fear,
“ And bid defiance to the threats of war. 540
“ Those hands, I thought, should close mine eyes in death,
“ That bosom should receive my latest breath;
“ O cruel Gods ! that could prolong my days
“ Thus on the ruin of my child to gaze !
“ Thou dearest youth ! have I with care, and pain,
“ Matur’d thy worth ; and nourish’d up to man :
“ And must no more the pleasing joy possess,
“ To see those virtues bloom, thyself carest ?
“ Yet still thy tender mother must I view,
“ Whose dire reproaches shall my grief renew ; 550
“ Who soon with thee shall in the grave be laid,
“ But curse me first ; and dying shall upbraid.
“ Must view thy blooming bride in deep despair,
“ Beat on her lovely breast ; and rend her hair :
“ While I alas ! unhappy cause of all,
“ Alone must answer your untimely fall.
“ Hail ! valiant shade ! O could you call me hence !
“ The light is odious now, and gives offence.
“ For you, dear *Hippias*, and for you alone
“ I search around, my worthiest, bravest son, 560
“ Ne’er would I hope again this light to view
“ But to your ghost to give the honours due.”

Meanwhile extended on a purple bier
With gold and silver grac’d, the corpse drew near.
The tyrant death which had his eye-lids clos’d
Still left his beauteous features all compos’d.
The smiling graces ev’n in death prevail,
Half blush’d his cheeks though mix’d with deadly pale.
Around

Around his snowy neck which seem'd reclin'd,
 Black shining tresses wanton'd in the wind; 570
 More beauteous far than *Atys*' self could boast,
 Or *Trojan Ganymede* on *Ida* lost:

Alas! no longer must those beauties smile,
 But sink to ashes on the fun'ral pile!
 Deep in his side appear'd the ghastly wound,
 Whence all his blood so quick a passage found;
 Whence, writhing to and fro with horrid pain,
 He wing'd his flight to *Pluto's* dark domain.

Ulysses' son did grief unfeign'd betray,
 Close follow'd sad; and strew'd with flow'rs the way. 580
 And when at length before the pile arriv'd,
 The bick'ring flame ascending he perceiv'd
 To seize the cov'ring of the mighty dead,
 Fresh griefs arose; fresh show'rs of tears he shed.
 " *Hippias* farewell! I dare not call you friend:
 " But yet your virtues will to heav'n commend.

NOTES.

Verse 571, *More beauteous far than Atys*—A young *Phrygian* remarkably handsome, and beloved by the Goddess *Cybele*; who made him her priest on condition he preserved his chastity. Upon breaking that vow, he immediately run mad: and laid violent hands upon himself. The Goddess taking pity on him changed him into a pine-tree.

Verse 572, *Or Trojan Ganymede*—The son of *Tros*, one of the Kings of *Phrygia*, and the most beautiful boy in the world. *Jupiter* was so passionately fond of him, that he sent his eagle to take him away from Mount *Ida* where he was hunting; and preferred him to the office of his cup-bearer in the room of *Hebe*.

IMITATION.

580, *Virg. Æn. 6.*

- " May peace eternal all your labours crown,
 " And joys proportion'd to your high renown!
 " I love, esteem, and reverence your name;
 " Else could I envy your immortal fame; 590
 " Who now are free from all the ills we know,
 " And thus to bliss, through paths of glory, go.
 " Alas! dear youth, would heav'n attend my call,
 " With equal honour should I wish to fall!
 " May no obstruction from the *Stygian* flood,
 " Delay the passage of a soul so good!
 " But fair *Elysium* open to your sight
 " Her ev'ry scene, of ravishing delight.
 " Through endless ages be your praise confest,
 " None move your ashes; or disturb your rest!" 600
 Scarce could he end through interrupting sighs,
 The universal camp return'd their cries:
 All pitied, and deplor'd his hapless fate,
 Recall'd the mem'ry of his actions great;
 And the same death which lamentations drew,
 Presented all his virtues to their view.
 No more his faults of youth excite their rage,
 Or vice which flow'd from uninstructed age.
 But most *Telemachus* their bosoms warm'd,
 His tender sentiments the host had charm'd: 610
 " Is this," they cried, " that fierce, that haughty *Greek*
 " Whose ev'ry gesture did the tyrant speak?
 " Behold him now! how gentle, and humane,
 " How form'd th' esteem of ev'ry heart to gain!

IMITATION.

Verse 600, *Virg. Ecl. 10.*

" Doubtless

" Doubtless *Minerva* who the father lov'd,
" With like affection hath the son approv'd:
" And hath enrich'd with greatest gifts of heav'n
" A mind to wisdom, and to friendship giv'n."

Meanwhile, devouring flames the corpse consume.

The Royal youth with ev'ry choice perfume 620

The smoaking dust bedew'd, then bade return:

Which done, he plac'd it in a golden urn,

Compas'd with wreaths of ev'ry fragrant flow'r;

And thus in person to *Pbalantus* bore.

Pierc'd through with wounds he scarce retain'd his breath,

Approaching nearly to the shades of death.

The Prince his orders to the *Cretans* gave,

Nought unattempted for his cure to leave.

They by degrees his wand'ring soul reclaim,

And give new vigour to his vital frame; 630

In ev'ry vein he felt their healing art,

The balm of life distilling to his heart.

A kindly warmth his ev'ry member eas'd,

And from the icy hand of death releas'd.

But from the moment when he ceas'd to faint,

Began he to indulge his dire complaint.

His brother's fate untimely would deplore,

To which he seem'd insensible before.

" Alas!" he cried, " why all this fruitless care

" A wretched life like this of mine to spare? 640

" Far better were it, I at once should go

" With dearest *Hippias* to the shades below.

IMITATIONS.

Verse 620, *Virg. Æn. 6. Hom. Il. 23.*

- " May peace eternal all your labours crown,
 " And joys proportion'd to your high renown!
 " I love, esteem, and reverence your name;
 " Else could I envy your immortal fame; 590
 " Who now are free from all the ills we know,
 " And thus to blifs, through paths of glory, go.
 " Alas! dear youth, would heav'n attend my call,
 " With equal honour should I wish to fall!
 " May no obstruction from the *Stygian* flood,
 " Delay the passage of a soul so good!
 " But fair *Elysium* open to your sight
 " Her ev'ry scene, of ravishing delight.
 " Through endless ages be your praise confest,
 " None move your ashes; or disturb your rest!" 600
 Scarce could he end through interrupting sighs,
 The universal camp return'd their cries:
 All pitied, and deplor'd his hapless fate,
 Recall'd the mem'ry of his actions great;
 And the same death which lamentations drew,
 Presented all his virtues to their view.
 No more his faults of youth excite their rage,
 Or vice which flow'd from uninstructed age.
 But most *Telemachus* their bosoms warm'd,
 His tender sentiments the host had charm'd: 610
 " Is this," they cried, " that fierce, that haughty *Greek*
 " Whose ev'ry gesture did the tyrant speak?
 " Behold him now! how gentle, and humane,
 " How form'd th' esteem of ev'ry heart to gain!

IMITATION.

Verse 600, *Virg. Ecl. 10.*

" Doubtless

“ Doubtless *Minerva* who the father lov’d,
 “ With like affection hath the son approv’d:
 “ And hath enrich’d with greatest gifts of heav’n
 “ A mind to wisdom, and to friendship giv’n.”

Meanwhile, devouring flames the corpse consume.

The Royal youth with ev’ry choice perfume 620

The smoaking dust bedew’d, then bade return:

Which done, he plac’d it in a golden urn,

Compass’d with wreaths of ev’ry fragrant flow’r;

And thus in person to *Phalantus* bore.

Pierc’d through with wounds he scarce retain’d his breath,
 Approaching nearly to the shades of death.

The Prince his orders to the *Cretans* gave,
 Nought unattempted for his cure to leave.

They by degrees his wand’ring soul reclaim,

And give new vigour to his vital frame; 630

In ev’ry vein he felt their healing art,

The balm of life distilling to his heart.

A kindly warmth his ev’ry member eas’d,

And from the icy hand of death releas’d.

But from the moment when he ceas’d to faint,

Began he to indulge his dire complaint.

His brother’s fate untimely would deplore,

To which he seem’d insensible before.

“ Alas!” he cried, “ why all this fruitless care

“ A wretched life like this of mine to spare? 640

“ Far better were it, I at once should go

“ With dearest *Hippias* to the shades below.

IMITATIONS.

Verse 620, *Virg. Æn. 6. Hom. Il. 23.*

" I saw the beauteous youth beside me fall,
 " O *Hippias*, my delight, my love, my all;
 " My dearest brother, you no more survive,
 " No more shall I in your embraces live.
 " Or see, or hear; relieve when you complain,
 " Or in that bosom pour forth all my pain.
 " O envious Gods! is *Hippias* then no more!
 " Must I his loss eternally deplore! 650
 " Or dream I thus? Ah! no. Too plain I view'd
 " The valiant youth when weltring in his blood:
 " And just it is I still should life endure,
 " A fit revenge for *Hippias* to procure.
 " Yes, to your *Manes* I'll *Adrastus* send,
 " Besmear'd with blood of my unhappy friend."

He spake; those heav'nly artists strove in vain
 To ease his mind, and mitigate his pain:
 Such grief they fear'd each symptom would augment,
 Make med'cine useless; and his care prevent. 660
 When lo! *Telemachus* that grief renew'd,
 Who all unlook'd for in his presence stood.
 Two diff'rent passions now his bosom tore:
 He burn'd for wrongs his brother *Hippias* bore,
 Whose death an edge to his resentment gave;
 Since he no more could reparation have.
 On th' other side; he gratefully must own
 His life he held from Great *Ulysses'* son:
 Who in the gap between *Adrastus* stood
 And him, expiring in a sea of blood. 670

IMITATION.

Verse 653, *Plaut. Pseud. 5, 2.*

But

But when the golden urn his eyes survey'd,
Where lay the precious reliques of the dead;
Dissolv'd in tears t' embrace the Prince he strove,
Expression fail'd to testify his love.

At length with languid voice his silence brake,
And intermix'd with sighs these words he spake.

“ Thou worthy offspring of the wisest man,
“ By force your virtues my esteem will gain.
“ To you I owe the little life I have,
“ Though prone, alas! it hastens to the grave. 680
“ But other debts remain, and greater far,
“ For this regard to what I hold so dear.
“ Without your kind concern, with other slain
“ A prey to vultures had my *Hippias* lain,
“ His ghost depriv'd of ev'ry fun'ral rite;
“ Unblest'd had wander'd in the shades of night.
“ While angry *Charon* with a brow severe
“ His plaint rejected, and refus'd his pray'r.
“ These obligations is it then my fate
“ To owe a man, whom I so long could hate? 690
“ Reward him heav'n, and every pow'r above;
“ And me at length from misery remove!
“ O render me, thou dearest, worthiest friend,
“ The self-same honours at my latter end!
“ Repeat these glorious acts, extend your name,
“ Let nought be wanting to compleat your fame!”

With this, his sorrows were too pow'rful grown,
O'ercame his strength; back fell he in a swoon.
Silent and sad *Telemachus* remain'd
Close at his side 'till spirits he regain'd. 700

He

He soon recov'ring found his strength return,
 And from the Prince's hand receiv'd the urn.
 A thousand tender kisses he impress'd,
 And in a flood of melting grief address'd.

"O precious ashes of the worthiest man!

"O! when shall mine a like interment gain?

"I come, I follow thee; thou dearest youth!

"*Ulysses'* son shall vengeance take for both."

Each day the *Cretans* did his strength renew,
 Who skill divine from *Æsculapius* drew:

710

The Prince himself was his attendant sure

The more to forward and advance the cure.

The Allies enamour'd with a soul so great,

That could its foe with such indulgence treat,

With less surprise that martial skill beheld,

Which had so late preserv'd them in the field.

Meanwhile the Prince would voluntary bear

The worst fatigues, and labours of the war.

Small the refreshment he from sleep receiv'd,

For day and night intelligence arriv'd;

720

Or he would visit the remotest post,

And pass through ev'ry quarter of the host.

Yet ne'er at stated periods would he roam,

But unawares upon the sluggards come.

Oft in his tent with sweat, and dust o'erspread

Quite spent with toil, he lean'd his languid head:

Coarse was his diet, simple was his fare;

The meanest soldier had an equal share.

IMITATION.

Verse 703, *Sophocl. Electra*:

Thus

Thus to sobriety he strove t' inure,
And teach with patience hardships to endure. 730
Of short provisions all the camp complain'd,
The rising murmurs he with ease restrain'd;
By condescending, of his own accord,
To suffer all things which themselves deplor'd.
From life so hard no ill effects he knew,
Each day he seem'd robuster to the view.
No more indeed that graceful bloom appears,
Which waits on beauty in its early years;
His features all less delicate were seen,
His aspect rough; and masculine his mien. 740
His limbs no longer could that softness boast,
But nervous strength compensates all he lost.

END OF THE SEVENTEENTH BOOK.



BOOK XVIII.

B O O K XVIII.

THE ARGUMENT.

Telemachus, convinced by various dreams that his father Ulysses was no longer alive upon the earth, puts in execution his design to go in search of him to the Infernal regions. He quits privately the Camp, with two Cretan attendants, as far as a certain Temple near the famous cavern of Acherontia: forces his way through the darkness, arrives on the banks of the river Styx, and Charon receives him aboard his vessel: he proceeds to present himself before Pluto, whom he finds prepared to consent that he may search those realms for his father. He traverses all Tartarus, where he beholds the torments which the ungrateful undergo, the perjured persons, the profane, the specious Hypocrites, and above all unworthy Monarchs.

THE Daunian Monarch (whose defeated host
 Enfeebled seem'd by numbers he had lost)
 To back of *Aulon* sounded his retreat,
 At leisure there auxiliaries to wait.

NOTE.

Verse 3, *To back of Aulon*—A mountain of Calabria now called *Cauro*, upon which was a town of the same name.

And

And there, if possible, some means devise,
His foes afresh to harraß and surprise.
So when a lion (whom the village-swains
Have bravely put to flight) his wood regains;
There couching close each claw doth he survey,
And whet each fang against a future fray; 10
Impatient burning 'till occasion fair
Shall offer, piece-meal all the herd to tear.

Telemachus, who now, with care and pain,
Had caus'd a discipline exact to reign,
Resolv'd a scheme to execute, conceal'd
From ev'ry chief and leader in the field:
Long had he liv'd a stranger to delight,
Had seen his fire in visions of the night;
The lovely phantom constantly appear'd,
Ere rosy-finger'd morn her standard rear'd 20
To chace the twinkling stars with orient beams,
And banish sleep, with his illusive dreams.
Sometimes he thought *Ulysses* naked stood
On some blest Isle beside a silver flood,
In verdant meads where flow'rs abundant spring,
While beauteous nymphs his covering would bring.
Oftimes he seem'd that hero to behold,
In stately rooms of ivory and gold;
While laurel'd heroes with attention gaz'd,
His sense admir'd; his elocution prais'd. 30

IMITATIONS.

Verse 7, *Hom. Il.* 17.Verse 18, *Virg. Æn.* 4.Verse 21, *Ovid. Met.* 15.

Next

Next at a genial feast he met his sight,
 Where ev'ry guest felt ravishing delight;
 Where heav'nly voices, warbling sweet, conspire
 With notes harmonious of the sounding lyre.
 More sweet than *Phæbus* when, with harp divine,
 He joins in concert with the Sacred Nine.

Waking alas! in vain those joys he sought,
 Which serv'd but to perplex his troubled thought.

- " *Ulysses!* dearest father!" he exclaims,
 " To these would I prefer the worst of dreams. 40
 " These heav'nly visions but convince me more
 " You now are subject to th' infernal pow'r;
 " Consign'd by Heav'n to everlasting rest,
 " Where Virtue's vot'ries are supremely blest.
 " Methinks I see those fair *Elysian* plains,
 " O cruel state, where hope no more remains!
 " Must I no more behold *Ulysses'* face?
 " No more my sire, my dearest friend embrace?
 " Whose kind affection I so fain would prove,
 " Whom eager seek, to manifest my love? 50
 " No more in rapture shall I hear that tongue,
 " Inspir'd by wisdom, with persuasion hung;
 " Nor kiss that much-lov'd hand, with vict'ry crown'd,
 " That hand which triumph'd o'er his foes around!
 " Nor shall he vindicate his injur'd Queen,
 " Or by his rescu'd *Ithaca* be seen!
 " Oh Gods! the foes of great *Ulysses'* fame,
 " From you descends each terrifying dream;
 " All hopes to banish from my tortur'd breast,
 " Ev'n take my life too, which on Him must rest. 60

" Uncertain

- " Uncertain thus, I cannot, will not live.
 " Alas! too plainly I his death perceive!
 " Uncertain did I say? I'll instant go,
 " And search him out through all the realms below.
 " *Theseus* in safety could proceed as far,
 " Th' abandon'd *Theseus*, who could force prepare
 " Against those *Stygian* pow'rs: why then not I,
 " Whose only view is filial piety?
 " As safely pass'd *Alcmena's* valiant son,
 " Inferiour far my virtues must I own: 70
 " Yet to no common glory shall I rise,
 " By imitation of a worth like his.
 " That God, whom we inexorable paint,
 " *Orpheus* could touch with his melodious plaint;
 " Obtain release of his beloved wife,
 " Restore his lost *Eurydice* to life:
 " Still more compassion shall my suit obtain,
 " Who of a loss more exquisite complain.
 " For who a nymph (however fair she be,
 " When thousand others are as fair as she) 80
 " With wife *Ulysses* shall presume to place;
 " Whom universal *Greece* conspires to praise?
 " Haste then away! if death this act attend;
 " Why, welcome death! I'll meet him as a friend.
 " What harm in death; or wherefore should I fear,
 " Condemn'd in life such misery to bear?

IMITATIONS.

Verse 65, *Virg. Æn.* 6.

Verse 85, *Racin. Phed.* 3, 3.

" Hail

" Hail gloomy *Dis!* hail *Proserpine* the blest!
 " I come to put your pity to the test.
 " By land, by sea, at mercy of the wind,
 " Thus long in vain I've aim'd my fire to find: 90
 " And now to horrid *Tartarus* descend
 " To search his dreary regions for my friend.
 " Tho' Heav'n above refuse you to my sight,
 " And disappoint me in the realms of light;
 " In Hell, perhaps, 'twill hear my suppliant pray'r,
 " And bring your shade my troubled soul to chear."
 He said, and rose, his tears the couch bedew'd;
 Some comfort hop'd he when the light he view'd,
 Some respite from the grief these dreams had giv'n;
 But all in vain---too home the shaft was driv'n, 100
 Pierc'd through his soul; no way for flight remain'd,
 Still bled the wound, and healing arts disdain'd.
 Thus sorely press'd; to favour his descent
 He to a passage near adjoining went.
 A dreadful cavern, not unknown to fame,
 And *Acherontia* was its boasted name.
 Direct from hence a way tremendous led
 To gloomy *Ach'ron*, river of the dead;
 Which all the Deities of Heav'n revere,
 Nor venture rashly by that stream to swear. 110
 Upon

NOTES.

Verse 108, *To gloomy Ach'ron*—This river according to *Servius* was not far from *Baia* in *Italy*, and so surrounded with mountains that the Sun never approached it but in the middle of the day.

Verse 110, *Nor venture rashly*—The name of this river was so sacred,

Upon a craggy rock the town was plac'd,
There like a nest by lofty boughs embrac'd;
Low at its foot this cave excited fear,
No step of mortals would approach too near;
The wary shepherd turn'd his flocks aside
From horrid clefts, which the parch'd earth divide;
For dreadful *Styx* would vapours dank exhale
T' infect the air, and poison ev'ry gale.
No verdant herb, no flow'r would near it grow,
The kindly zephyrs here refus'd to blow; 120
The vernal Graces all disdain'd to smile,
No golden harvests recompenc'd the toil.
Burnt was the soil, some leafless shrubs alone
And baleful cypress, would the region own.
Around for miles had *Ceres* fled the land,
Her precious sheaves ne'er fill'd the lab'rer's hand;
Nor would a spot so wild gay *Bacchus* suit,
The germins wither'd ere they came to fruit.
The beauteous *Naiads* all dejected seem,
Unable to produce the lucid stream: 130
Forth from their urns in filthy channels past
The troubled waters, bitter to the taste.

NOTE.

sacred, that if any of the Gods broke his oath when he had once sworn by it, he was to be deprived of his divinity, and to drink no nectar for a hundred years. To account for this, we must have recourse to the opinion of the most ancient philosophers: who looked upon water, or rather the fluid state of the chaos, as the original and first principle of all created nature.

IMITATION.

Verse 117, *Petron.*

Briars and thorns the circuit round bespread;
 No feather'd songsters to frequent the shade;
 No shelt'ring wood: to happier climes they rove
 In purer air to warble out their love.
 Hoarse ravens croak'd, and mournful birds of night;
 Th' embitter'd grass was horrid to the sight:
 The lowing herds disconsolately stray,
 Strange to those joys which make them skip and play. 140
 The lusty bull his beauteous heifer fled,
 And rustic swains forgot the tuneful reed.

From time to time, in dusky clouds the smoke
 With frightful tempest from the cavern broke:
 And interpos'd between *Apollo's* ray,
 Inducing darkness in the midst of day.
 The neighb'ring hinds would then libations pour,
 T'appease the wrath of each Infernal pow'r;
 But oft the fairest youths, in bloom of age,
 Alone suffic'd their fury to assuage: 150
 Well pleas'd they seem'd those tender lives to take,
 By cruel plagues which issu'd from the lake.

Thro' paths like these, *Telemachus* decreed
 To seek his passage to the dreary dead.
Minerva still with watchful eye beheld,
 And o'er his limbs had spread th' immortal shield;
 In ev'ry danger deign'd his steps t' attend,
 And made th' Infernal Deity his friend;
 At her petition too, the King of Heav'n
 To *Hermes* swift his high behest had giv'n: 160

IMITATION.

Verse 143, *Virg. Æn.* 6.

(Who

(Who day by day descending on the wind,
Departed souls to *Charon's* charge consign'd)
That *Pluto* should permit *Ulysses'* son
To search his empire, and approach his throne.

The Prince his tent in dead of night forsook,
By *Cynthia's* silver light his journey took;
Fair star of heav'n, on earth *Diana* nam'd;
In hell, tremendous *Hecate* proclaim'd.
To her high mounted on her carr in air,
With humble rev'rence he address'd his pray'r. 170
The Goddess heard him with indulgence kind;
For pure and uncorrupted was his mind:
By filial love conducted seem'd alone,
Affection worthy of a duteous son.

Scarce in the entrance of the cave he stood,
When subterranean groans, and murmurs loud
Assail'd his frighted ears. Beneath, the ground
Rock'd to and fro, and trembled at the sound.

NOTES.

Verse 160, *To Hermes swift*—*Hermes* or *Mercury* was the son of *Jupiter* and *Maia*; and is described with wings on his feet, and a caduceus in his hand. He was the God of Eloquence and Trade, and was likewise worshipped as one of the infernal deities; having the charge of conducting departed souls into hell.

Verse 166, *By Cynthia's silver light*—*Cynthia* or the *Moon*, the daughter of *Jupiter* and *Latona*, was particularly worshipped at *Ephesus* under the title of *Diana*. Her temple was one of the seven wonders of the world, and was burnt down on the day that *Alexander the Great* was born.

IMITATIONS.

Verse 162, *Hor. lib. 1. Od. 10.*

Verse 168, *Virg. Æn. 6.*

Verse 178, *Id. ib.*

Red lightnings arm'd the skies, and livid flame
In show'rs portentous, shook all Nature's frame. 180

Aghast he stood in consternation great,
His limbs all cover'd with a clammy sweat;

But courage still preserv'd his temper ev'n,
And with uplifted hands he look'd to heav'n.

"Dread Gods!" he cried, "I gratefully receive

"The prosp'rous omens you are pleas'd to give:

"Henceforth, no threat'ning danger will I fear,

"Compleat your work, and strengthen me to bear."

He ended thus, and with redoubled force

All undismay'd pursu'd his destin'd course. 190

Those clouds of stench, and smoke, which fatal were

To ev'ry creature which approach'd too near,

Had now abated, and dispers'd in air.

Alone advanc'd he: for what heart beside

Would dare to follow this advent'rous guide?

Two trusty *Cretans* had his march pursu'd,

But now at distance from the cavern stood.

Half dead with fear, and trembling were they seen

Where rose a temple on the hallow'd green:

His sure destruction they already mourn, 200

Yet vows presented for his safe return.

Meanwhile with sword in hand *Ulysses'* son

Through darkness palpable his passage won:

And soon a glimm'ring light attention drew,

Like that which nightly upon earth we view;

IMITATIONS.

Verse 202, *Virg. Æn.* 6.

Verse 205, *Id.* *ib.*

The flitting airy ghosts around him move,
Which still before him with his sword he drove.
At length the melancholy banks he 'spied
Of miry *Styx*, that roll'd a sluggish tide:
Whose sleeping waves no motion e'er disclose, 210
But what from whirlpools infinite arose.
Unnumber'd souls, of fun'ral rites depriv'd,
Throng'd all the shore, and at the boat arriv'd;
Alas! their tears were fruitless all, and vain,
From *Charon* stern no passage could they gain.
This grisly God no pleasures could engage,
Vig'rous and strong, but furrow'd o'er with age.
Anguish and care were in his features shown,
His rigid front had one eternal frown.
With threats repell'd he shadows that implor'd, 220
But freely took the *Grecian* youth on board.

NOTE.

Verse 215, *From Charon stern*—The word *Charon*, we are told, in the *Egyptian* language signifies a ferryman. And hence perhaps arose the fable that *Charon* was the ferryman of hell: for the present inhabitants near the lake *Maris* in *Egypt*, call that lake the lake of *Charon*, and say, that a certain person of mean extraction took up his residence by that lake side, and acquired immense riches by exacting a tribute for every corpse which was ferried over for interment.

IMITATIONS.

Verse 207, *Virg. Æn.* 6.

Verse 213, *Id.* *ib.*

Verse 216, *Id.* *ib.*

Verse 220, *Id.* *ib.*

And scarce embark'd he when a groan was heard,
From one that inconsolable appear'd.

“ O shade !” exclaim'd the Prince, “ reveal your pain,
“ Alive what character might you sustain ?”
“ From lofty *Babylon*,” said he, “ I came,
“ And *Nabopharzan* is my royal name :
“ The farthest East that glorious name rever'd.
“ A marble edifice my subjects rear'd
“ In which with solemn pray'rs was I address'd; 230
“ A golden image there my face express'd.
“ While day and night they burn'd the rich perfumes,
“ All *Ethiopia*'s aromatic gums.
“ None e'er presum'd my pleasure to withstand,
“ But felt the weight of my chastising hand.
“ Each day of pleasures they increas'd my store,
“ And made my life more happy than before.
“ The prime of youth as yet I scarce had past,
“ Robust, and strong; and vig'rous to the last :
“ Good heav'n ! what prosp'rous hours might I have known
“ What joys perceiv'd on that exalted throne ! [240
“ But lo ! a nymph whom tenderly I lov'd,
“ And who, it seems, my passion disapprov'd;
“ Convinc'd me soon in error's path I trod,
“ And was by far inferior to a God.
“ A poison'd cup she gave---I fool obey'd,
“ And now am nothing but an empty shade.
“ Last setting Sun mine ashes did behold
“ With splendour laid within an urn of gold.
“ Abundant tears were at my fun'ral shed, 250
“ Each tore in grief the honours of his head :

“ And,

“ And, in pretence, was eager for the fire,
“ Would with his sov’reign readily expire.
“ Thence pass’d they to my tomb superbly grac’d,
“ In midst of which my poor remains they plac’d:
“ And at its foot loud lamentation raise,
“ The hallow’d vault refounded with my praise.
“ In fact, no living soul, my fate deplor’d;
“ My mem’ry justly is by all abhorr’d:
“ My nearest kindred as exulting seem, 260
“ And here already, know I woes extreme.”
Touch’d with a sight so moving and so sad,
Ulysses’ offspring thus address’d the shade.
“ Were you indeed superlatively blest
“ When thus of pow’r and Royalty posselt?
“ Had you that inward peace, that calm of mind,
“ In want of which the soul is still confin’d;
“ And still dishonour infinite must know,
“ Though ev’ry joy in vast abundance flow?”
“ Alas!” he cried, “ I nought of this have seen, 270
“ Nor understand I rightly what you mean.
“ Oft did our sage Philosophers declare,
“ This inward peace was only worth our care;
“ Ne’er could I taste it: my effem’nate soul
“ Found hopes, and fears, and new desires controul.
“ Myself still aim’d to stupify my brain,
“ That ev’ry passion undisturb’d might reign.
“ All arts t’ indulge this phrenzy I employ,
“ And fear’d to lose th’ intoxicating joy.
“ No intermission of delights could bear 280
“ Each dawn of reason was a source of care.

" Such was the peace I fondly could esteem,
 " Thought all but this a fable, and a dream.
 " Lo! here the pleasure I alone could know,
 " The want of which exaggerates my woe."

The *Babylonian* when he thus had said,
 O'ercome with grief, of tears a torrent shed:
 Like one whose coward-soul by prosp'rous state
 Too soft was grown to struggle with his fate.
 A crowd of slaves attended in his train,
 Who for his honour at the pile were slain.
 All these did *Maia's* son together bring,
 To *Charon's* charge deliv'ring, with their King.
 And now invested with a boundless pow'r,
 T' insult the tyrant they had serv'd before.
 No longer trembling in his sight they stand,
 But like a savage monster held him chain'd:
 And, in sarcastic vein, releas'd from fear
 Inflicted pains most horrible to bear.

290

" Ah wretch!" said one, who Monarchy disgrace; 300
 " Deriv'd not we our birth from human race?
 " What madness strange with folly could combine
 " That lump of vanity to think divine?
 " And could a truth like this escape your eye,
 " Like others born you must like others die?"
 The next insulting cried---" you reason'd right,
 " When you no mortal would appear to fight:
 " In truth, I ne'er esteem'd you half so good:
 " But some unheard of monster from the wood."
 A third exclaim'd --" Where now thy flatt'ers, say, 310
 " Who buzz'd around in sun-shine of thy day?

" Poor

" Poor wretch ! you now have nothing more to give :

" And harder still, no subjects to aggrieve :

" A Slave of slaves. Thus Providence, tho' slow,

" Will yet at last fit recompence bestow."

Stung to the quick with this he prostrate fell,

And hop'd his sad confusion to conceal :

Oppress'd with grief, with anger, and despair,

He roll'd him in the keel, and tore his hair.

" Rouse him," said *Charon*, " shake him by his chain, 320

" Spight of his heart shall he endure his pain :

" Concealment were a comfort much too great ;

" No.---Ev'ry subject of th' Infernal state

" Shall view his anguish :---thus acquitting heav'n

" That to the wretch so long a reign hath giv'n.

" Yet know that here your sorrows but commence,

" Prepare your soul when you depart from hence ;

" At *Minos*' dread tribunal to appear,

" Great Judge of all inflexibly severe."

He said. The bark was now advanc'd to shore, 330

And touch'd the borders of the *Stygian* pow'r.

And crowding ghosts, in great amaze, perceive

A mortal man could thither come, and live.

Amidst a group of shades beheld him stand,

And in their company approach to land.

But in a moment, when he touch'd the ground,

With speed they fled ; and vanish'd all around

IMITATIONS.

Verse 314, *Euripid. Hecub. Hor. l. 3. Od. 2.*

Verse 332, *Virg. Æn. 6.*

Swift as disperse the fleeting shades of night,
 When ruddy morn unbars the doors of light.
 Here dreadful *Charon* smooth'd his wrinkled brow, 340
 Began less fierceness in his eyes to show;
 Each look of rage and fury he suppress'd,
 And mildly thus *Telemachus* address'd:
 "O Mortal favour'd by th' Eternal Gods,
 "Who licence give to visit these abodes,
 "(A grace which you and you alone obtain:
 "None else with life can such a prospect gain)
 "Haste where your fate directs.---This gloomy path
 "Leads to the palace of the God of Death:
 "There shall you find him on his throne sublime, 350
 "Consent he'll give you some convenient time,
 "This nether World's vast empire to behold,
 "And canvass secrets I must ne'er unfold."

The Prince with speed advanc'd; on either side
 Forms immaterial without number glide,
 Unnumber'd seem'd they as the boundless sand
 On ocean's brink, which covers all the strand.
 The sight of these, the horrors of the place
 So vast, so silent, all his nerves unbrace:
 His hair erected stood with wild affright, 360
 When he approach'd these sable realms of night,
 Stern *Pluto's* Court. His voice no more he found,
 His feeble knees with trembling knock'd the ground.
 At length, with pain extreme, he silence brake,
 And thus the dire Divinity bespake:

IMITATION.

Verse 360, *Virg. Æn. 2.*

Dread

“ Dread Sir, you see amidst a world unknown,
“ Th’ unhappy offspring of *Laertes’* Son :
“ Oh ! tell me if *Ulysses* here descends,
“ Or yet on earth his destiny attends ?”
 High on an ebon throne in regal state, 370
With pallid looks severe, the Godhead sat.
His eyes were flames, his forehead wrinkled o’er,
An air of threatening and defiance wore :
A living object odious was to him,
As light to animals of optics dim ;
Who shun its rays unable to endure,
Nor leave their mansions but in night obscure.
Close at his side fair *Proserpine* was plac’d,
Whom oft admiring fondly he embrac’d :
She his affection could alone engage, 380
Could sooth his breast ; and mitigate his rage.
Her youth and charms perpetual seem’d, and new,
Yet beauteous thus, and lovely to the view ;
Her brow contracting seem’d moroseness four,
From this her fierce and cruel paramour.
Devouring Death beneath him took his stand,
With meagre pallid face, and scythe in hand ;
Which ever and anon more keen he made,
And with a whetstone sharpen’d all the blade.
Near him Distrust, and black corroding Care, 390
And Vengeance all athirst for blood and war.
From head to foot disfigur’d was she found,
With trickling gore, and many a bleeding wound.

IMITATION.

Verse 386, *Virg. Æn. 6.*

Next

Next Hatred, Av'rice, which itself destroys,
 Despair, self-murd'rer, still averse to joys,
 With mad Ambition, greedy thirst of fame,
 That plunders all, and sets the world on flame.
 Dark Treason next, which eager seem'd for blood,
 Yet for itself could thence extract no good :
 And pining Envy darting poisons round, 400
 Distract with rage, if she inflicts no wound.
 Impiety stood next with desp'rate spade,
 And headlong jump'd into the pit she made,
 All hideous spectres, phantoms that appear,---
 Like men departed, and the living scare;
 All dreadful dreams that interrupt repose,
 And waking thoughts more horrid still than those.
 All pains and plagues, of terrifying sort,
 Encompass'd *Pluto* round, and fill'd his Court.
 At length with hollow voice the tyrant spoke ; 410
 While Hell astonish'd to its centre shook :
 " By Fate's decree, young Mortal, are you led
 " To force the dark recesses of the Dead :
 " Pursue your fate. But think not I'll unfold
 " The secret, if these realms your father hold ;
 " Let it suffice that you have leave to go,
 " And search him out among the shades below.
 " But since on earth a Monarch he hath reign'd,
 " With greater ease your wish may be attain'd :
 " For first that side of *Tart'rus* must you trace, 420
 " Where impious Kings for punishment we place :
 " On th' other side th' *Elysian* fields arise,
 " Where virtuous Sov'reigns are consign'd to bliss.
 " Hence

"Hence to *Elysium* will no path convey,
" 'Till first thro' gloomy *Tartarus* you stray.
" Away, be gone, and to your search proceed;
" And of your presence rid my realms with speed."

Swift through the spacious void he ran, he flew,
Fir'd with the hopes his much-lov'd fire to view;
And quit a presence which, with utmost dread, 430
Could fill alike the living and the dead.
His horrors soon did *Tartarus* disclose,
From whence a sable cloud sulphureous rose;
Whose stench contagious would all life remove,
If once permitted in the realms above.
A fiery flood this vapour cover'd o'er,
Where whirling flames in furious torrents pour:
Its noise, like waves, which from some mountain's brow,
Impetuous fall into th' abyss below.
All ears were stunn'd, and deafen'd with the sound; 440
Nought here distinct, articulate was found.
The youth, who felt *Minerva's* secret aid,
With dauntless heart this raging gulph survey'd;
Forward advanc'd, and first of all perceiv'd
Vast tribes who once in abject state had liv'd;
But now were sentenc'd to eternal pain,
For frauds they practis'd riches to obtain;
For treach'rous wiles, and base dissembling arts,
And chief, the settled hardness of their hearts.
A croud of hypocrites next met his eyes, 450
That us'd Religion as a cloak for vice;
Pretending zeal, Ambition they pursu'd,
And thus short-sighted mortals could delude.

These

These who could Virtue use for private ends,
 (The greatest blessing which from Heav'n descends)
 Were doom'd a suff'ring most severe to find;
 As most abandon'd of all human kind.
 The parricides profane, degen'rate brood,
 Who dipp'd their impious hands in parent's blood;
 Unnat'ral wives, who their rebellious swords 460
 Presum'd to plunge in bosoms of their lords;
 Traitors, who breaking ev'ry solemn vow,
 To servile yoke had made their country bow;---
 All these a punishment less harsh requites,
 Than that reserv'd for odious hypocrites.
 For so decreed these judges of mankind,
 And this substantial reason they assign'd;
 "Such slaves," said they, "not satisfy'd with crimes,
 "Which others practic'd from the earli'st times,
 "As good and virtuous would appear to view; 470
 "And thus, by virtue false, despise the true.
 "Th' affronted Gods their utmost pow'r exert
 "In plagues proportion'd to their vile desert."
 Next after these vast multitudes appear,
 Whom vulgar minds from all offences clear.
 But heav'n beholds them in a diff'rent light,
 And all the Gods to punish them unite.
 Ungrateful authors of ill grounded lies,
 And flatterers that smoothe the paths of Vice;
 Malicious critics, who with tongues profane 480
 Unfulled Virtue dar'd asperse, and stain:

IMITATION.

Verse 45^o, *Virg. Æn.* 6.

With

With judges rash of things not understood;
 That blast the credit of the just, and good.
 Among th' ungrateful, those were tortur'd most
 Who all respect for righteous heav'n had lost.
 "That man," said *Minos*, "we a monster name,
 "Who dares despise the stock from whence he came:
 "That slights his father, or his earthly friend;
 "Although but small the succours these can lend.
 "Shall he then boast Ingratitude to heav'n, 490
 "Which life itself and ev'ry good hath giv'n!
 "From earthly parents did his being flow,
 "Or did the Gods that benefit bestow?
 "On earth unpunish'd may the sinner live,
 "And each to other may indulgence give;
 "But none can e'er escape the Pow'rs below,
 "The greatest plagues hereafter shall they know."

Th' Infernal Court now sat. The Judges three
 Against a wretch had issu'd their decree:

Telemachus beheld th' unhappy man, 500
 And meekly begg'd they would his fault explain.
 The culprit catch'd at this; and now aloud
 His harmless life, his innocence avow'd.

"My sole delight," said he, "in virtuous deeds,
 "The poor I pitied; and supplied their needs:
 "Was gen'rous, just, and free from treach'rous art;
 "Who then as impious shall arraign my heart?"

Here *Minos* interpos'd---"We name not wrongs,

"Nor charge neglect in what to men belongs:

"But could the Gods no estimation share, 510

"Did these than mortals, less deserve your care?"

"Where

- " Where now the Justice you so loudly boast,
" The trifle man hath all your soul engross'd.
" Virtue you had ; but for yourself alone :
" No debt to heav'n, which gave that virtue, own.
" Of all its fruits would be yourself possess'd,
" And make all centre in your proper breast.
" Self-worshipp'd Saint ! but know, those Gods rever'd
" That all this glorious frame of Nature rear'd,
" Have rais'd it for themselves : and ne'er will quit 520
" Their just pretensions, and undoubted right.
" Forgetting them, in turn are you forgot :
" All past remembrance of your name they blot ;
" Who dar'd by that neglect provoke your doom,
" And fondly hope for happiness at home.
" Go, search for comfort in that tortur'd mind,
" Seek there for peace, if haply you can find.
" At distance now from all whose praise you sought,
" Converse at leisure with that idol-thought :
" And learn that none true Virtue can pursue, 530
" Who love not Heav'n ; and give it honours due.
" That phantom Virtue by the crowd believ'd,
" Whose dazzled eyes are easily deceiv'd,
" Is now no more. Weak mortals Vice detest
" And Virtue praise, as suits their purpose best :
" Are absolutely blind to bad, and good,
" Of which is neither rightly understood.
" Here, emanations of a light divine
" Make ev'ry deed in proper colours shine :
" What rais'd our wonder once, we now abhor 540
" And often praise what we condemn'd before."

The wise Philosopher this sentence heard,
And now as one that's thunderstruck appear'd.
No more that sweet complacency could find,
That wonted courage, and support of mind;
His gen'rous maxims vanish'd all in air,
He sunk at once in infinite despair.
That impious heart which had the Gods defied,
Was now become the scourge of all his pride.
The dreadful image gave him endless pain, 550
Still did it haunt him; and to fly was vain.
He saw the vanity of human thought,
From which alone he commendation sought.
His ev'ry principle was overthrown,
His very bowels seem'd turn'd upside down:
No small resemblance of himself remain'd,
No single prop his drooping soul sustain'd.
Conscience, the friend which he before could trust,
Was now his foe; and his accuser just:
With keen reproach it aggravates his shame, 560
Shews how illusive were his dreams of fame;
Who to Religion could so ill attend,
Where only wisdom should begin, and end.
In consternation great, remorse, and grief;
His anguish found no prospect of relief.
Yet did the Furies unmolested leave,
His heart, they knew, would pangs sufficient give;
Of ev'ry cutting care increase the load,
And vengeance take for each offended God.
Forthwith to thickest shades distract he fled, 570
To shun the presence of his fellow dead.

Alas! no darkness could his horrors veil,
 Or from himself his hated form conceal!
 Still was he follow'd by the light of day,
 And sacred Truth with penetrating ray
 All places fill'd, and haunted him in all
 T' avenge his folly, that had mock'd her call.
 All former joys and pleasures now offend,
 Source of misfortunes which shall ne'er have end.
 "Oh senseless wretch!" he cried, "who blind of sight, 580
 "Nor heav'n, nor earth, have understood aright!
 "Strange to thyself! nought right have you pursu'd,
 "But fled the only true substantial good.
 "Your footsteps all in error's path have stray'd,
 "A dupe to folly by your wisdom made.
 "Your breast with pride, instead of virtue stor'd,
 "Yourself the idol by yourself ador'd."

And now *Telemachus* a prospect gain'd
 Of wretched Kings, that once with splendour reign'd:
 But using power to subvert the law, 590
 Were now condemn'd the servile chain to draw.
 Lo! here a Fury at their elbow stand!
 Who lifts a mirror in her vengeful hand,
 In horrid forms presenting to their view
 All vices, faults, and follies which they knew:
 Here, tho' unwilling, are they forc'd to gaze
 On all their vanity, and empty praise;
 Their want of pity, and concern humane
 For those, whose bliss depended on their reign.

IMITATION.

Verse 689, *Xenoph. in Ages.*

Here

Here saw they Virtue drooping by the throne, 600
And Truth discountenanc'd in silence moan.
While Courtiers delicate alone were dear,
And smooth-tongued flatt'ry, gain'd the royal ear.
Here saw they all their indolence compleat,
Aversion strange to bus'ness of the state;
I'll plac'd suspicion, grandeur in excess;
And Pride, insulting o'er the realm's distress.
There vile Ambition, which false fame pursu'd;
By being lavish of their people's blood.
In fine their cruelty stood forth to view, 610
Who ev'ry day could seek amusement new;
While yet th' unhappy paid the purchase dear,
Reduc'd to sorrow, and extreme despair.
Here ev'ry face more horror could inspire,
Than fam'd *Bellerophon's* Chimæra dire,

Or

NOTE.

Verse 615, *Than fam'd Bellerophon's Chimæra*—*Bellerophon* was the son of *Glaucus* King of *Ephyra*, the ancient name of *Corinth*. He is said to have murdered one *Beller*, and from thence to have derived his name. Being obliged to fly upon this occasion, he took refuge at the Court of *Prætus* King of *Argos*; whose wife *Stenobæa* fell desperately in love with him. But refusing to be criminal with her, she falsely accused him to her husband. *Prætus*, unwilling to violate the laws of hospitality, sent him away to *Iobates* King of *Lycia*, the father of *Stenobæa*, with private instructions to that King, that he should put him on some desperate enterprize which might procure his death. He accordingly dispatched him, with a handful of men, to subdue his neighbours the *Solyimi*. The three Gods of those people, whom they painted on their ensigns in the forms of a lion, a goat, and a dragon, are supposed to have given birth to this fable of the *Chimæra*. Others suppose he destroyed a pirate who infested the coasts of *Lycia*, and had painted on his ship the figures

Or Hydra, terror of *Lernaean* wood,
 By great *Alcides*' valiant hand subdu'd.
 Nor *Cerb'rus*' self more dreadful can appear,
 Whose triple throat empoisons all the air:
 Whose tainted breath inflicts a deadly wound, 620
 and vomits blood, to slay the nations round.

Another Fury near to this was seen,
 With haughty air, and with insulting mien;
 Repeating praises which their flatt'ers gave,
 Ere yet they sunk in silence to the grave.
 A diff'rent glass presents she to their eyes
 As flatt'ry painted, see! their image rise.
 This contrast strong, this disagreement wide,
 Severely check'd their vanity, and pride.
 It seem'd the Monarchs who mankind destroy'd 630
 Had most encomiums in their life enjoy'd:
 For impious Kings, who with despotic sway
 Make all through fear implicitly obey;

NOTE.

above mentioned. Lastly, as the Chimæra is described by the poets spitting out fire and flame; others have been induced to believe, that it was a burning mountain in *Lycia*, the top of which was possessed by lions, the middle by goats, and the morass at bottom by serpents. But whatever it was, he succeeded in his attempt, as he did likewise against the *Amazons* and freed himself too from an ambush which was laid by the *Lycians*, to murder him on his return.

IMITATION.

Verse 732, *Soph. in Oed. Tyr.*

Without

Without a blush all honours will receive,
Which hireling bards, and orators can give.

In endless night disconsolate they sat,
With sighs and tears bemoan'd their hapless fate:
No single object could their sight relieve,
Nought but reproach, and insult they perceive.
Repulse, confusion, ev'ry pain inflict; 640
And none approach them, but to contradict;
Who high in state, and splendour of a Court,
Once murder'd thousands for their empty sport;
Thought all creation for themselves design'd,---
In hell, by meanest vassals are confin'd:
Who, in their turn, all cruelty display,
Whose will, and pleasure they must now obey.
With pain they serve: but oh! no hopes remain,
Their precious liberty once lost to gain:
Beneath those slaves, now lordly tyrants found, 650
Like *Ætna's* anvil do their bodies found;
When mighty *Vulcan* at his forge arrives,
And the rough *Cyclops* each his task receives.

Pale hideous faces saw *Ulysses'* son
With grief, companion of each wretch undone,
Such grief it seem'd as on their vitals prey'd;
With utmost horror they themselves survey'd.
Yet from this horror they no more could hide,
Than ev'n their frame, their nature lay aside.
No need of further tortures to pursue, 660
Enough they felt; their actions to review.
In all their flagrant hues they saw them rise,
Like dreadful ghosts presenting to their eyes.

Oft in despair they stood, invoking death
 To banish all remembrance with their breath;
 Would now a fate by far more painful chose
 Than that which once could soul and body loose.
 Call'd on th' abyfs, to open wide its mouth
 And save from rays of perfecuting truth :
 Reserv'd for wrath distilling drop by drop, 670
 Which to exhaust surpasses all their hope.
 Their scourge is now that truth they fear'd to know,
 They see it plain; but see it as a foe.
 It pierces all their soul, it fills with care,
 Transports with passion, and doth piecemeal tear.
 As when the lightning spares th' external frame,
 But wounds the entrails with devouring flame :
 Their soul dissolving seem'd beneath its pow'r,
 As the hot furnace liquefies the ore.
 No more consistence, yet no change was gain'd; 680
 Life's principles were gone, but life remain'd.
 Torn from themselves, no refuge in their pow'r,
 No comfort left them for a single hour;
 By furious raging at themselves they liv'd,
 And all their vigour from despair deriv'd.

Among those wretched objects he had view'd
 (While with affright his hair erected stood)
 Were some of *Lydian* race : who suffer'd here
 Since they could ease, and luxury prefer
 To toil, and labour for their people's good : 690
 Duties incumbent upon royal blood.

Two Kings each other with reproach accost,
 And seem'd disputing who was blinded most :

Yet

Yet nearly were allied; the father one,
Who thus in rage address'd his wretched son.

"When life," said he, "was verging to an end,

"Say, at my death, did I not recommend;

"That you would gravely on my faults reflect,

"And heal those ills which rose through my neglect?"

"Alas! unhappy father," he replied, 700

"'Twas your example which inspir'd my pride,

"That wrought my fall: your grandeur swell'd my soul

"Till lust and tyranny disdain'd controul.

"Dissolv'd in soft delights my fire I found,

"Saw base-born flatterers his throne surround:

"From thence a love for flattery acquir'd,

"Thence ev'ry joy with eagerness desir'd.

"Thought other mortals, if with Kings they're seen,

"Like beasts of burthen, when compar'd to men.

"No further judg'd them worthy of esteem, 710

"Than as subservient to our wants they seem.

"Thus foolishly believ'd, as taught by you,

"And to my ruin did your steps pursue."

With mutual curses here they rent the air,

While each in pieces would the other tear.

Around these Kings, like filthy birds of night,
Hover'd distrust, suspicion, wild affright;

Which give the people their revenge compleat,

Whene'er with cruelty their Monarchs treat;

Insatiate thirst of wealth, false love of fame, 720

Perpetual source of tyranny extreme,

Effem'nate ease which multiplies our woes,
And yet no solid comforts can disclose.

Numbers of these were sentenc'd now to pain,
Not for the mischiefs of a vicious reign;
But for neglecting necessary things,
The virtuous worthy arts becoming Kings.
All crimes of subjects, where th' apparent cause
Was non-observance, and contempt of laws;
Were here imputed to the Prince alone, 730
Who to enforce those laws possess'd the throne.
All ills which pride, and luxury create,
With all excesses which convulse a state,
Make men in search of wealth all rule despise;
T' inhanche the guilt of easy monarchs rise.
But chief those sov'reigns dreadful pains o'ertook,
Who, not as faithful pastors of their flock,
But rav'nous wolves resembling; us'd their pow'r
To fleece them of their wool, and then devour.

What fill'd the royal youth with most surprise 740
Was this, that multitudes here met his eyes
In torment tost upon the fi'ry flood,
Whom men as virtuous had esteem'd, and good.
The crime for which they suffer'd endless pain
Was, giving artful, impious men the rein,
They suffer'd now for all the harm that flow'd
From that authority, themselves bestow'd.
The grèatest part were neither good, nor bad;
So great the weakness which they all betray'd:

Ne'er

Ne'er had they fear'd the truth should 'scape their sight, 750
 No taste preserv'd for Virtue, or for right:
 Nor knew how much all pleasures doth excel
 The conscious thought of having acted well.

END OF THE EIGHTEENTH BOOK.



BOOK XIX.

BOOK XIX.

THE ARGUMENT.

Telemachus enters the Elysian fields, where he is recognized by his Great Grandfather Arceſius; who assures him that Ulyſſes is ſtill living, that he ſhall ſee him once more in Ithaca, and ſucceed him in the Throne. Arceſius deſcribes to him the happineſs which the Juſt enjoy, and good Kings eſpecially, who during their mortal ſtate have worſhipped the Gods, and conſulted the welfare of thoſe whom they governed. He gives him to underſtand, that thoſe Heroes, whoſe whole merit conſiſted in military ſkill, are far inferior in bliſs; and have their reſidence apart. He gives inſtructions to Telemachus, after which the latter returns with ſpeed to the Camp of the Allies.

ULYSSES' Son, as he at diſtance drew
 From theſe obſcure abodes, ſuch comfort knew,
 Such freſh delight and exultation prov'd;
 As though a mountain from his breaſt remov'd.
 Hence he reflected on the ſtate of thoſe,
 Who ſaw no diſtant period of their woes;
 With terror found, that guilt no torment brings
 To other impious, like to impious Kings.

“ Alas ! ”

TELEMACHUS *in* ELYSIUM.

Book 12.



Engraved on the last stone by M. A. Wilson del. in 1794.

Bartholomew sculp.

These men, whom you on earth think dead, dear son,
Have in these realms of bliss true BEING won.
Here therefore they now live — yea live; for know
That life, not such as here exists below.
But what men feel on earth, while they draw breath,
And travel to the dust is real death.



Boo

" A

" C

" S

" S

" T

" A

" Y

" S

" C

" I

" V

" T

"

Th

He

An

Bu

Fr

Hi

No

So

Fr

W

Bu

Fr

Fr

So

In

“ Alas !” said he, “ shall then such perils wait
“ On regal crowns, anxieties so great ; 10
“ Such snares be laid for Princes from their youth,
“ Such toil, and pain, t’ investigate the truth ;
“ T’ avoid each traitor’s false designing art,
“ And curb the native follies of their heart ;
“ Yet after life so short, immers’d in care ;
“ Shall heav’n such tortures here below prepare ?
“ O senseless wretch who shall aspire to reign !
“ Far greater sweets doth private life contain
“ Where undisturb’d, with calm contented mind,
“ The path of Virtue we with ease can find.” 20

Thus musing o’er, in melancholy mood,
Those dreadful suff’rings he so late had view’d ;
He seem’d an equal punishment to share,
And sympathize with them in deep despair :
But, in proportion as he further came
From scenes of horror, and sulphureous flame ;
His courage found he and his strength reviv’d,
No more th’ oppression on his breath perceiv’d.
Soft heav’nly gleams of light his eye-lids felt,
From regions pure where godlike heroes dwelt. 30

All Monarchs here of ev’ry age were found,
Whose glorious reigns with virtue had been crown’d :
But distant far, and separate appear’d
From other mortals, who had truth preferr’d.
For, as in *Tartarus* each kingly ghost,
For base impiety is tortur’d most ;
So in *Elysium* happier are they seen,
In bliss superior to all other men.

Telemachus

Telemachus approach'd this hallow'd seat:
 In fragrant bow'rs beheld these Monarchs great, 40
 On grassy turfs for ever green reclin'd;
 Which thousand beauteous rivulets entwin'd,
 The glade refreshing. Birds unnumber'd sung:
 With notes harmonious hill and valley rung.
 There Spring with Autumn hand in hand was join'd,
 All flow'rs, and odours of delicious kind;
 And ev'ry fruit-tree, glorious to behold,
 With burthens bent of vegetable gold.
 No Dog-star rages here with sultry ray,
 No Northern blast can Winter's frowns convey: 50
 No bleeding wars disturb their endless youth,
 Or pale ey'd Envy with invenom'd tooth.
 That fiend, which serpents in her bosom bears;
 And twisted vipers for her bracelets wears.
 Nor know they jealousy, or foul distrust,
 Or fears tormenting; or desires unjust.
 Their equal day doth ne'er withdraw its light,
 Ne'er view they here the dusky shades of night;
 One sweet unfullied radiance they behold,
 Which, as a vesture, seems their limbs t'infold. 60
 Unlike the light afforded by our Sun,
 Darkness to their's, amidst the blaze of noon.
 Their's seems a glory of celestial kind,
 A light imparted by some heav'nly mind;

IMITATIONS.

Verse 39, *Virg. Æn. 6. Claudian.*

Verse 49, *Lucan. Pharf. 2.*

Whose subtle flame through thickest shades can pass,
With greater ease than our's through purest glass:
Yet dazzles not; but clears the visual ray,
Doth calm composure to the soul convey.
Within, without them shines; and to the good
Becomes a kind invigorating food. 70
And like that nourishment we wholesome name,
It pierces thro', incorp'rates with their frame:
'Tis seen, 'tis felt; nay more, they this respire;
It gives them endless peace, and genial fire.
Pleas'd in th' abyss of all delights to lave,
As fishes love their elemental wave.
All other wants and wishes they disown,
All riches have they though possess'd of none:
By tasting this in affluence they roll,
It fills up ev'ry vacancy of soul. 80
Thus amply satisfied; they soar above
What empty mortals so desire, and love.
No outward objects their esteem can win;
Their ev'ry bliss derive they from within.
And, like the glorious Gods with nectar fill'd,
And fair ambrosia, which their banquets yield;
Disdain those viands gross which man can give;
Though ne'er so exquisite, will not receive.
All ills are banish'd from this region far,
Pale death, distemper, poverty, and care; 90
Remorse, and pain, and heart corroding grief,
With Hope, too frequently of woes the chief:
Division, and disgust, and ranc'rous spight;
Can ne'er approach these mansions of delight.

Should

Should lofty *Hæmus* from his base be hurl'd,
 All white with snows coeval with the world;
 Or stately *Rhodope*, whose airy height
 Doth heav'n and earth apparently unite;
 All undismay'd would these the ruin hear,
 And find their breasts were strangers still to fear. 100
 Yet they compassion for us mortals feel,
 Constrain'd on earth in misery to dwell:
 But still compassion tranquil, mild, as this,
 No change occasions in their endless bliss.
 Perpetual bloom their ev'ry feature paints,
 Perpetual happiness which nothing taints;
 Divinest lustre sparkles in their eyes,
 Yet feel they no indecent wanton joys;
 But noble, pure, and of majestic kind:
 Virtue, and truth sublime transport their mind. 110
 Each moment feel they ravishing delight,
 As when some mother first obtains the sight
 Of that dear lovely boy by tempests tost;
 She long ago had given up as lost.
 That joy the mother quickly finds depart;
 They find it fix'd, and rooted in their heart.

NOTES.

Verse 95, *Should lofty Hæmus*—An high mountain of Macedonia, dividing *Mæsia* from *Thrace*.

Verse 97, *Or stately Rhodope*—This *Thracian* mountain is celebrated by the poets for the death of *Orpheus*; who was there torn in pieces by the *Thracian* women.

IMITATIONS.

Verse 99, *Hor. l. 3. Od. 3.*

Verse 112, *Plin. Nat. Hist. l. 7.*

One single instant can it never fail,
With recent charms will constantly prevail;
They know all joys inebriations give,
But ne'er the mischiefs consequent perceive. 120
In converse sweet the pleasing hours are past;
Of wonders they behold, of bliss they taste;
They scorn those soft delights, that grandeur vain
Which once they fought; of which they now complain.
With pleasure they reflect on former years,
That dream of life amidst a vale of tears;
When, to be virtuous, they were forc'd t' oppose
Not only others, but themselves as foes.
At love of heav'n in admiration stand,
Which thus securely led them by the hand; 130
And safe conducted up to Virtue's hill,
By ev'ry brink, and precipice of ill.
A constant gleam of Joy Divine appears,
Whose influence benign their bosom cheers;
By emanation from the bright abodes
Partake of Deity, unite with Gods.
They see, they feel perpetual bliss attend:
And know their happiness shall ne'er have end.
Here sing they praises of the Pow'rs above,
All tongues conspire in harmony and love; 140
No diff'rent views or sentiments arise,
But concord sweet perpetuates their bliss.
One heart, one soul possess; no cares divide;
Bliss rolling in upon them like a tide.

IMITATION.

Verse 130, *Psalms* 73.

In

In extasy like this, whole ages flow
More fleet than transient hours which mortals know:
Yet when ten thousand centuries expire,
Still new their happiness; and still entire.
Together reign they, not on throne so weak
As these on earth which violence can shake; 150
But with a firm unchangeable controul
Each holds an empire in his private soul.
No more that borrow'd Majesty they want,
Which wretched impious men their Sov'reigns grant;
No more those trifling diadems they wear,
To fears obnoxious, and tormenting care.
The Gods themselves with crowns their temples grace,
Whose dazzling splendour nothing can efface.

Telemachus, who now was all on fire
Amidst those mansions to behold his fire, 160
Seem'd so transported with their bliss t' appear;
In fact he wish'd to find *Ulysses* there:
And felt a deep affliction in his mind,
That he again must visit frail mankind,
"These only," cried he, "can be said to breathe:
"The life of mortals is a state of death."
What most amaz'd him was, such tribes to find
Of wretched Kings to *Tartarus* consign'd:
While in those fair Elysian plains so few
This bliss refin'd, and joys extatic knew. 170
He saw those virtuous Kings were thinly sown,
Who fill'd with due authority the throne;
Who adulation's syren-voice despise,
And still superior to their passions rise:

For

For those indeed are few ; the greater part
In such impieties indulge their heart ;
That heav'n must cease to act with justice strict,
If thus insulted it no pains inflict.

Long time he now had sought, but sought in vain,
A glimpse of dear *Ulysses'* shade to gain ; 180

Yet hop'd his honour'd grandfather to know,
Divine *Laertes*, in these realms below.

When lo ! approach'd a venerable sage
In all the decent majesty of age.

With godlike aspect, and erect he stood,
And not to earth like aged mortals bow'd :
From hoary honours which his temples hide
Shew'd that in full maturity he died.

None other mark of weakness he betray'd,
You ev'ry grace of smiling youth survey'd. 190

For here the most advanc'd, fresh bloom receive,
When on *Elysium's* borders they arrive.

Onward he came, and with complacence mild
Upon *Ulysses'* son familiar smil'd ;

As on some object grateful to his sense :
Th' admiring Prince beheld him in suspense.

" Dear child," said he, " I readily excuse

" That thus a stranger should your thoughts confuse :

" *Laertes'* sire, *Arcefius*, do you view,

" By blood allied ; but one you never knew. 200

NOTE.

Verse 182, *Divine Laertes*—So called because descended from
Arcefius, who was the son of *Jupiter*.

- " Ere yet the wife *Ulysses* fail'd for *Troy* ;
 " Did fell disease my earthly frame destroy.
 " Full oft have I admir'd your blooming charms,
 " While yet an infant in your nurse's arms :
 " Ev'n then no slender hopes had I conceiv'd,
 " And great your future destiny believ'd.
 " Nor have I err'd ; since I behold you now
 " Your father seeking in the realms below :
 " While heav'n itself your passage hath prepar'd,
 " And still supports you in a task so hard. 210
 " Blest son ! whom all th' Immortal Gods conspire
 " To make in glory equal to your sire !
 " To me dispense those Gods a blessing too,
 " Who give me thus that much lov'd form to view.
 " *Ulysses* lives--the fruitless search give o'er :
 " And lives our House's grandeur to restore.
 " *Laertes* worn with age, ere yet he dies ;
 " Shall see *Ulysses* come to close his eyes.
 " Thus perish mortals, like th' enamel'd flow'r
 " Dispensing fragrance sweet at early hour ; 220
 " Whose beautiful colours quickly feel decay,
 " Trod under foot before the close of day.
 " Man follows man, like wave succeeding wave
 " In rapid rivers, to the silent grave,
 " No violence can stop the course of time,
 " The strongest citadel must yield to him.

IMITATIONS.

Verse 199, *Ovid. Met.* 13.Verse 209, *Virg. Æn.* 6.

" Ev'n

- " Ev'n you, dear Prince (who now perhaps employ
 " This spring of life in ev'ry sensual joy)
 " Remember, youth is but a short-liv'd bloom;
 " Scarce sooner blown, than wither'd in the tomb. 230
 " A change insensible shall you perceive,
 " Those smiling graces and those joys must leave:
 " That health, that vigour you so much esteem,
 " Shall quickly vanish like an empty dream.
 " Of all these fond delights not one must last,
 " But sad remembrance only of the past.
 " Then languid age shall all this ardour quench,
 " With furrows deep your forehead shall intrench,
 " Bend you to earth; your ev'ry nerve unbrace,
 " And ev'ry comfort from your soul efface. 240
 " No relish then of things now held so dear,
 " The present you'll abhor, the future fear;
 " Insensible to bliss of ev'ry kind,
 " While pain alone is left, and grief of mind.
 " To you far distant may this point appear:
 " Alas! my son, the fatal error's there.
 " See! where it comes! ev'n now may you perceive,
 " What travels on so fast, must soon arrive.
 " While yet we speak, the present moment flies:
 " No more exists; no more shall meet our eyes. 250
 " O waste not then on present times a thought:
 " 'Tis Virtue, Virtue should alone be sought.
 " Pursue her still, though rugged be the road,
 " Let future hopes excite you to be good.

IMITATIONS.

Verse 249, *Boileau, Epit.* and *Hor. l. 1. Ode, 11.*

“ By love of Justice, and a conscience pure,
“ In endless peace a residence secure.
“ Soon shall your eyes behold with regal state
“ *Ulysses* re-assume his native seat:
“ Who, when his bright career of glory's done,
“ To you shall quit his royalty, and throne. 260
“ But oh! my son, from hence what trouble springs!
“ And how deceitful is the lot of Kings!
“ At distance seen it ravishes the sight,
“ 'Tis all magnificence; and all delight:
“ But when possessest, far diff'rent is it known,
“ Briars, and thorns encompass ev'ry throne.
“ Subjects obscurely at their ease may live:
“ Hence no dishonour, no disgrace perceive:
“ 'Tis infamous when Kings their fancy please,
“ And to the public good prefer their ease. 270
“ All have demands upon the wretch that reigns,
“ No single moment for himself remains.
“ His lightest failings threaten dangers great,
“ And unforeseen misfortunes to the state.
“ The dreadful consequence, if he offend,
“ To future times may possibly extend.
“ Foul clamour must be still, and impious rage;
“ And in the cause of innocence engage:
“ 'Tis not enough that he no crimes pursu'd,
“ He must be active for his people's good. 280
“ His private virtue never can suffice,
“ All pow'r must he exert to bridle Vice;
“ Which like a deluge would o'erflow the land,
“ Unless by his authority restrain'd.

“ My

" My son, with terror should you view that height,

" Abounding thus with dangers infinite.

" Oh ! summon all your courage to your aid

" Lest flatt'ry, passion, or self-love invade."

Thus spake *Arcefus*, while ethereal fire,
Fervour divine, did all his breast inspire. 290

Upon his visage soft compassion sat,

For all the troubles which on Monarchs wait.

" Who for himself," said he, " a crown would court

" Is sure a tyrant of most savage sort.

" Who seeks it, with an eye to public good,

" To rule a people boundless as the flood ;

" To practice duties of a Prince compleat,

" And be the common Father of his state ;

" Embracing slav'ry of severest kind,

" Must arm with patience his heroic mind. 300

" Yet be you well assur'd, the valiant few

" Who thus can Virtue on a throne pursue ;

" Are here with happiness consummate blest,

" Of ev'ry good which heav'n can give possess."

The heav'nly counsels which these words impart,
Engrav'd appear'd upon his youthful heart :

As when a sculptor shall with equal grace,

And skill, inscribe some monumental bras ;

The fair records indelible remain,

And latest ages information gain. 310

Discourse so wise, was like a subtle flame

Which pierc'd at once into his inmost frame :

IMITATIONS.

Verse 306, *Cic. ad Her. 3. and Ter. And.*

He felt a fire did all his pow'rs controul,
Something divine which melted down his soul.
Yet what about him in his breast he bore,
Destroy'd his peace; and with distractions tore:
Consum'd his strength unable to sustain,
Or disengage him from this load of pain.
'Twas life, 'twas rapture all; yet griefs attend,
Such as at once might all existence end. 320

At length more freely breath'd he, and believ'd
The great *Laertes*' likeness he perceiv'd;
Confus'dly fancied in *Arcefius*' face,
His father's features he could plainly trace:
Such was *Ulyffes*, such his shape, and air;
When juft embarking for the *Trojan* war.

That dear remembrance touch'd him to the quick,
The tears of joy came trickling down his cheek;
And oft affay'd he, but alas! in vain
Th' embraces of this friend belov'd to gain. 330
The fleeting shade all contact would avoid,
Like dreams illufive moft, when moft enjoy'd.
As thirfty fwains, in vifions of the night,
Pursue the limpid current with delight;
And move their lips benumb'd, in act to fpeak,
While not one accent from their tongue will break;
Then stretch their arms with eagerness to clasp
Some fav'rite object, yet can nothing grasp;
Such the concern *Telemachus* perceiv'd,
He faw, and he convers'd; but nought reliev'd: 340
This lovely phantom, this *Arcefius* dear,
His touch eluded, and difpers'd in air.

Next

Next from *Arcefius* would he knowledge gain
 What dazzling forms stood round him on the plain?
 " You see," said he, " the glory of their race,
 " By nature form'd all human kind to grace :
 " The virtuous few, who worthy of their birth,
 " Were good Vicegerents of the Gods on earth.
 " Those, sever'd hence by yon transparent cloud,
 " In less proportion have their bliss allow'd. 350
 " Heroes indeed, and of exalted mind,
 " But what rewards their valour here can find,
 " Deserve not to be nam'd with bliss that springs
 " To wise, beneficent, and virtuous Kings.
 " Among these heroes *Thefeus* you perceive :
 " Still sad appears he, and still seems to grieve ;
 " Too late discovering the treach'rous fair,
 " That could his fond credulity insnare.

NOTE.

Verse 357, *Too late discovering the treach'rous fair*—*Phadra*, the second wife of *Thefeus*, falling in love with her son-in-law *Hippolytus*, and in vain endeavouring to seduce him, in a fit of rage complained to *Thefeus* that he had made an attempt upon her honour. *Thefeus* hereupon begged of *Neptune* to punish his son by some violent death. And, as *Hippolytus* was riding near the sea shore, *Neptune* sent two sea-calves which frightening the horses they everted the chariot, and tore him limb from limb. *Phadra* hanged herself for grief: but at the intercession of *Diana*, *Hippolytus* was restored to life by the skill of *Æsculapius*, and as a reward for his chastity, was admitted to hunt in her company,

IMITATIONS.

Verse 342, *Hom. Odyss.* 11. and *Virg. Æn.* 6.

Verse 347, *Tull. Offic.* 3.

Verse 357, *Ovid. Met.* 15. *Seneca & Racine.*

" Reflects with anguish on that fatal hour
 " When he invoc'd great *Neptune's* awful pow'r 360
 " To finish what his horrid rage begun,
 " By death of poor *Hippolytus* his son.
 " Thrice happy *Theseus* had that warlike mind
 " To patience more, and mercy been inclin'd!
 " Propp'd on his lance you see *Achilles* stand!
 " To ease the wound receiv'd from *Paris'* hand:
 " Th' abandon'd *Paris*; who transfix'd his heel
 " Where he alone mortality could feel.
 " O! had he liv'd to passion less a slave,
 " Had he been mod'rate, just, as he was brave; 370
 " Long was his reign design'd by gracious heav'n,
 " And greater share of glory had been giv'n.
 " The Gods with pity view'd his native land;
 " His valiant *Phthiots*, and *Dolopian* band;
 " O'er whom the sceptre he in course must wield,
 " Succeeding to the throne which *Peleus* held.
 " Nor would they condescend to give the rule
 " To such a fi'ry, and capricious fool:
 " Whose brain-sick head less moderation show'd,
 " Than boist'rous ocean when fierce tempests blow'd. 380

NOTE.

Verse 374, *His valiant Phthiots and Dolopian band*—*Phthia* was a city in *Thessaly*. The *Dolopes* were likewise inhabitants of the Southern parts of that country.

IMITATIONS.

Verse 380, *Hor. l. 1. Ode. 33. Id. in. Art. Poet.*

" The

- " The Fates cut short his thread, abridg'd his days;
" Lo! as a flow'r he suddenly decays
" Which springs at morn, and blossom fair at noon;
" Cropt by the plough-share ere the setting Sun.
" The Gods his force like furious torrents us'd,
" To punish those who had their care refus'd:
" To punish perjuries of ancient date,
" And shew that *Paris*' lew'd amours they hate.
" 'Twas thus *Achilles*' rage they deign t' employ
" To storm the bastions, and the walls of *Troy*. 390
" Made him their tool, their instrument of wrath;
" That done, relented; and decreed his death.
" No tears of *Tbetis* could his life prolong,
" Brave as he was; he took a bias wrong,
" And seem'd by nature for nought else design'd,
" But realms to ruin; and disturb mankind.
" Observe you next, that awful shadow near,
" With angry look, and with a brow severe?
" 'Tis *Telamonian Ajax* you behold,
" Intrepid cousin of *Achilles* bold: 400

NOTE.

Verse 387, *To punish perjuries of ancient date*—By these we are to understand the perfidious dealing of *Laomedon* the son of *Ilus*, King of *Phrygia*. This Prince built the citadel and walls of *Troy*, to effect which he made use of the treasures consecrated to *Apollo* and *Neptune*. Hence the fable that he had hired those Gods to assist him in the building, and afterwards refused to pay them their wages. For which reason *Apollo* sent a plague, and *Neptune* overflowed the country.

IMITATIONS.

Verse 387, *Hor.* l. 3. *Ode.* 3. *Virg. Georg.* 1. 502.

" You're

- " You're well acquainted doubtless with his worth,
 " His military fame acquir'd on earth.
 " When now the Great *Achilles* was no more,
 " None else he thought could claim those arms he bore:
 " Your father ventur'd to oppose his pride,
 " And for *Ulysses* all the *Greeks* decide.
 " Mad with despair upon his sword he fell,
 " Ev'n now see fury, in his features dwell!
 " Approach him not, my son, lest he suppose
 " You come t' insult, and triumph o'er his woes. 410
 " He merits pity. Mark you how he darts
 " Th' indignant glance, and to the gloom departs?
 " In haste he seems to hide him from the light,
 " And shun two objects hateful to his sight.
 " *Hector* comes next; whom none had dar'd t' engage,
 " Had *Tbetis'* son but grac'd a diff'rent age.
 " But see the Great *Atrides* now appears
 " And *Clytemnestra's* wounds dishonest wears:

NOTE.

Verse 417, *But see the Great Atrides—Agamemnon* King of *Mycenæ*. He was the son of *Atræus*, and invested with supreme command over all the leaders at the *Trojan* war. *Atræus*, and his brother *Thyestes*, had been partners in the kingdom, and were both remarkably infamous. *Thyestes* was guilty of adultery with his brother *Atræus's* wife, and *Atræus* in revenge murdered the sons of *Thyestes*, and had them served up at their father's table. The Sun is said to have gone backward at this horrid entertainment. And *Thyestes*, consulting the Oracle of *Apollo* to know how he should be revenged, was directed to lie with his own daughter *Pelœpea*, by whom he should beget a son that would murder both *Atræus* and his son *Agamemnon*. This prophecy was fulfilled in *Egisthus*, with whom *Clytemnestra*, *Agamemnon's* wife, had been criminal during her absence at *Troy*. And both together at his return conspired to murder him.

" Alas!

- " Alas! my son, I shudder with the thought
 " What ills that impious *Tantalus* hath brought 420
 " Home to his house; since first discordant rage
 " *Thyestes* forc'd with *Atreus* to engage.
 " Alas! how oft with justice we deplore
 " That one sad crime becomes the source of more!
 " This *Agamemnon*, who with shouts of joy
 " Led back his *Grecians* from the sack of *Troy*;
 " No time could find to live in peace retir'd,
 " Or taste that glory he with toil acquir'd.
 " And such indeed the fate of almost all
 " Whom men victorious, and triumphant call. 430
 " Such were these heroes: dazzling to the view,
 " But nought of Virtue, or her charms, they knew:
 " This in *Elysium* half their bliss destroys,
 " They only taste of secondary joys.
 " My blest companions have with justice reign'd,
 " Dear to their states the love of heav'n have gain'd.

NOTE.

Verse 420, *What ills that impious Tantalus*—The great grandfather of *Agamemnon* King of *Sipylus* in *Phrygia*. He entertained the Gods at dinner, at which time in order to prove their Divinity, he cut his son *Pelops* in pieces, and had him dress'd with other dishes. The other Gods immediately discovered this: but *Ceres*, whose thoughts were wholly intent upon *Proserpine*, made a comfortable meal upon his left shoulder. *Jupiter* rais'd him again to life, and gave him an ivory shoulder. *Tantalus* was condemned in hell to suffer eternal hunger and thirst: being placed up to the chin in water which he could not taste, and having a branch of fruit at his mouth which he could never reach.

IMITATION.

Verse 435, *Senec. in Her. fur.*

" While

- " While *Agamemnon* and *Achilles* rave,
 " And still their frailties keep beyond the grave;
 " Indulge their sad complaint, and bitter pain,
 " Fight o'er their quarrels and their wars again; 440
 " Regret the life they lost, their pristine pow'r,
 " And vainly wish the Gods would these restore;
 " With anguish see their former strength decay'd,
 " Their grandeur dwindled to an empty shade;
 " These righteous Monarchs, (nourish'd by that light
 " Whose purifying ray shines ever bright)
 " Nought more desire, or covet to possess;
 " But look with pity on mankind's distress:
 " Their tow'ring projects, and their state-affairs,
 " Like play of children to their sight appears. 450
 " With truth and virtue do they fill their souls,
 " Drawn from that spring whose current ever rolls.
 " No more from others or themselves can fear;
 " No wants, or wishes, or tormenting care:
 " For nothing further can to these extend
 " But joys unfulled, which shall ne'er have end.
 " My child, observe this King of deathless fame
 " Great *Argos*' founder, *Inachus* his name.
 " You see what hoary locks his form embrace,
 " You see majestic sweetness in his face. 460

NOTE.

Verse 458, *Great Argos' founder, Inachus*—One of the principal cities of *Peloponnesus*. It appears that this *Inachus* was a native of *Argos*, but came thither by sea from some other country: for the *Argives* supposed him the son of *Oceanus* and *Tethys*. His daughter *Io* was debauched by *Jupiter*.

" Whene'er

" Whene'er this virtuous Monarch deigns to tread
 " Ten thousand flow'rs embroider all the mead.
 " Light as a bird he traverses the plain,
 " A lyre of iv'ry doth his hand sustain,
 " Whose sounds the praises of the Gods extol,
 " While energy divine transports his soul.
 " Oft as their glory he assays to speak
 " Forth from his heart perfumes and odours break :
 " His heav'nly numbers reach'd the blest abodes,
 " Can fill with extasy both men and Gods. 470
 " Thus happy made because mankind he lov'd,
 " In towns collected and with laws improv'd.
 " On th' other side, amidst yon myrtle bow'rs
 " *Egyptian Cecrops* spends his blissful hours,
 " First King of *Athens* which her turrets rears,
 " Sacred to *Pallas* whose dread name she bears :
 " From *Egypt* brought he all his wise decrees :
 " *Egypt* the source of arts and arms to *Greece*.
 " By these man's native fierceness could command,
 " And knit them close in friendship's social band. 480
 " Great was the justice which this King possesst,
 " And great th' humanity which fill'd his breast.

NOTE.

Verse 480, *And knit them close*—*Cecrops* is reported to have been an *Egyptian* exile: the first who brought Religion into *Greece*, and founded the *Athenian* monarchy. He was painted with two bodies, male and female, on account of his instituting marriage.

IMITATION.

Verse 480, *Justin*. l. 2.

" When

- " When Fate at length brought on the destin'd hour,
 " His realm he wealthy left, his kindred poor :
 " Nor on his offspring would the crown intail
 " But chose that greatest merit should prevail.
 " Next *Erichthonius* of immortal fame
 " Amidst this vale may your attention claim :
 " Who first for traffic form'd the good design,
 " The use of silver, and of current coin : 490
 " By this the *Grecian* isles to commerce drew,
 " But quickly saw what mischiefs would ensue.
 " Ah ! strive, said he, to make earth's fruits increase,
 " No wealth, no treasures can compare with these :
 " With *Ceres'* golden gifts enrich your soil,
 " The purple vintage, and the flood of oil.
 " Augment your flocks which lacteous food shall yield,
 " Whose snowy fleeces from the cold shall shield.
 " Thus shall no pinching poverty surprise,
 " Thus to all wants shall you superior rise. 500
 " Though great your tribes, and numberless your race;
 " Still shall your labour and your wealth keep pace :
 " For bounteous earth no tillage e'er can drain,
 " Still shall she recompence th' industrious swain.

NOTE.

Verse 487, Next *Erichthonius*—The fourth King of *Athens*. Besides the invention of silver coin, he is said to have been the first who brought chariots into use; in order to conceal the natural deformity of his legs. And to have been the author of the games called *Panathenæa*, in honour of *Minerva*, though others say it was *Theseus* that first instituted them.

IMITATION.

Verse 490, *Plin. Nat. Hist.* 7.

" To

- " To those alone who stoth inglorious love,
 " Will she a niggard, and ungrateful prove.
 " Be wealth like this most precious in your eyes,
 " Such as can nature's real wants suffice:
 " This dross regard not; (banish far the thought)
 " For commerce only, and convenience sought. 510
 " Be it in change for things you want employ'd,
 " Or foreign wars no prudence can avoid.
 " But let no trade to luxury extend,
 " To empty trifles which the soul unbend:
 " Alas! a thousand apprehensions spring,
 " Dire is the gift; the present which I bring.
 " Already view I ent'ring, like a tide,
 " Ambition, av'rice, and unbounded pride;
 " Pernicious, useless arts of various kind,
 " To damp your ardour, and corrupt your mind. 520
 " Give you disrelish of that happy state,
 " On which repose, and solid comfort wait:
 " Make with contempt that husbandry be view'd,
 " Life's great support; and source of ev'ry good.
 " But witness heav'n! I give, with soul sincere,
 " What in itself full useful doth appear.
 " Thus spake the virtuous King: and when he knew
 " His sad predictions were become too true,
 " Straight to a barren mountain he retir'd,
 " With anxious grief, and indignation fir'd: 530
 " There liv'd an exile poor to hoary age,
 " Nor would again in government engage.

IMITATION.

Verse 517, *Ovid, Met. 1.*

" See

" See next to him *Triptolemus* arise,
 " Fam'd *Grecian* Prince, whom *Ceres* delgn'd t' advise :
 " And taught him how to crown the jocund year
 " With waving harvests, and the golden ear.
 " Not that mankind so destitute were found
 " Of skill to sow, and fertilize the ground ;
 " But he their knowledge to perfection brought,
 " And gave instructions ; as by *Ceres* taught. 540
 " By her command the crooked plough he shows,
 " The Goddess' bounties promising to those,
 " Who dar'd their ease, and indolence forego,
 " And proper culture on their lands bestow.
 " Forthwith the *Greeks* with wounds incessant tear
 " Earth's fertile bosom, teaching her to bear :
 " Laborious reapers through the rich champaign,
 " With sickles keen collect the golden grain.
 " The savage race that rough, and unimprov'd
 " Through all *Ætolia* and *Epirus* rov'd ; 550
 " Whose food was acorns, who were strange to arts ;
 " Now bent to law, and humaniz'd their hearts.

NOTE.

Verse 533, *See next to him Triptolemus arise*—The son of *Celeus* King of *Eleusis*, a sea-port of *Attica*. His father having given an honourable reception to *Ceres* when she came there in search of her daughter *Proserpine*, the Goddess by way of gratitude taught *Triptolemus* Agriculture. He taught it the *Athenians*, and thence it spread all over *Greece*. It was therefore the custom of all the other states, (and they looked upon it as a religious duty) to send the first-fruits of their corn every year to *Athens*.

IMITATION.

Verse 534, *Ovid, Fast. 4.*

" Instructed

" Instructed thus, by commendable toil,
 " With plenteous harvests to enrich the soil;
 " He first to *Greece* could fitly recommend
 " The bliss, when mortals on themselves depend:
 " And from the produce of their native land
 " Can ev'ry comfort, ev'ry joy command.
 " Pleas'd with th' abundance which they now perceiv'd
 " (Sweet state of innocence in which they liv'd) 560
 " On *Erichthonius'* maxims they reflect,
 " All artificial wealth with scorn reject:
 " Despising money as an empty toy,
 " A transient, short, imaginary joy;
 " Source of temptation, danger, and of vice,
 " Which draws men off from what they most should prize:
 " From sober industry, which well pursu'd
 " Preserves their freedom, and their morals good.
 " They now perceive that ev'ry fragrant field
 " Will wealth afford, when diligently till'd, 570
 " All to support who with their humble store
 " Can frugal live, as did their sires before.
 " Thrice happy *Greeks!* if maxims so refin'd,
 " Had still continu'd present to their mind;
 " So wisely fram'd to make them truly great,
 " To make their virtue, liberty compleat:
 " But oh! full early they with greedy eyes
 " Pursue false treasures; and the true despise:
 " Degen'rate grown, and tir'd of doing well;
 " From all that fair simplicity they fell! 580
 " Ah! gen'rous youth! the glorious day is near,
 " When high in regal state shall you appear!

" Then give to Husbandry its honours due,
 " Encourage all who shall that art renew;
 " And suffer none in indolence to live,
 " Or by luxurious, wanton arts to thrive.
 " These who on earth so well their time improv'd
 " Are here by all th' Immortal Gods belov'd.
 " Observe, *Telemachus*, observe the ray,
 " The dazzling splendour which they both display! 590
 " As far superior now to *Tbetis'* son,
 " And other heroes fam'd for war alone;
 " As beauteous Spring when zephyrs gently blow,
 " To rigid Winter sunk beneath the snow.
 " Or as the Sun in his meridian throne
 " To the dim lustre of the pallid Moon."

While thus *Arcefus* spoke, the youth he found
 Had fix'd his eyes upon a distant ground,
 A laurel grove; beneath whose verdant shade
 A silver stream in sweet meanders play'd: 600
 While thousand diff'rent flow'rs salute the view,
 The rose, the lily, and the violet blue;
 Their colours blending, as when *Iris* blest
 Descends from heaven on some high behest.
 'Twas great *Sesostris* whom the Prince perceiv'd,
 Who in this region beatific liv'd.
 A thousand times more gloriously he shone,
 Than when exalted on th' *Egyptian* throne:
 His eyes shot rays of soft ethereal light,
Ulysses' son was dazzled with the sight. 610

IMITATION.

Verse 599, *Virg. Æn.* 6.

He

He seem'd as though transported were his thought
 By Nectar's sweet intoxicating draught;
 So much enraptur'd was his heav'nly mind,
 And such the recompence his virtues find.

" My father," said the Prince, " I cannot err,
 " 'Tis sure *Sejoftris* I discover there,
 " *Egyptian* King, whose wisdom so excell'd,
 " And whom so late at *Memphis* I beheld."
 " The same," return'd he, " hence may you perceive
 " What bliss the Gods to virtuous Monarchs give. 620
 " Yet know, that all delights he there can find
 " Are nought, compar'd with what the Gods design'd:
 " But that, through conquest, grown elate with pride,
 " Less moderation did his counsels guide.
 " Resentment keen did first his bosom fire
 " To curb the pride and insolence of *Tyre*:
 " That conquest gain'd to others led the way,
 " Ambition him like others could betray.
 " All *Asia* to his fame must victim fall,
 " His arms subdu'd, and over-ran it all. 630
 " When homeward he his troops victorious led,
 " He found his brother ruling in his stead
 " With rod of iron; in contempt of laws
 " Which he so late enacted with applause.
 " Thus saw he all the glory he had gain'd
 " A source of trouble, to his native land.
 " But chiefly may his conduct merit blame,
 " In that he grew intoxicate with fame:
 " When greatest Monarchs captives made in war,
 " Ignobly harness'd, dragg'd his gilded carr. 640

" This barb'rous outrage he at length perceiv'd,
 " And blush'd for errors not to be retriev'd.
 " Such were the fruits of many a bloody field,
 " And such th' advantage all his laurels yield.
 " Learn hence how conqu'rors may subvert their joy,
 " And by usurping can their state destroy:
 " This sunk the glory of a King so great,
 " So gen'rous else, so just, and so compleat.
 " Thus in *Elysium* is his bliss confin'd,
 " Inferior far to what the Gods design'd. 650
 " See you, my son, that other Monarch near,
 " Whose gaping wounds so glorious all appear?
 " A *Carian* Prince, *Diocledes* his name;
 " Who to the godlike resolution came,
 " (What time the fight rag'd high with brazen throat)
 " To save his people, and himself devote:
 " For in that dreadful war the *Carians* wag'd
 " When with the *Lycians* they in arms engag'd;
 " *Apello's* Oracle the palm decreed
 " To those, whose Sov'reign in the strife should bleed. 660
 " Observe the next, a Legislator great,
 " Who (after framing precepts for his state
 " Such as might render them compleatly blest,
 " Of ev'ry virtuous excellence possest;)
 " A solemn oath made all his subjects take
 " For strict observance, till himself came back.
 " This done, he sail'd: an exile poor remain'd,
 " And died at distance in a foreign land.

IMITATION.

Verse 639, *Plin. Hist. Nat.* 33.

" Thus

“ Thus to his people prov’d himself a friend,
“ Whose obligation never could have end. 670
“ Next is *Euneſymus*, a *Pylian* King,
“ From whom remotely *Nefter* claims to ſpring.
“ When dreadful peſtilence had thin’d the land,
“ And hov’ring ſhadows throng’d *Cocytus*’ ſtrand;
“ Heav’n’s wrath in perſon begg’d he to atone,
“ And reſcue millions by the loſs of one.
“ The Gods conſenting heard his righteous vow,
“ And gave him here a Royalty below:
“ Compar’d with which, all earthly glories ſeem
“ As fleeting ſhadows, and an empty dream. 680
“ That aged Prince you ſee with chaplets crown’d,
“ Once govern’d *Egypt*; *Belus* the renown’d.
“ The fair *Anchinoë*, beauteous maid, he woo’d,
“ Great *Nilus*’ offſpring; daughter of that flood,
“ Which, from a ſource unknown, ſo oft o’erflows
“ Enriching all the country as he goes.
“ Two ſons had *Belus*: *Danaus* was one,
“ Whoſe fame you know upon the *Argive* throne:
“ *Egyptus* was the next, a Prince of pow’r
“ Whoſe name’s the boalt of *Egypt*’s fertile ſhore. 690
“ His people’s wealth this *Belus* aim’d t’ improve,
“ More bleſt in that, and in his ſubjects’ love;
“ More ſolid treaſures far from thence obtain’d,
“ Than e’er from tribute roſe, or tax conſtrain’d.
“ Ah! deareſt youth, men virtuous, good as theſe;
“ No death, as you ſuppoſe, could ever ſeize:
“ Still live they bleſt, ſtill draw they vital breath,
“ Mortals alone are in a ſtate of death.

- " Change but the names, and quickly you'll perceive,
 " 'Tis death, in pain and misery to live. 700
 " Grant, righteous Heav'n, that you discreet, and wise,
 " Like them by worth to happiness may rise!
 " Like them in glory may hereafter reign
 " To time superior, and afflictive pain!
 " Hasten then, away, nor waste the precious hour:
 " 'Tis time *Ulysses* you again explore:
 " But, O ye Gods! what slaughter'd heaps must rise,
 " What blood be shed, ere he shall bless your eyes!
 " And yet what glory shall th' impurpled field
 " Of fair *Hesperia*, to your valour yield! 710
 " Be *Mentor's* counsels ever in your mind,
 " The faithful *Mentor* so discreet, and kind:
 " His rules observ'd shall consecrate your name,
 " And future ages shall record your fame."

Thus spake he, wise interpreter of fate,
 And now conducted to that iv'ry gate,
 Whence to superior worlds a passage led,
 From *Pluto's* regions and the dreary dead.

NOTE.

Verse 716, *And now conducted to that iv'ry gate*—Homer and Virgil both agree in describing two gates through which all dreams were to pass from the lower world to the upper. The one of these gates was made of horn, and the other of ivory. Those dreams which had any foundation in truth were to go through the first, as were all others through that of ivory.

IMITATION.

Verse 716, *Virg. Æn. 6.*

Fain would *Telemachus* th' embrace receive,
 Dissolv'd in tears he took a tender leave ;
 Emerging then to light, with utmost haste,
 Straight to th' encampment of th' Allies he past.
 But first those faithful *Cretans* he rejoin'd,
 That follow'd to the cave with anxious mind :
 Th' event distrusting of designs so bold,
 Henceforth despairing ever to behold.

720

END OF THE NINETEENTH BOOK.



BOOK XX.

BOOK XX.

THE ARGUMENT.

In an Assembly of the Chiefs, Telemachus prevails upon them to follow his advice, not to surprise Venusia, which was left by both parties as a Deposit in the hands of the Lucanians: he manifests his wisdom on occasion of two Deserters, one of whom, by name Acanthus, had undertaken to poison him; the other, named Diofcorus, had offered to the Allies the head of Adrastus: in the engagement which followed, Telemachus carries death into whatever part he marches in pursuit of Adrastus: and this Monarch, who is at the same time in search of him, meets with and kills Pisistratus, the son of Nestor. Philoctetes comes to assist him and, at the instant when he is going to transfix the Daunian King, is wounded himself, and obliged to retire from the field of battle. Telemachus hastens to the outcries of his Confederates, of whom Adrastus makes a dreadful carnage; he encounters this enemy, and spares his life upon certain conditions. Adrastus raised from the earth aims to surprise Telemachus, who seizes him a second time, and deprives him of life.

THE valiant Chiefs, and leaders of the field,
 Were now assembled and a council held;
 If with united force of all th' Allies,
 They should attempt *Venusia* to surprise.

A formidable

A formidable town with works compleat,
 Of late belonging to th' *Apulian* state;
 Till with usurping pow'r *Adrastus* took,
 And soon compell'd it to receive his yoke.
 Rous'd by these wrongs th' *Apulians* took th' alarm,
 Form'd their alliance; and began to arm. 10
 The *Daunian* Prince to stop a rage so just,
 Consents *Lucania* hold it as in trust:
 Then brib'd the garrison, with lib'ral hand,
 And him invested with supreme command.
 Thus the *Lucanians* bore but little sway,
 The *Daunian* King was more observ'd than they:
 Th' *Apulians* who those offers had believ'd,
 Were in th' event outwitted, and deceiv'd.

A wealthy townsman from *Venusia* came,
 And *Demophantes* he profess'd his name: 20
 Engaging if th' Allies by night would wait;
 To introduce them by the city gate.
 What made th' advantage greater in their eyes,
 And much enhanc'd the value of the prize,
 Was, that *Adrastus* had a castle near
 With stores, and all provisions for the war.
 And should *Venusia* fall beneath their hand,
 This fort no longer could their arms withstand.
Nestor with joy the kind occasion seiz'd,
 And *Philoetes* equally was pleas'd; 30

NOTE.

Verse 4, *They should attempt Venusia*—A strong town seated on the frontiers of *Apulia* and *Lucania*, according to the description of *Horace* himself who was born there.

The

The rest inclin'd to Chiefs so much esteem'd,
And eager burn'd for what so easy seem'd:
Not so *Ulysses'* son, at his return,
Who urg'd with vehemence his deep concern.

“ I grant,” said he, “ if ever mortal liv'd,
“ Whose sordid soul deserv'd to be deceiv'd;
“ *Adraftus* is the man: whom none can trust,
“ Whom all have found a traitor, and unjust.
“ I further grant that if you seize the town,
“ You take possession only of your own: 40
“ Of right belongs it to your high Allies
“ Th' *Apulians* brave, that in your quarrel rise.
“ And greater reason have you on your side,
“ Since he in whom they ventur'd to confide
“ Who this deposit to *Lucania* gave,
“ Hath dar'd, by bribes, the garrison t' enslave:
“ Seduc'd its Chief, exerted all his pow'r,
“ To find admission at a proper hour.
“ I see beside if you *Venusia* gain,
“ The foll'wing day shall you his stores obtain: 50
“ Thus ere the third day's Sun shall downward tend;
“ All further dangers of the war shall end.
“ But is it not more glorious far to die,
“ Than thus to conquer by our treachery?
“ Shall we, whose actions all the good applaud,
“ Thus basely stoop t' encounter fraud with fraud?
“ So many Kings in glorious league combin'd,
“ To crush *Adraftus* for his impious mind;
“ Shall they, like him, from equity depart,
“ And meanly follow his dissembling art? 60

“ This

- " This if to us, to him too must belong:
" Clear is *Adrastus*, and our quarrel's wrong.
" What! shall the force of all *Hesperia's* foil,
" Supported by the *Greeks* inur'd to toil;
" By heroes who so late at hapless *Troy*,
" Could glorious arms successfully employ;
" Shall these with perfidy their glory stain,
" No weapons find but perjury profane?
" O think how solemn were the vows you gave,
" You to *Lucania* would this city leave. 70
" You urge and justly, as I well believe,
" *Adrastus* doth by bribes your hopes deceive:
" Yet hath *Lucania* garrison'd the town,
" Nor do her troops, as yet, their lords disown.
" As yet from duty have they never swerv'd,
" But still, in shew, neutrality preserv'd.
" The treaty's yet in force. The *Daunian* King
" Hath ne'er approach'd, nor would his forces bring:
" Your sacred oath is register'd above,
" Heard by the Gods, and ratified by *Jove*. 80
" Shall we observe our plighted faith, and oath;
" But just till time shall serve to break them both;
" No further value set upon our word,
" When violation can some gain afford?
" If sacred Virtue be an empty name,
" If you Religion slight,---regard your fame,
" And, from your prudent counsels, make appear
" At least your private interest was dear.
" O should you thus the dire example give,
" And teach mankind by perj'ry to deceive; 90
" With

- " With nought to plead but that the war may end,
" O think how far the danger may extend.
" What wars shall you thus raise? what neighb'ring pow'r
" Can think his safety well secur'd an hour?
" Who will not hate you? who can ever trust
" In worst of times, to conduct so unjust?
" What pledges will you give when most sincere,
" When most you wish to make your truth appear?
" Some solemn treaties will you then propose?
" Alas! already have you trampled those. 100
" Next, by the Gods Immortal would you swear?
" All know how little you those Gods revere:
" How light you think of heav'n, and heav'nly things,
" When least advantage from your perj'ry springs.
" Thus, without end, your troubles shall increase,
" No safety shall you find in war or peace:
" Your ev'ry act as hostile shall be view'd,
" As war declar'd; conceal'd, or understood.
" And you the constant enemy be found
" Of all the sad inhabitants around. 110
" To you impracticable ev'ry scheme
" Which probity requires, and fair esteem:
" No single voucher shall you ever find,
" T' evince the truth of what you well design'd.
" Another point more weighty may appear,
" And more embarrassing; t' alarm your fear
" If any sense of probity you feel;
" Or prudent wishes for the public weal.
" 'Tis this; that impious fraud, and base intrigue,
" Attack at once the vitals of your league: 120
" Will

" Will all this firm alliance overthrow,
 " And give the vict'ry to your hated foe."
 Stung by these words th' Assembly all exclaim,
 " Event like this, how durst he ev'n to name?
 " How could that act their bond of concord loose,
 " Which must the good of each Ally produce?"
 " Alas!" return'd he, " how will you maintain,
 " How each the confidence of other gain;
 " When faith is flown, fair friendship's only band,
 " And which alone affection can command? 130
 " If once a sanction to this rule you give,
 " That each is free, for profit, to deceive;
 " Who then among you will his thoughts disclose,
 " Who in his neighbour can a trust repose?
 " When that same neighbour may advantage find
 " By foul deceit, and by a treach'rous mind.
 " What, then your state? who here will fall content
 " Victim to fraud, and not by fraud prevent?
 " Where then your league, and where the social band
 " By which alone this host can be retain'd? 140
 " When leave, in public council, you afford
 " For breach of faith, and forfeit of your word.
 " Alas! what fore divisions shall you know!
 " In ev'ry quarter what distrust shall grow!
 " What fury I foresee, what hostile rage,
 " In what intestine feuds shall you engage!
 " The base *Adrastus* his attacks may spare,
 " Yourself in pieces then yourselves will tear;
 " Avenge his quarrel, and his battles fight;
 " As you before had judg'd his maxims right. 150
 " Ye

" Ye sceptred Kings magnanimous, and wise,
 " Who thus superior by experience rise,
 " Disdain not counsels of a youthful friend,
 " My inexperinc'd age with care attend :
 " Though war with ev'ry danger should surround,
 " (And great indeed its mis'ries oft are found)
 " Yet may your vigilance surmount them all,
 " And ev'ry foe before your virtue fall.
 " In worst of times, true courage never fails,
 " And patient merit over all prevails. 160
 " Once break through honour, and good faith discard;
 " A breach like that can never be repair'd.
 " In vain (however great what you pursue)
 " That mutual trust attempt you to renew :
 " In vain recall men to a virtuous thought,
 " Whom you that virtue to despise have taught.
 " What fear ye? say. Are ye not valiant, brave;
 " And will not valour without treach'ry save?
 " Is not the courage you may justly boast
 " Sufficient, back'd by all this num'rous host? 170
 " O let us fight, and die, if heav'n ordain;
 " Ere conquer basely, and our honour stain.
 " The vile *Adrastus* now may we survey
 " Prostrate before us, and an easy prey :
 " So we can nobly scorn, with soul sincere,
 " Frauds which in him thus infamous appear."
 He ended thus, and quickly understood
 That sweet persuasion from his lips had flow'd :
 That ev'ry heart his eloquence had gain'd,
 While round him silence universal reign'd. 180

All seem'd admiring, not so much th' address
 With which they view'd him thus his thoughts express,
 But more that strength of reason which they saw,
 That piercing ray which kept their souls in awe.
 In ev'ry face astonishment appear'd,
 Low creeping murmurs through the crowd were heard;
 Each gaz'd on other backward to disclose
 The secret thought, with which his bosom glows:
 In whispers low, unable to contain,
 Did ev'ry Chief his sentiments explain. 190
 When *Pylia* Nestor, venerable man,
 At length compos'dly rose, and thus began.

"Thou worthy offspring of the wisest Greek,
 "Th' Immortal Gods all dictate what you speak:
 "And *Pallas*, great instructor of your fire,
 "Infus'd this counsel which we all admire.
 "No more shall I despise your tender years,
 "'Tis *Pallas*, *Pallas*, in your sense appears.
 "You're Virtue's Champion: and if virtue fail,
 "Prosperity itself's of small avail. 200
 "'Tis loss, 'tis ruin. Vengeance will surprise:
 "We stoop to foes, deserted by Allies;
 "Become the detestation of the good,
 "And justly by the wrath of heav'n pursu'd.
 "Leave we *Venusia* then, as first design'd,
 "And meet *Adrastus* with courageous mind."

He spake; th' Assembly to applaud begun,
 But look'd, with wonder, on *Ulysses'* son.
 Each there discov'ring seem'd that active fire,
 That wisdom, *Pallas* could alone inspire. 210

Another

Another point which came before the board
 Made him by all th' admiring host ador'd.
Adrastus, still on cruel falsehood bent,
 A base deserter to the camp had sent;
 His name *Acantus*: who commission bare
 To poison all the leaders of the war:
 But chief *Telemachus*, the *Daunian* dread,
 Ne'er stop till he was number'd with the dead.
 The royal youth too candid was, and brave,
 The least mistrust of his designs to have: 220
 Receiv'd him kindly as *Ulysses'* friend,
 Whom he in *Sicily* had feign'd t' attend.
 And to his son with matchless front began
 To paint th' adventurers of that wondrous man.
 The Prince maintain'd him, minister'd relief,
 His suff'rings pitied; and assuag'd his grief.
 For much the vile *Adrastus* he accus'd,
 Who first deceiv'd him, and had then abus'd.
 Alas! a deadly viper he possess'd,
 Which thus he warm'd and cherish'd in his breast; 230
 Though ready to display its mortal sting
 Whenever time should fit occasion bring.

Another wretch was seiz'd of doubtful fame,
 Deserter too; and *Arion* was his name.
 Him, from *Acantus* sent, the troops surprise;
 To state the present posture of th' Allies.
 And tell *Adrastus*---"Ere to-morrow's eve,
 "No single Captain he alive would leave.

IMITATION.

Verse 229, *Phadr.* 4. 18.

"But

" But poison all amidst a genial feast,
" At which *Telemachus* had made him guest." 240

Thus seiz'd, he all confess'd. Suspicion grew,
That base *Acanthus* of the treason knew:

Great friends they seem'd. But he not overaw'd
Dissembled all, artificer of fraud,

By art escap'd a punishment condign;
Nor could they fathom well the black design.

The greater part his instant death advis'd,
For public safety would have sacrific'd.

" What ill," said they, " from his destruction springs,
" Compar'd with danger of so many Kings? 250

" Better that one, tho' innocently, fall

" Than risque the safeties, and the lives of all:

" The lives of Princes of superior worth,

" The great Vicegerents of the Gods on earth."

To this, in rage, *Telemachus* replied:

" What barb'rous prudence, and inhuman pride!

" What! are ye then so prodigal of blood;

" You, who should govern for your people's good;

" As faithful shepherds should your flock preserve?

" Alas! how strangely from that point you swerve. 260

" Like rav'nous wolves not pastors are you grown,

" Regarding nothing but the fleece alone.

" And to the shambles infamously lead,

" When you should bring them to the flow'ry mead.

" Thus are all guilty made by envious breath:

" To be suspected, is to merit death.

" And tyrant-like the more you shall distrust,

" The more shall bleed, and mingle with the dust."

Another point which came before the board
 Made him by all th' admiring host ador'd.
Adrastus, still on cruel falsehood bent,
 A base deserter to the camp had sent;
 His name *Acanthus*: who commission bare
 To poison all the leaders of the war:
 But chief *Telemachus*, the *Daunian* dread,
 Ne'er stop till he was number'd with the dead.
 The royal youth too candid was, and brave,
 The least mistrust of his designs to have: 220
 Receiv'd him kindly as *Ulysses'* friend,
 Whom he in *Sicily* had feign'd t' attend.
 And to his son with matchless front began
 To paint th' adventurers of that wondrous man.
 The Prince maintain'd him, minister'd relief,
 His suff'rings pitied; and asswag'd his grief.
 For much the vile *Adrastus* he accus'd,
 Who first deceiv'd him, and had then abus'd.
 Alas! a deadly viper he possess'd,
 Which thus he warm'd and cherish'd in his breast; 230
 Though ready to display its mortal sting
 Whenever time should fit occasion bring.
 Another wretch was seiz'd of doubtful fame,
 Deserter too; and *Arion* was his name.
 Him, from *Acanthus* sent, the troops surprise;
 To state the present posture of th' Allies.
 And tell *Adrastus*---"Ere to-morrow's eve,
 "No single Captain he alive would leave.

IMITATION.

Verse 229, *Phadr.* 4. 18.

" But

" But poison all amidst a genial feast,
" At which *Telemachus* had made him guest." 240
Thus seiz'd, he all confess'd. Suspicion grew,
That base *Acanthus* of the treason knew:
Great friends they seem'd. But he not overaw'd
Dissembled all, artificer of fraud,
By art escap'd a punishment condign;
Nor could they fathom well the black design.

The greater part his instant death advis'd,
For public safety would have sacrific'd.

" What ill," said they, " from his destruction springs,
" Compar'd with danger of so many Kings? 250
" Better that one, tho' innocently, fall
" Than risque the safeties, and the lives of all:
" The lives of Princes of superior worth,
" The great Vicegerents of the Gods on earth."

To this, in rage, *Telemachus* replied:

" What barb'rous prudence, and inhuman pride?
" What! are ye then so prodigal of blood;
" You, who should govern for your people's good;
" As faithful shepherds should your flock preserve?
" Alas! how strangely from that point you swerve. 260
" Like rav'nous wolves not pastors are you grown,
" Regarding nothing but the fleece alone.
" And to the shambles infamously lead,
" When you should bring them to the flow'ry mead.
" Thus are all guilty made by envious breath:
" To be suspected, is to merit death.
" And tyrant-like the more you shall distrust,
" The more shall bleed, and mingle with the dust."

These words with such authority he spoke,
 He all their firmest resolutions shook :
 With so much force, and manly freedom blam'd,
 That all who counsell'd thus, were now asham'd.

270

" For me," with milder accent he proceeds,
 " No life I'll purchase by inglorious deeds :
 " Let base *Acantbus* impious plots design,
 " The paths of right and equity be mine !
 " Yea let him slay me by his treach'rous art,
 " Ere to condemn him I from truth depart.
 " But hear, illustrious Kings, whom righteous heav'n
 " As upright Judges to the world hath giv'n ;
 " And who your people with unshaken soul
 " By moderation, prudence, should controul ;
 " Before you here to me remit the task,
 " This same *Acantbus* some few things to ask."

280

First, with that friendly commerce he began
 With *Arion* he was known to entertain ;
 And with a thousand circumstances press'd
 To make his guilt more readily confess'd.
 Oft made he shew that he would back remand,
 To suffer death at fierce *Adrastus*' hand :

290

In hopes he would betray some sign of fear,
 As a deserter in that Court t' appear.
 No alteration in his looks was seen,
 No fault'ring voice ; but tranquil and serene.
 The steady villain mock'd the royal youth,
 Unable from his heart to drain the truth.
 " Yield up that ring," said now *Ulysses*' son,
 " I'll see if that *Adrastus* will disown."

At

At this appear'd he thunderstruck indeed,
His countenance was chang'd; his colour fled. 300

The watchful Prince perceiv'd, and seiz'd the ring:

"This hour," said he, "I'll send it to the King.

"*Polytropus* himself this pledge shall bear,

"(To that *Lucanian* you no stranger are)!

"Who shall, with all dissembling art, pretend

"Yourself in confidence the message send:

"If thus the least discovery we make,

"That you *Adrastus*' counsels shall partake;

"The worst of tortures shall you sure receive:

"None then will deign to pity, or relieve. 310

"But, if submissive in our presence now,

"Your treasons you disclose, your crimes avow;

"We spare your life: content if hence you go

"To some far distant isle no wants to know."

Thus own'd he all. And, to confirm his word,

The Prince in person for his life implor'd.

Hence to th' *Echinades* he took his way.

In peace to live upon th' *Ionian* Sea.

Small time elaps'd, when lo! a *Daunian* came

Of birth obscure, *Dioscorus* by name; 320

NOTE.

Verse 317, *Hence to th' Echinades*—These are five small islands near the mouth of the river *Achelous*, and opposite to the coast of *Arcarnania* in *Epirus*. They took their name from the porpusses or sea-hogs, which that part of the *Ionian* Sea is said greatly to abound with, and were probably formed in the mud of the river *Achelous*. Hence the fable that they were once Sea Nymphs, but were changed into islands by the God *Achelous*.

IMITATIONS.

Verse 300, *Hor. Epod. 7. Sen. in Oedip.*

With daring soul: who favour'd by the night
 Had left his quarters, and escap'd by flight.
 The base *Adrastus* proffer'd he to slay,
 As unsuspecting in his tent he lay.
 An easy task for one who life disdain'd:
 Who other's lives at all times may command.
 Ruin did he to base *Adrastus* breathe;
 At all adventures, had resolv'd his death:
 Who had his much lov'd wife by force of arms
 Detain'd, that rivall'd *Cytherea's* charms. 330
 Secret intelligence had he procur'd,
 And divers chiefs by flatt'ring hopes allur'd;
 Who to the royal tent by night should bring,
 And lend assistance, to dispatch their King.
 But still th' Allies, requested he, to join,
 And forward to th' attack advance their line;
 That in the hurry he might safe remove,
 With greater ease, the object of his love.
 " If he no more that fair his own must call,
 " The tyrant dead, contented would he fall." 340
 His scheme thus open'd, ev'ry eye requir'd
 The sense of him whose wisdom they admir'd.
 " Th' Immortal Gods," exclaim'd *Ulysses' son*,
 " That us from traitors have preserv'd alone,
 " Those Gods forbid we e'er should sanction give,
 " And, like these impious fugitives, deceive.
 " Nay, should our virtue insufficient prove,
 " Yet if our int'rest, and ourselves we love,
 " We must abhor an act so full of shame:
 " By authorising we deserve the same. 350
 " And

“ And who, when fair integrity is lost,
“ Who shall be safe in all this num’rous host?
“ That Monarch may escape, we know him wise,
“ And may this blow retaliate on th’ Allies.
“ No longer shall we wage a legal war,
“ Wisdom, and virtue, usefess shall appear:
“ While treason vile, and perfidy shall reign,
“ And murders infamous bestrew the plain.
“ The dire effects ourselves shall quickly feel,
“ And justly too, if we such crimes conceal. 360
“ The sentence I pronounce is briefly this:
“ That to *Adrastus* we the slave dismiss.
“ Ill doth he merit friendships great as these,
“ But all *Hesperia*, all the states of *Greece*,
“ Which now so mindful of our conduct seem;
“ Should make us strive to merit their esteem.
“ A just abhorrence of such guilt to show
“ Both to ourselves, and to the Gods we owe.”

Straight to *Adrastus* was the traitor brought,
Amaz’d he heard; and shudder’d at the thought: 370
Spight of his heart beheld, with wondring eyes,
This gen’rous noble treatment of th’ Allies.
For impious men but ill conceive, or know
What godlike actions can from virtue flow.
He saw, but durst not praise an act so kind,
And all his cruelties recall’d to mind:
Fain would he lessen what he needs must love,
Asham’d that still ungrateful he should prove.

IMITATION.

Verse 364, *Cic. Offic. 3.*

P 3

To

To them indebted for his life he stood,
But souls corrupt still harden'd are to good. 380
Lo! now with grief perceiv'd the *Daunian* King
Each day accession to their fame would bring;
And it behov'd him by some action brave,
His own declining character to save.
He could not rise like them to virtue's height,
But vict'ry hop'd; and hasten'd on the fight.

Scarce had *Aurora*, on th' appointed day,
Begun her ruddy glories to display;
And for the rising Sun unbarr'd the East,
Whose radiant path with roses she had drest; 390
When now in vigilance outstripping far
The vet'ran leaders, most expert in war;
From balmy sleep *Telemachus* arose,
And all in motion put; to meet his foes.
His burnish'd helmet was already on,
His crest of waving plumes resplendent shone:
The polish'd mail eclips'd the lightning's blaze,
The dazzled troops survey'd it with amaze.
This work of *Vulcan* which they now beheld,
(Besides its native charms) had some conceal'd: 400
Minerva's *Ægis*, which was hid from sight,
Diffus'd a lustre infinitely bright.
One hand exalted grasp'd the glitt'ring spear,
The other pointed to some stations near;
Which he of moment and importance guess'd,
Ere yet the battle join'd, to be possess'd.

IMITATION.

Verse 395, *Virg. Æn.* 12.

Majestic,

Majestic, awful, was his look, and mien,
A fire ethereal in his eyes was seen:
Such as *Minerva's* presence might express,
And gave a certain omen of success. 410
The Kings no longer for precedence strove,
Their dignity, and age, gave place to love:
Soon as he march'd, they follow'd in his train
As though some pow'r superior should constrain.
No discontented envious thoughts they know,
But all submissive to his orders bow;
Whom *Pallas'* self had destin'd to command,
And still unseen conducted by the hand.
His actions nought precipitate betray'd,
A mild and sweet composure he display'd: 420
Patient, and willing all advice to take,
Of ev'ry hint would he advantage make.
Yet active, brisk, and provident of all;
No distant danger 'scap'd, however small.
Sedate and calm dispos'd he all things well,
Nor hinder'd others by an ill tim'd zeal.
Their faults excus'd, their errors he repair'd,
For ev'ry danger, ev'ry chance prepar'd:
With freedom all and confidence inspir'd;
And nought too hard expected, or desir'd. 430
Gave he an order? 'Twas explicit, clear,
He would repeat it in the party's ear:
And from the motion of his eyes discern'd,
If he that order had distinctly learn'd:

IMITATIONS.

Verse 409, *Homer Odyss.* 17. *Virg. Æn.* 1.

Familiar made him its design explain,
And if no doubt upon his mind remain;
Instructed thus, he suffer'd none to leave
Till first some token of esteem he gave:
That all whom he employ'd with ardour strove
To crown his wishes, and deserve his love. 440

No torture felt they if they mis'd their aim,
No imputation fear'd they on their fame:
All faults to pardon was the Prince inclin'd,
So they proceed not from a treach'rous mind.

Now glow'd the firmament with rising day,
The seas reflecting *Phæbus'* early ray:
Chariots, and horses, and a countless host,
With blaze of armour cover'd all the coast.
Their noise confus'd like that when ocean raves,
And mountain-high erects his troubled waves; 450
While, from the bottom of the vast abyfs,
Great *Neptune's* trident bids the tempest rise.
Just so did *Mars*, tremendous God of war,
With clang of arms the battle fierce prepare;
And ev'ry breast incessantly inspire;
With indignation, and with hostile fire.

The plain was hid beneath their bristling spears,
Thick as in Autumn wave the golden ears.
On ev'ry side thick clouds of dust arise,
And intercept at once both earth, and skies. 460

Confusion, bloodshed, stain'd th' impurpled ground,
While ghastly death relentless stalk'd around.

The Prince ere yet the first discharge was made
With hand, and eyes to heav'n uplifted pray'd:

" O *Jove*," exclaim'd he, " great, eternal King
" From whom both mortals, and immortals spring;
" With us, you see, desire of peace prevail:
" And white rob'd Justice lift aloft her scale.
" Averse we fight: nor blush'd to have pursu'd
" All prudent means, to stop this flow of blood. 470
" Nor do we hate this sacrilegious foe;
" Whom yet so cruel, and so false, we know.
" Look down from heaven, and our cause attend,
" Be you the judge, and all our contests end!
" If that we perish be your dread command;
" Content we fall, our lives are in your hand:
" If tyranny to crush be your decree,
" And that *Hesperia* shall at length be free;
" Your heav'nly offspring must the palm incline,
" *Minerva's* wisdom with your pow'r must join. 480
" Your's be the praise: since you alone the fates
" Can poise of empires, and contending states.
" Your battle do we fight: while you preside
" 'Tis your's, not our's, to curb *Adrastus'* pride.
" If by the close of day these troops around,
" With glorious conquest in your cause be crown'd;
" In solemn pomp the victims will we lead,
" And at your shrine an hecatomb shall bleed."

He said, and plung'd in thickest of the plain
And to his foaming courfers gave the rein: 490
First *Periander*, not unknown to fame,
The valiant *Locrian*, to engage him came.

IMITATIONS.

Verse 488, *Sil. Ital. Virg. Æn. 1.*

A tawny

A tawny lion's shaggy spoils he wore,
 Slain in *Cilicia* which he travers'd o'er.
 A massy club like *Hercules* he rear'd,
 In strength, and size, of giant-race appear'd:
Ulysses' son no sooner he espied,
 Than he began his beauty to deride:
 "Effeminate boy! 'tis well indeed," he cries,
 "If you with us dispute the glorious prize; 500
 "Go, puny stripling, to your father go:
 "And search him out among the shades below."
 Thus said, on high his knotty club he rais'd
 On ev'ry side with iron spikes embrac'd.
 The tallest mast, compar'd with this, were small;
 And each beholder trembled for its fall.
 Full at his head had he a stroke design'd,
 The youth perceiv'd it; and the blow declin'd;
 Then (as an eagle cuts the ambient air)
 Did swift destruction for his foe prepare. 510
 The club descending on a chariot fell
 Adjoining to the Prince, and broke its wheel.
 Meanwhile the *Grecian* Prince an arrow drew
 Which to the throat of *Periander* flew:
 Forth from the gaping wound, with bubbling noise,
 Now stream'd the purple tide, and choak'd his voice.
 No more his feeble hands their charge sustain,
 The fiery steeds perceiv'd the slacken'd rein:

NOTE.

Verse 494, *Slain in Cilicia*—A very ancient kingdom of *Asia Minor*, famous among other things for the great victory there obtained by *Alexander* over *Darius*.

In

In wild disorder still their course they held,
 Headlong he tumbled to the sanguine field. 520
 His eyes abhor the light, and fainting fail;
 His face convuls'd, and ting'd with deadly pale.
 Dissolv'd in tears the Prince victorious gave
 The breathless trunk, to his attendant slave:
 Himself the lion's skin, and club retain'd;
 Proofs of that conquest he so bravely gain'd.

And now *Adrastus* fought he in the throng,
 While thousand warriors, as he past along,
 Here met their fate beneath their deadly foe,
 And fled indignant to the shades below. 530

Hyleus, whose gilded carr superb to view,
 Two milk white steeds, like great *Apollo's*, drew,
 Bred in *Apulia's* vast extended plain;
 Where *Aufidus* with streams transparent ran.

Demoleon brave, who on *Sicilia's* shore
 At *Cæstus* rose to *Eryx* next in pow'r:
Crantor, the great *Alcides'* host, and friend;
 What time *Jove's* offspring, more his fame t' extend,
 Thro' fair *Hesperia* past; and from his cave
 The monster *Cacus* hurried to his grave, 540

Next

NOTES.

Verse 534, *Where Aufidus*—A river of the kingdom of *Naples*, now called *L' Ofanto*. It rises in the *Apennines*, and discharges itself into the *Gulph of Venice*. Near it was fought the battle of *Canna*.

Verse 540, *The monster Cacus*—An *Italian* shepherd upon *Mount Aventine*, the son of *Vulcan*. He was half man, and half beast,

IMITATION.

Verse 536, *Virg. Æn. 5.*

Next *Menecrates*, wrestler much esteem'd,
 Who scarce to *Pollux* was inferior deem'd.
Hippoc'on bold who from *Salapia* came,
 By *Caster* taught the fiery steed to tame.
 Swift *Eurimedes* for the chace renown'd,
 With bloody spoils of savage monsters crown'd:
 The bristled boar, and bear would he pursue;
 Which on the frosty *Appennines* he flew.
 To him did great *Diana* favour show,
 And taught, 'tis said, to bend the stubborn bow. 550
 Next o'er *Nicostratus* the Prince prevail'd,
 Whose potent arm a giant had assail'd;
 That from his horrid throat could vomit fire,
 Where rugged rocks of *Garganus* aspire.
 Last *Eleantbus*, who was soon to lead
 The beauteous *Phol'e* to his nuptial bed;
 Daughter of *Liris*, fair *Hesperian* tide,
 That God, it seems, had promis'd her as bride
 To him who from a dragon wing'd should save;
 Bred on the borders of his silver wave: 560

NOTES.

beast. When *Hercules* was driving back the cattle of *Geryon* King of Spain, whom he had lately killed, *Cacus* stole some of these cattle; and lest his theft should be discovered by the print of their feet, he drew them backward by their tails into his den. However the lowing of these oxen betrayed the whole affair, and *Hercules* recovered them and slew *Cacus*. See all the particulars of this story in the 8th *Aeneid* of *Virgil*.

Verse 554, Where rugged rocks of *Garganus*—A mountain of *Apulia*, now called *Monte St. Angelo*, in the kingdom of *Naples*.

Verse 557, Daughter of *Liris*—A river of *Italy* which divided *Latium* from *Campania*, now called the *Garigliano*. *Horace*, and *Silius Italicus*, have both celebrated it for its gentle current.

And

And which *Apello's* Oracle had said,
Should quickly swallow up that lovely maid.
The valiant youth, transported by his love,
His life devotes the danger to remove.
Th' attempt succeeded, and secure he past:
But ne'er the fruits must of that conquest taste.
For, while the beauteous maid, with kind concern,
Expects her nuptials, and her lord's return;
She hears *Adrastus* had to battle led,
And envious *Clotbo* cut his vital thread: 570
Distract with grief she made the shores around,
The hills, the groves, return the mournful sound.
All bath'd in tears her beauteous eyes appear,
And wild with rage she tears her lovely hair:
No more th' enamel'd flowers she pursues,
But heav'n itself of cruelty accuse.
Thus day and night, as she incessant griev'd,
The pitying Gods at length her woes reliev'd:
Touch'd by her mis'ry, and her father's pray'r,
A sudden transformation they prepare: 580
Dissolv'd in tears a fountain she became,
Which strives to join the God her father's stream:
But still with bitter waves is said to flow,
No verdant herb will near its borders grow;
No tree or shrub appears with foliage green,
But baleful Cyprus there alone is seen.
The furious *Daunian* King was now advis'd,
How much *Telemachus* all hearts surpris'd:

IMITATION.

Verse 569, *Tibullus*.

To

To search him out he burn'd with eager rage,
 And hop'd with ease to crush his tender age. 590
 Around him thirty *Daunian* guards he held,
 Experienc'd troop, in valour all excell'd,
 To these rewards he promis'd infinite,
 Could they surround his chariot in the fight;
 While fierce *Adrastus* in the front assail'd,
 And thus his ruin scarcely could have fail'd.
 But wise *Minerva* on her charge intent,
 This storm dispers'd, and to a distance sent.

Adrastus fancied he the Prince beheld,
 And heard him shout still lower down the field; 600
 Thought him at bottom of a hill engag'd,
 Where crowds were view'd, and high the conflict rag'd.
 He ran, he flew, he thirsted for his blood;
 But in his place the feeble *Nestor* view'd.
 Whose trembling hand his jav'lines threw around,
 And random darts that guiltless struck the ground.
 Thus disappointed, he the sage had slain,
 But that his *Pylians* brave their King sustain.

Now dreadful grew the scene of horrid war,
 And clouds of arrows darken'd all the air: 610
 On ev'ry side was heard the plaintive cry,
 The crash of falling arms that pierc'd the sky:
 Th' encumber'd earth now groan'd beneath its load,
 And all around the purple torrents flow'd.
 The hell-born furies, with *Bellona* dire,
 And *Mars*, in bloody garbs at once conspire

IMITATION.

Verse 605, *Virg. Æn. 2.*

In ev'ry breast fresh adour to excite ;
 The dreadful scene beholding with delight.
 These Deities, the foes of human race,
 From ev'ry heart on either side erase 620
 All gen'rous pity, and all kind concern ;
 No more with mod'rate valour now to burn.
 Amidst this mass confus'd, was ev'ry breast
 With stedfast hatred, and revenge possess'd :
 Each combatant appear'd with brutal air,
 And nought was seen but murder, and despair.
Pallas herself invincible in fight
 With dread recoil'd, and shudder'd at the sight.

Lo ! *Philoctetes* next with solemn pace
 (Whose martial hand *Alcides'* arrows grace) 630
 Was seen advancing ; but his march was slow :
 To rescue *Nestor* from his threat'ning foe.
Adrastus, who had long assay'd in vain
 To rob of life that venerable man,
 Now threw his arrows with indiff'rence great
 While divers *Pylians* bravely met their fate.
 Already *Eufilas* was prostrate laid,
 Who in the nimble race such art display'd ;
 Who light as air would skim along the green,
 Ev'n on the sand his footstep scarce was seen : 640
 Outran *Eurotas* in his native land,
 And swift *Alpheus* distanc'd on the strand.

NOTE.

Verse 641, *Outran Eurotas*—The principal river of *Sparta*. It was here that *Apollo* bewailed *Hyacinthus*, whom he accidentally killed with a quoit: and what *Eurotas* heard from *Apollo*, he taught the laurels which grew upon his banks.

Beneath

Beneath his feet next *Entiphron* expir'd,
 Sweet beauteous youth than *Hylas* more admir'd;
 To whom in sports, and pleasures of the field,
 The fam'd *Hippolytus* himself must yield.
 Next did *Adrastus Pterelas* destroy,
 Who follow'd *Nestor* to the siege of *Troy*:
 For strength and daring courage so renown'd,
 That he the friendship of *Achilles* found.
 Next *Aristogiton* well known to fame,
 Who bathing once in *Achelous'* stream,
 A secret power from that God acquir'd,
 T'assume whatever shape himself desir'd.
 In truth, so pliant all his limbs appear'd,
 He 'scap'd from all; no force superior fear'd:
 Yet could *Adrastus'* spear his motions end,
 And bath'd in blood to *Pluto's* region send.

650

NOTES.

Verse 642, *And Swift Alpheus*—A river of *Arcadia*, which ran likewise through *Elis* and along the city of *Pisa*, and then disappeared. It was supposed to run under the sea without mixing with the salt water, and to rise again in *Sicily* near the city of *Syracuse*; where it blended its waters with those of the fountain *Arethusa*.

Verse 644, *Sweet beauteous youth than Hylas*—This beautiful youth beloved by *Hercules*, accompanied that hero in the *Argo-nautic* expedition. But going to fetch water from *Caicus*, a river of *Mæsia*, the nymphs fell in love with him, and took him away.

Verse 652, *Who bathing once in Achelous' stream*—*Achelous* was the chief river of *Ætolia*. The fabulous account of his contending with *Hercules*, for the King of *Calydonia's* daughter, is to be seen in the ninth book of *Ovid's Metamorphoses*.

IMITATION.

Verse 640, *Virg. Georg. 3.*

Nestor,

Nestor, who saw beneath the tyrant's hand,
 His stoutest captains breathless on the sand; 660
 (Just as in harvest when the ripen'd corn
 Falls by the sickle of the reaper shorn)
 Regardless now of danger onward prest,
 And fruitlessly expos'd his aged breast.
 His wonted caution, and his prudence flown,
 He fix'd his eyes upon his darling son,
 His dear *Pisistratus*; who struggled brave
 To keep his much lov'd father from the grave.
 Alas! at length the fatal hour was come,
 When poor *Pisistratus* must meet his doom. 670
 And *Nestor* too with sorrow must perceive:
 'Tis oft unhappy when too long we live.

Against *Adrastus* see the youth advance!
 And with such vehemence direct his lance,
 The *Daunian* King that hour had breath'd his last,
 But swift avoided, and aside it past.
 Thus overbalanc'd as he hung in air,
 And aim'd recovery of his erring spear;
 Full at his breast *Adrastus* aim'd a dart,
 Which in that instant pierc'd him to the heart. 680
 The trembling entrails issu'd at the wound,
 His blood in purple torrents stain'd the ground;
 And as a fading flow'r his colour fled,
 Cropt by some virgin in the painted mead.
 Already clos'd his beauteous eyes appear'd:
 No further accent from his tongue was heard.

IMITATION.

Verse 684, *Virg. Æn.* 11.

The sage *Alceus* (who with anxious care
 Had form'd his youth, and now attended near)
 Falling receiv'd, but scarce had time to place
 The dying hero in his fire's embrace.
 Fain would he speak, and ere from earth remov'd
 Some tender token give how much he lov'd;
 But life, and vigour, now apace retir'd,
 His lips he mov'd, and in that act expir'd.

690

While to resist *Adrastus* on the plain
 Brave *Philoctetes* pil'd in heaps the slain!
 Lock'd in his arms, amid the sanguine field,
 His darling son the hoary *Nestor* held.

No longer could he raise his languid head,
 But fill'd the air with sorrow for the dead:

700

" Unhappy wretch! who could from heav'n receive
 " The bliss of children, and that bliss outlive!
 " Ah! cruel Fates! why not exert your pow'r
 " When young I chac'd the *Calydonian* boar,
 " Or sail'd to *Colchos* for the golden fleece,
 " Or first for *Troy* forsook my native *Greece*?
 " Then had my fortune been by all admir'd,
 " Grief had I 'scap'd; in honour's bed expir'd.

NOTE.

Verse 704, *When young I chac'd the Calydonian boar*—As a punishment to *Oeneus*, who sacrificed, at the close of harvest, to every God except *Diana*, she sent this monstrous boar to destroy the country; whose tusks we are told were above a yard in length. But *Meleager* King of *Calydon* called together all the flower of the *Grecian* youth, and by their assistance dispatched him.

IMITATION.

Verse 704, *Virg. Æn. 11.*

" Not

- " Not thus despis'd dragg'd on a load of years,
 " An age of sad anxiety, and tears. 710
 " Alas! I now but live to suffer pain,
 " No other hope or prospect can remain.
 " You, dear *Pisistratus*, much honour'd son,
 " You liv'd when poor *Antilochus* was gone.
 " You still remain'd a prop for feeble age,
 " Could, when your brother fell, my griefs assuage.
 " You now are flown, and comfort is no more:
 " Then welcome death! since happiness is o'er.
 " Sweet hope, which mortal suff'ring can relieve,
 " On me no gracious look will deign to give. 720
 " It seems, my dearest sons, as in a day
 " Relentless death had made you both his prey.
 " These sighs for poor *Antilochus* I drew,
 " That deep, that heart-felt wound now bleeds anew.
 " Must I no more behold whom most I prize?
 " O say then who shall close these wretched eyes?
 " Or, who when once that fatal hour is come,
 " Collect mine ashes, and inscribe my tomb?
 " Yet fell ye bravely both---'Tis only I,
 " Unhappy man! that dare not, cannot die." 730

Thus raving, in his hand he held a dart
 And on a sudden would have pierc'd his heart.
 Th' attendants interpos'd, and straight remov'd
 The breathless body of his son below'd:

IMITATIONS.

Verse 718, *Virg. Æn.* 11.
 Verse 730, *Accius in frag.*

And when he fainting seem'd, exhaust, and spent,
 With eager haste convey'd him to his tent.
 There, though unwilling, they by force withheld
 Till strength returning urg'd him to the field.

Meanwhile fierce *Philoctetes* burns with rage,
 Nor less *Adrastus*; eager to engage. 740
 As when a lion, tyrant of the wood,
 And spotted leopard meet in conflict rude;
 And both preparing for the combat seem,
 Where fair *Cayster* rolls his silver stream;
 So sparkling seem'd their eyes, such threats were heard,
 Vengeance, and fury, in their looks appear'd.
 On ev'ry face dismay and terror fate,
 And ev'ry dart they threw was wing'd with fate.
 Each now approaching had his foe in view,
 A deadly arrow *Philoctetes* drew; 750
 From which no pow'r medicinal could save,
 No remedy relieve the wound it gave.
 But *Mars*, to fierce *Adrastus* still a friend,
 Thus soon allow'd not he should meet his end:
 Through him resolving to prolong the fray,
 And more increase the horrors of the day.
 And righteous heav'n, for punishment of guilt,
 By him decreed more blood should yet be spilt.

As *Philoctetes* took a deadly aim,
 From young *Amphimachus* a jav'lin came; 760

NOTE.

Verse 744, *Where fair Cayster*—Called by the Turks *Minder-scare*, or the *Little Meander*; being a remarkable river of *Asia* near *Ephesus*.

The fairest warrior of *Lucania's* host,
 Not *Nireus'* self more blooming charms could boast;
Nireus, in beauteous form superior far
 To all the leaders in the *Trojan* war:
 Save what was seen in *Tbetis'* warlike son,
 Who matchless still, without a rival, shone.
 Brave *Philoctetes* felt the sudden smart,
 Then drew an arrow, and transfix'd his heart.
 Dimm'd were his coal-black eyes, their lustre fail'd;
 At once the deadly shades of night prevail'd: 770
 Those rosy lips which more vermilion show'd,
 Than when *Aurora* paints the orient cloud,
 Now lost their wonted symmetry, and grace,
 A dreadful pale o'erspread his lovely face;
 And so deform'd those features so compleat;
 That *Philoctetes'* self bewail'd his fate.
 While bath'd in tears each hardy warrior stood,
 To see the youth thus rolling in his blood:
 And trailing in the dust that beauteous hair,
Apollo's self might not disdain to wear; 780
 Scarce *Philoctetes* could this palm acquire
 Before his wound compell'd him to retire.
 Through loss of blood his spirits felt decay,
 His ancient hurt, through labour of the day,

NOTE.

Verse 762, *Not Nireus' self*—He was King of *Naxos*, and not more famous for his beauty, than infamous for his vices.

IMITATIONS.

Verse 763, *Hom. Il. 2. Hor. Epod. 15.*

Q3

What

With terror fill'd him; lest he prove again
 The dreadful series of his former pain.
 For *Æsculapius'* sons divinely skill'd
 Could yet no certain cure sufficient yield.
 Lo! now appear'd he sinking to the ground,
 Amidst the bleeding carcases around. 790
 Of all who follow'd in th' *Oebalian* host,
 To build *Petilia* on th' *Hesperian* coast;
 The brave *Archidamas* the most excell'd,
 Who now uprais'd, and bore him from the field,
 When fierce *Adrastus* breathing rage and fire
 With greatest ease could trample him as mire.
 The *Daunian* King found nothing more t' oppose,
 No fear remain'd his victory to lose:
 All fell before him in th' unequal fight,
 Or fought their safety by unmanly flight. 800
 So when a rapid stream disdains its mound,
 And deluges at once the country round:
 No more by towns its fury is withstood,
 Men, sheaves, and bleating flocks, are hurried down the flood.
 Soon to *Ulysses'* son the news was brought,
 Who heard the shout at distance where he fought:
 Perceiv'd his scatter'd troops in dire alarms,
 Chac'd by *Adrastus*, and his conqu'ring arms.

NOTE.

Verse 791, *Oebalian host*—The *Oebalians* were a people of *Italy* near *Tarentum*.

IMITATIONS.

Verse 801, *Virg. Æn. 2, Ovid, Met. 1.*

So

So frightened flies a tim'rous herd of deer,
 Nor wood, nor rocky precipice they fear; 810
 Plung'd ev'n amidst the foaming floods are seen:
 If haply, they can 'scape the hunters keen.
 With heart-felt grief this gen'ral rout he heard,
 Rage, indignation, in his eyes appear'd;
 Then quits the dang'rous station he had held,
 Where long with glory had he kept the field;
 His troops to succour cross'd in haste the plain,
 Besmear'd with blood of thousands he had slain.
 Far off a shout tremendous did he raise,
 And either army heard it in amaze: 820
 For great the terror of his voice was found,
 So *Pallas* will'd: the hills return'd the sound.
 Ne'er yet in *Tbrace* more dreadful could appear
 The voice portentous of the God of War,
 When he the furies summon'd to the plain,
 With slaughter, death, and bloodshed in their train.
 Rous'd by that cry, his men with courage rose;
 Disorder strange, confusion seiz'd his foes.
Adrastus' self with blushes own'd his fear,
 And sure presages felt of ruin near. 830
 No more a tranquil valour he possess'd,
 A desp'rate courage seem'd it at the best.
 Thrice did his trembling knees their charge forsake,
 And thrice unwittingly he started back:
 A fainting paleness in his face was view'd,
 Cold clammy sweats had ev'ry limb bedew'd.

IMITATION.

Verse 821, *Virg. Æn. 12.*

Q 4

Hoarse

Hoarse hesitation ruin'd all he said,
 His eyes appear'd as starting from his head :
 Convulsions shook his frame ; as when in *Greece*
 Maternal furies marr'd *Orestes'* peace.

840

He now believ'd that there were Gods indeed,
 Saw, as he thought, that they his fall decreed :
 Heard from the nether world a mutt'ring sound,
 Which call'd him down to *Tartarus* profound.
 All now conspir'd to shew that heav'nly hand,
 Which, hov'ring o'er him, could his fate command,
 And now appear'd to meditate the blow
 That now must sink him to the shades below.
 Fair hope was quite extinguish'd in his breast,
 No more that wonted brav'ry he possess'd :
 Sudden dispers'd it, like the ev'ning ray
 Which quickly vanishes at close of day ;
 What time the Sun to *Tbetis'* lap retires,
 And earth obscur'd bemoans his absent fires.

850

The vile *Adraftus* who too long had reign'd,
 (But that by heav'n a scourge was he ordain'd)
 Now swift approach'd the period of his pow'r,
 And madly rush'd to meet his destin'd hour.

NOTE.

Verse 840, *Maternal furies marr'd Orestes' peace*—*Orestes*, in revenge for his father *Agamemnon's* death, having murdered his mother *Clytemnestra*, with her lover *Ægisthus*, immediately afterwards became distracted ; being haunted by the *Furies*, and the apparition of his mother's ghost.

IMITATION.

Verse 840, *Virg. Æn. 4.*

Rage,

Rage, and remorse in ev'ry look appear,
 Amazement, horror, infinite despair. 860
 Scarce on *Telemachus* he cast his eyes,
 When all *Avernus* seem'd at once to rise;
 And whirling flames from black *Cocytus*' flood,
 Destruction threat'ning in his prospect stood.
 To shout he aim'd, and open'd wide his throat,
 No sound articulate was heard, or note:
 As one in dreadful dream assays to speak,
 But seems in vain an utterance to seek.
 With trembling hand in haste a lance he threw,
 And fondly hop'd his rival to subdue: 870
 Th' intrepid youth his danger calm beheld,
 Heav'n was his friend, he took it on his shield.
 It seem'd as Vict'ry eagle-wing'd should hold
 High o'er his head a crown of massy gold.
 A steady courage in his eyes was seen,
 Like that of *Pallas*' self, fair Wisdom's Queen.
 So undisturb'd his mind, so free from fear,
 Surrounded thus by all the threats of war.
 His buckler had repell'd the *Daunian*'s lance,
 Who straight with sword in hand appear'd t' advance. 880

NOTE.

Verse 873, *It seem'd as Vict'ry eagle-wing'd*—The *Althenians*
 painted her without wings. But she was generally represented with

IMITATIONS.

Verse 863, *Virg. Æn. 6. Sil. It. 13.*

Verse 867, *Virg. Æn. 12.*

Verse 879, *Virg. Æn. 2. and Hom. Il. 22.*

That

That thus *Ulysses'* son no time should find
 To throw, in turn, the jav'lin he design'd.
 He saw the sword, and instant drew his own:
 The useless missiles all aside were thrown.

Thus hand to hand when they engag'd were seen,
 All others gaz'd in silence on the green:
 Intent on them, aside their arms they lay,
 And hence expect the fortune of the day.
 Aloft in air the flaming falchions rise,
 As when red lightnings tear the troubled skies: 890
 Each crossing each dealt many a fruitless blow,
 The polish'd mail resounding from below.
 Stretch'd, bent, contracted, prostrate were they view'd,
 Then up, and grappling in that instant stood.
 Th' uxorious ivy which with close embrace
 Around some knotty elm doth fondly pass,
 And twining reaches to its utmost height,
 Is less united, than were these in fight.
Adrastus still in vigour full remain'd,
Telemachus to his had scarce attain'd. 900
 Oft aim'd the *Daunian* to surprise his foe,
 And make him reel beneath some fatal blow:

NOTE.

with them, to signify the uncertainty of success in war. In one hand she held a crown of laurel, and in the other a branch of palm adorned with trophies. The *Romans*, in the *Samnite* war, erected a temple to her; and dedicated to her likewise that of *Jupiter* in the capitol.

IMITATIONS.

Verse 887, *Virg. Æn.* 12.
 Verse 895, *Hor. Epod.* 15.

And

And next endeavour'd, but with fruitless toil,
 By strength superior, of his sword to spoil.
 Just then *Ulysses'* son, with valiant hand,
 Uprais'd from earth, and threw him on the sand.
 The impious wretch, who oft had heav'n despis'd,
 At death's approach was stagger'd and surpris'd.
 Yet scorn'd to ask, though ev'ry look conspir'd
 To shew how greatly he his life desir'd. 910

At length impending ruin to arrest
 He pity strove to raise, and thus address:

" O valiant offspring of *Laertes'* son,
 " At length the justice of the Gods I own.
 " Just are my suff'rings for repeated crimes,
 " Truth then is clearest in the worst of times:
 " I see that truth, which my confusion brings,
 " But oh! have pity on the worst of Kings:
 " Let mercy, mercy, yet protract my doom:
 " Think on *Ulysses* exil'd from his home." 920

Telemachus, who fast the tyrant held,
 And kneel'd upon him on the sanguine field;
 With sword presented to his perjurd throat,
 Thus mildly answer'd, and his rage forgot.

" Heav'n be my witness! that I ne'er pursu'd
 " The path of glory through a thirst of blood.
 " Firm peace, and victory alone I prize,
 " Peace well secur'd, to these my high Allies.

IMITATIONS.

Verse 914, *Virg. Æn.* 12.

Verse 920, *Hom. Il.* 24. and *Virg. Æn.* 12.

" Live

- " Live then, *Adrastus*! but your life receive,
 " That you henceforth your errors may retrieve. 930
 " Restore whatever, with usurping hand,
 " By fraud, by bloodshed, you unjustly gain'd.
 " Through all *Heperia* let this peace prevail,
 " Again let Justice lift aloft her scale.
 " Live! and henceforward be a diff'rent man!
 " This wholesome counsel from affliction gain;
 " That heav'n in goodness will superior rise,
 " And those are wretched who depend on vice.
 " Dupes to themselves, who happiness would meet
 " From barb'rous outrage, rapine, and deceit: 940
 " That nought on earth true pleasure can impart,
 " But honest Virtue, and an upright heart.
 " Twelve Chiefs for hostages of most renown,
 " With *Metrodorus* must I claim, your son."

So spake the gen'rous Prince without distrust,
 Then gave his hand to lift him from the dust.
 When lo! the treach'rous King a jav'lin drew
 Short, unperceiv'd, and in that instant threw:
 So swift it came, with so much skill was aim'd;
 Nought sav'd him but his mail divinely fram'd. 950
 This done, *Adrastus* instant wing'd his speed,
 And to a neighb'ring tree for shelter fled.

- " Attend," exclaim'd the Prince, " ye *Daunian* pow'rs
 " Bear witness all! the victory is ours.
 " This impious wretch, unworthy of a throne,
 " Preserves his life by perfidy alone.
 " Who heav'n so lately with contempt could treat,
 " With coward-soul now trembles at his fate:

" While

" While who the Gods immortal doth revere,

" Superior rises to all other fear."

960

He said, and swiftly to the *Daunians* crost;

Then gave the signal to his friendly host:

(Who from behind survey'd the horrid fight)

To intercept the tyrant in his flight.

The King, who fear'd this force might captive take,

Now made a feint, as if returning back.

But aim'd, in fact, to break through all his foes,

Who ready stood his passage to oppose.

But swift as thunder, from the realms above,

Is hurl'd on guilty heads by angry *Jove*;

970

Ulysses' son now rush'd upon his foe,

And prostrate laid him on the plain below.

So the bleak North deforms the beauteous year

And prostrate lays in heaps the golden ear.

No more he listen'd to that syren tongue,

Which still his patience would attempt to wrong,

But pierc'd him through; and sent him in dismay,

Where flames and tortures should his crimes repay.

IMITATIONS.

Verse 973, *Virg. Georg. 1.*

Verse 977, *Virg. Æn. 12.*

END OF THE TWENTIETH BOOK.

BOOK XXI.

BOOK XXI.

THE ARGUMENT.

Adrastus being no more, the Daunians stretch forth their hands to the Allies as a signal of Peace, and demand of them a Sovereign of their own Nation. Nestor inconsolable for the loss of his Son, absents himself from the Assembly of the Chiefs: where the major part are of opinion, that they ought to divide the Territories of the vanquished; and give to Telemachus the Country of Arpi. Far from accepting that offer, he makes it appear to be the common interest of the Confederates, to chuse Polydamus King of the Daunians; and leave them in the full possession of their lands. He afterwards persuades this people to bestow the Country of Arpi upon Diomedes, at that time just arrived. The troubles being thus at an end, all the troops now separate, each eager to return to his native soil.

SMALL grief express'd the *Daunians* for their head,
 When he at length was number'd with the dead.
 His fall had brought deliv'rance to the state,
 And all rejoicing seem'd in their defeat.
 Each to the high Allies his hand extends
 Desiring all to be esteem'd as friends,

But

But *Metrodorus*, vile *Adraftus*' son,
And heir apparent to the *Daunian* throne;
In ignorance was bred of just, and right:
And coward like precipitates his flight. 10

His father's impious arts he learn'd betimes,
Retain'd a slave, th' accomplice of his crimes,
On whom of late he liberty bestow'd,
To him all favour and indulgence show'd.

This wretch alone was privy to his way,
And basely strove, for int'rest, to betray.
Smote him behind, as thus with speed he fled,
And to the camp returning, shew'd his head.
For great the recompence he hop'd to share,
Who thus at once could finish all the war. 20

But all, with horror great, the monster view'd:
And with a proper punishment pursu'd.
Telemachus with tears beheld that face,
So lately deck'd with ev'ry smiling grace;
Where once true genius reign'd, till pleasure came
And bad example, to obscure his fame.

"Alas!" exclaim'd he, "see what dangers wait
"On youthful Princes when in prosp'rous state!
"Myself, ere now, perhaps, like him had prov'd;
"But thanks to heav'n, and to those Gods that lov'd! 30
"Thanks to misfortune, and to *Mentor* kind;
"That taught me early to subdue my mind!"

Th' assembled *Daunians* now around them press,
Proposing this condition of the peace:
"That they have licence, of their native land,
"To chuse a Prince their nation to command;

"Whose

" Whose godlike virtues quickly might efface
 " *Adraftus*' vices and the realms disgrace."

To heav'n with humble reverence they bent,
 Which had to *Tartarus* the tyrant sent:

40

And pour'd in crowds about *Ulysses*' son
 To kiss that hand which had the vict'ry won.

That hand, now reeking with the monster's blood,
 Whose fatal fall they as a triumph view'd.

Thus in a moment fell, with none to aid,
 That pow'r *Hesperia* had with dread survey'd:

Which threaten'd ruin to the nations round,
 Whose very name had terror in its sound.

As when some bastion long unshaken stands,
 And mocks the fury of the hostile bands;

50

Till by degrees its base is undermin'd,
 Yet still no breach, no weakness can you find:

When lo! at once, its firm foundation fails,
 It sinks, it falls; and horrid chasms reveals;

So pow'r unjust, and founded on deceit,
 (Whate'er prosperity at first it meet)

Yet self-destroy'd it quickly disappears,
 And for itself the dreadful pit prepares.

For fraud, and cruelty, exciting hate

Sap the foundations of the tyrant's state:

60

A while indeed some rev'rence may he know,

The trembling vot'ry at his shrine may bow;

But, in a moment, he no more is found,

His weight unwieldy, brings him to the ground:

IMITATION.

Verse 64, *Hor.* lib. 3. Od. 4.

And

And nought again his grandeur can restore,
Or reinstate him in his former pow'r;
Because himself his ruin has design'd,
That prop destroying of an honest mind,
By which alone affection is insur'd,
By which alone is confidence procur'd.

The Chiefs assembled on the foll'wing noon,
To give a Sov'reign to the *Daunian* throne.
And now beheld, with infinite delight,
The adverse hosts in friendship close unite:
Ne'er could they hope a change so great to find,
Two hostile camps in concord firm combin'd.
Meanwhile, alas! th' unhappy *Pylia*n Chief
Withdrew his presence, as constrain'd by grief.
For age infirm, and sorrow in excess,
Conspir'd at once his spirits to depress:
So drops its feeble head the languid flow'r,
When watry *Jove* descends in furious show'r:
Lost are those beauties which, at early dawn,
Shone forth the glory of the verdant lawn.
His eyes, which oft distill'd the briny tear,
Two fountains inexhaustible appear:
Nor knew he rest which lulls our cares asleep,
Eternal vigils did his eye-lids keep.
Sweet hope, which cheers the soul of mortal man,
Was quite extinguish'd by his load of pain.
All food was loathsome, odious to his sight,
O'erwhelm'd with grief; he ev'n abhorr'd the light.

IMITATIONS.

Verse 81, *Hom. Il. 8. Virg. Æn. 9.*

VOL. II.

R

Nought

Nought wish'd he further than release to gain,
 And wing his flight to *Pluto's* dark domain.
 In vain would friends participate his grief,
 With kind condolence ministring relief;
 His fainting soul could friendship taste no more,
 As sickly palates best of food abhor.

No soft endearment his attention won,
 To all he answer'd with an heart-felt groan: 100
 With bitter sighs his anguish he express'd,
 And frequent thus his breathless child address'd.

" I come, my lov'd *Pisistratus*, I come !

" I hear you call ! and follow to the tomb.

" No greater bliss can beauteous heav'n bestow

" Than thus to join us in the realms below."

This said ; whole hours in silence he remain'd,
 Aloft to heav'n would lift his trembling hand ;
 And ever and anon, with streaming eye,
 Implore the pity of the Gods on high. 110

Meanwhile, *Ulysses'* son the Chiefs attend,
 Who rites prepar'd in honour of his friend.
 Around the corpse with lib'ral hand he show'rs
 Ten thousand odours exquisite, and flow'rs.
 Then weeping said---" Alas ! thou dearest youth !
 " Ne'er from my soul will be eras'd thy truth :
 " At *Pylus* first our gen'rous love began,
 " In *Sparta* next I sought thee, wondrous man,
 " And found thee last upon *Hesperia's* coast,
 " High in th' esteem of this confed'rate host. 120

IMITATION.

Verse 113, *Virg. Æn. 6.*

" A

- " A thousand tender offices I owe,
 " For well our love reciprocal I know :
 " And plain perceive that brave undaunted mind,
 " In which few *Greeks* your equals can I find.
 " But oh ! that courage which secures your name,
 " Hath wrought your ruin ; while it rais'd your fame :
 " Of rising merit hath the world depriv'd,
 " Might rival *Nestor's* had you longer liv'd.
 " Yes, manly sense, and eloquence like your's ;
 " (Had time permitted which alone matures) 130
 " To worth like that of *Nestor* might have fir'd,
 " Whose wisdom *Greece* for ages hath admir'd.
 " Already ev'ry grace began to smile,
 " You had his soft insinuating stile :
 " Already ev'ry heart had captive made,
 " None could resist the wisdom you display'd.
 " You his address, his moderation show'd,
 " From whence that curb for haughty spirits flow'd ;
 " You all his great authority possessest,
 " And counsels gave the fairest, and the best. 140
 " Whene'er you spake, all heard you with delight,
 " And partial long'd to find you in the right :
 " Each heart could cheer that unaffected strain,
 " As on the springing grass distills the rain.
 " Short time, alas ! those transient joys we held,
 " Now lost for ever what so much excell'd !
 " Those charms of dear *Pisistratus* are pass'd,
 " The lovely youth I yesterday embrac'd :
 " And nothing now is present to our view,
 " But sad remembrance of the bliss we knew. 150

" Oh ! had you stay'd to close poor *Nestor's* eyes,
 " Not left your friends an office sad as this,
 " Then had he 'scap'd this melancholy day,
 " Strange to a sight must melt his soul away.
 " Had found to feeble age some comfort giv'n,
 " Nor liv'd the wretched'st father under heav'n."

He ended here ; and straight direction gave,
 The bleeding ulcer in his side to lave :
 And on a purple bier his limbs to spread,
 Where deadly pale was seen his languid head. 160
 So when a branching oak, in prime of years,
 That high to heav'n its head exalted bears ;
 Whose verdant foliage casts a shade around,
 Feels from the woodman's ax the deadly wound ;
 No more its root the due support can grant,
 Or genial earth, sweet nurse of ev'ry plant,
 Faint is that verdure which delighted all,
 Sudden it reels, and totters to its fall.
 Those goodly boughs which heav'n's fair lamp could shade,
 Now dry, and withering in the dust are laid : 170
 Its ev'ry beauty, ev'ry grace is flown,
 And nought remaining, but its trunk alone ;
 Thus prey to death, and at an early hour,
 The son of *Nestor* to his pile they bore.
 In sad procession mournfully they came,
 Already high arose the crackling flame.
 A *Pylian* band with downcast eyes appears,
 Slow marching, arms revers'd, and bath'd in tears.

IMITATION.

Verse 161, *Hom. Il. 4.*

Soon

Soon was the corpse consum'd: an urn of gold
The precious reliques was ordain'd to hold. 180

Ulysses' offspring, who with grief of soul,

Attended near, presiding o'er the whole;

This urn deliver'd to his tutor's hand,

Callimachus, who first the youth had train'd:

"Guard well," said he, "these precious sad remains

"Of one you lov'd; and worthy of your pains.

"For *Nestor* guard them: but, with kind concern,

"Still keep them from him, till his strength return:

"What at some hours with anguish we receive,

"At diff'rent season, may our woe relieve." 190

To council thence *Telemachus* repair'd,

Where all were hush'd the moment he appear'd.

With conscious blush perceiv'd the royal *Greek*,

Abash'd, at distance, and refus'd to speak.

Those high encomiums which they now began,

Confus'd him more, and more increas'd his pain.

Fain would he lie conceal'd then first afraid,

Then wav'ring first, a diffidence betray'd.

At length conjur'd them by whate'er was dear,

That he no more of this applause might hear. 200

"'Tis not," said he, "but praise my soul alures

"Which flows from judgement competent as yours;

"But such the joy I feel, the rapture such,

"I only fear it may transport too much.

"Excessive praise is poison to the mind,

"It fills with vanities of ev'ry kind:

IMITATION.

Verse 188, *Cic. 3. Tuscl. 31.*

R 3

"Makes

" Makes us presumptuous, insolent, and vain,
 " All should distrust it, yet should strive to gain :
 " For oft applause fictitious may we view,
 " Which bears a near resemblance to the true. 210
 " Tyrants themselves will servile flatt'ers grace
 " Though worst of men, and plagues of human race.
 " What joy from praise then thus in common giv'n
 " To virtue's friends, and foes profess of heav'n ?
 " If e'er, in fact, so happy I could prove
 " By worthy actions to deserve your love,
 " In absence only be my praise confess,
 " That commendation shall I think the best.
 " If truly good you judge, consider well,
 " By modest merit should I hope t' excell. 220
 " Forbear then thus to dang'rous heights to raise,
 " As one ambitious, and too fond of praise."

He spake, nor further would attention lend
 To those who still persisted to commend :
 But look'd around him, with indiff'rent air,
 And stopp'd what seem'd so little worth his care.
 They fear'd t' offend him, and his patience tire ;
 Yet still the more his virtues they admire.
 For all the camp that kind concern had view'd,
 Which he so late for *Nestor's* son had shew'd, 230
 More pleas'd the goodness of heart survey'd,
 Than all the sense, and courage he display'd.
 In whispers low now each to other gave
 His secret judgement, of a soul so brave :

IMITATION.

Verse 237, *Cic. Orat. pro Mil.*

Yet

Yet valiant as he is, discreet, and wise;
 These things but serve to dazzle, and surprise:
 We plainly see him too the friend of heav'n,
 A finish'd hero for example giv'n.
 Who soars superior to all human race,
 Courteous, humane, possess'd of ev'ry grace, 240
 'Tis here the friend compassionate we find,
 To ev'ry virtuous excellence inclin'd.
 Delight of all that near him shall reside;
 And wholly wean'd from insolence, and pride.
 Virtues like these advance the public weal,
 Hence that affection in our breasts we feel:
 Delighted see the pattern which he gives,
 Would, for his safety, sacrifice our lives.

They said; and hasten'd to the point in hand,
 A Prince to choose who *Daunia* should command. 250
 The major part most readily accord
 To share a country, conquer'd by their sword.
 First fruitful *Arpi*, where to fix his throne,
 They frankly offer'd to *Ulysses'* son:
 Which yearly twice can golden sheaves produce,
 Great *Ceres'* gift; and *Bacchus'* purple juice:
 As oft its vats with precious oil o'erflow,
 From fruits which sacred to *Minerva* grow.
 "A land like this," said they, "indulgent, kind,
 "Will quickly banish *Ibaca* from mind: 260
 "Where from his straw-built cot the wretched swain
 "*Zacynthus'* woods beholds, and dreary plain;

NOTE.

Verse 253, *First fruitful Arpi*—Part of *Apulia*, the chief town was called *Argyrupa*, the ruins of which are still to be seen.

- " And where the shipwreck'd mariner invokes
 " Heav'n's pow'r, to shield him from *Dulichium's* rocks,
 " Ah! seek no more that fire who could not 'scape,
 " But long since perish'd at th' *Eubæan* Cape:
 " Where *Neptune's* self his ruin had decreed,
 " And *Nauplius* raging for his *Palamede*.
 " Nor think the fair *Penelope* to view,
 " Still to her lord, as when you left her, true; 270
 " Nor seek a soil which ill deserves your care,
 " Not blest as *Arpi* with a temp'rate air."
 Their gracious offer patiently he heard,
 But, as *Thessalian* rocks, unmov'd appear'd:
 Not *Thracian Rhodope* more deaf could prove
 To plaintive sighs, of swains distract with love.
 " Not wanton ease," said he, " affects my sense,
 " Nor doat I on the charms of opulence.
 " What profit rises from extent of ground,
 " Or rule despotic o'er the nations round? 280
 " What can we gain from power in excess?
 " The trouble greater, and the freedom less.
 " In life all mortals shall misfortune share,
 " More than the wisest, and the best can bear.
 " Who then dominion to that load would add
 " O'er men unjust, intractable, and bad?

NOTES.

Verse 262, *Zacynthus' woods*—Now *Zante*; an island in the *Ionian* Sea, a little south of *Cephalonia*, and over against *Peloponnesus*.

Verse 264, *Dulichium's rocks*—A very small island of the *Ionian* Sea, to the West of *Cephalonia*, now called *Thiakki*.

Verse 266, *Eubæan Cape*—*Cephæus*. Vid. Book x.

" Whoe'er

“ Whoe’er shall seek to lord it o’er mankind,
“ By int’rest sway’d, or with ambition blind;
“ Whose private glory all his care employs,
“ Or fordid gain, or lust of transient joys; 290
“ Is tyrant impious; will his throne disgrace,
“ At once the scandal, scourge of human race.
“ But he who seeks it with true patriot zeal
“ To aggrandize the state, and govern well;
“ Is less their master, than their guardian found:
“ Ten thousand cares encompass him around;
“ Ne’er will he wish his power to enlarge,
“ Quite foreign from his thought t’ augment his charge.
“ The careful swain that on his flock ne’er feeds,
“ But night and day attends through verdant meads, 300
“ That guards from wolves, with hazard of his blood,
“ And safe conducts them to their flow’ry food;
“ Will ne’er of bleating lambs his neighbour spoil,
“ T’ increase his numbers is, t’ increase his toil.
“ ’Tis true this hand no sceptre e’er hath sway’d,
“ Yet have both laws, and lawgivers display’d
“ How hard the task, transcending ev’n our thought,
“ To govern states, and kingdoms, as we ought.
“ Content I rest then with mine humble lot,
“ Poor bounded *Ithaca*, that barren spot; 310
“ Ev’n there a fame immortal can I gain,
“ If pious, just, courageous I can reign.
“ Alas! too soon that sceptre shall I have!
“ Grant heav’n! my fire triumphant o’er the wave
“ May long detain it! while, with filial awe,
“ I ev’ry maxim from his wisdom draw:

“ Learn

- " Learn ev'ry passion's fury to abate ;
" Be thence inform'd to moderate a state !
" Illustrious Chiefs ! attend while I unfold
" Important truths, your good forbids withhold. 320
" If to the *Daunian* throne a Prince you raise
" Of upright soul, and emulous of praise ;
" His realm their Prince resembling shall you find,
" All shall reflect the image of his mind :
" Convinc'd by him what charms to truth belong,
" None shall presume the neighb'ring pow'rs to wrong.
" This from *Adrastus* could they never know,
" Since tyrant-maxims will from tyrants flow.
" Thus govern'd by a Prince discreet, and wise,
" No more hereafter shall you dread surprise : 330
" To you they'll stand indebted for their King,
" And all that quiet, whence their comforts spring.
" So far from vexing you with hostile bands,
" Each hour they'll bless you, with uplifted hands ;
" Both Prince and people grateful will appear,
" To friends so kind who made them what they are.
" If to divide their lands you fondly join,
" With ease can I the consequence divine :
" Reduc'd at once to horror, and despair,
" Again they'll kindle all the flames of war ; 340
" For freedom strive, with justice on their side,
" With heav'n their friend, which hates o'erbearing pride.
" And should that heav'n assert their trampled right,
" They'll first, or last, superior rise in fight :
" Your golden dream shall quickly disappear,
" Your wealth, like smoke, shall vanish into air.
" Your

- " Your Chiefs be idiots; panics fill your host,
" Your soil no longer shall abundance boast.
" With schemes of grandeur will you fill your mind,
" All illconcerted, unadvis'd, and blind: 350
" No licence then to counsel will you give.
" The virtuous few, that aim to undeceive.
" Thus on a sudden rushing on your doom,
" A taunting proverb shall to all become.
" Are these the men (insulting shall they call)
" That thought t' enslave this universal ball?
" Observe what coward fugitives they're found,
" Despis'd, and scorn'd by all the nations round.
" And mark the justice of avenging heav'n!
" Which to their pride fit recompence hath giv'n. 360
" Reflect moreover, should you rashly share
" This fertile country as the spoils of war;
" With rage transported at that horrid sight,
" Will all the neighb'ring realms in arms unite.
" Your league, for freedom of *Hesperia*, rais'd
" Against *Adraftus*, shall no more be prais'd:
" But you alone the tyrants shall be nam'd,
" Who universal monarchy had claim'd.
" Still more; your arms victorious I'll suppose
" Against the *Daunians*, and all other foes; 370
" Mark now (while I the sequel shall relate)
" Success itself is pregnant with your fate.
" A scheme thus founded on oppressive pride,
" Must end your league; your forces must divide:
" No rule subsists by which to ascertain
" What's due to each, the measure of his gain:
" Hence

" Hence by each leader will rewards be sought,
" Proportion'd to the troops, the pow'r, he brought.
" While none so high in your esteem shall rise
" In peaceful manner to divide the prize. 380
" Lo! here a source of quarrels ne'er to end,
" Which may to ages yet unborn extend.
" Will you not rather then be just and good,
" Than wade ambitious through this sea of blood?
" Is peace profound, while plenty crowns the plain,
" With ev'ry joy, and virtue, in her train;
" And is the friendship of each neighb'ring state,
" Which honest justice fails not to create;
" Is pow'r, whose basis we shall wisely found
" On upright dealing with the nations round;--- 390
" Of less account, and not superior far
" To wild ambition, and oppressive war?
" Ye sceptred Kings, and Princes, lend an ear
" While thus impartial I the truth declare:
" And mark a friend, whose love thus high could rise
" To risque your hate, so he could well advise."
Thus he the theme with dignity pursu'd,
While round the Chiefs in admiration stood.
When sudden murmurs rose through all the field,
And reach'd the place where they their council held: 400
" Some stranger," said they, " landed from the main,
" With armed troops, and warriors in his train.
" Majestic, portly was his air, and mien;
" In him the hero was compleatly seen:
" Who long had liv'd the sport of fortune's pow'r,
" Yet still unbroken by the toils he bore.

" At

" At first the people seated on the coast
 " Oppos'd his landing, with his warlike host;
 " He little mov'd, and with intrepid air
 " His sword unsheathing, bade aloud declare, 410
 " He wanted not experience to defend
 " If any there disdain'd him for their friend:
 " Yet he their love, their amity desir'd,
 " And hospitality alone requir'd.
 " With this, aloft an olive branch he rear'd,
 " And suppliant-like petition'd to be heard:
 " Before their Kings demanded to be brought,
 " Lo! here they lead him to disclose his thought."

Just then advancing, in his form they trace
 A state majestic, and superior grace: 420
 Like *Mars* he seem'd, when from some *Thracian* height
 He cites his warriors to the sanguine fight.

He thus began---" Ye Pastors of the state,
 " Who doubtless here for public good debate;
 " And thus in council righteous laws prepare,
 " Or guard your country from destructive war;
 " O hear a wretched Prince, by wrath of heav'n,
 " Thro' all extremes of adverse fortune driv'n:
 " And oh! forbid it ev'ry Pow'r above
 " You e'er misfortunes like to these should prove! 430
 " By you *Ætolian Diomede* is seen,
 " Who durst at *Troy* transfix fair Beauty's Queen.

NOTE.

Verse 432, *Who durst at Troy transfix*—Vid. *Hom. Il. 5.*

IMITATION.

Verse 432, *Virg. Æn. 11.*

" Me

" Me *Cytherea*, for that dire abuse,
 " With indignation through the world pursues;
 " And *Neptune's* self (who still a friend must be
 " To heav'nly *Venus* daughter of the Sea)
 " Doth wretched *Diomed*e a victim leave
 " To ev'ry furious tempest, ev'ry wave,
 " Which oft, alas! have fatally prevail'd,
 " And founder'd ev'ry bark, wherein I sail'd. 440
 " While *Venus* still, implacably severe,
 " Hath banish'd from mine eyes that country dear;
 " Where first an infant I beheld the light,
 " Where *Phebus'* golden lamp first blest my sight.
 " Still, as a foe, my ev'ry step attends,
 " My realm removes, my family, my friends;
 " Whom I no more with pleasure must infold,
 " Nor see what dearest upon earth I hold:
 " An outcast thus upon your borders thrown,
 " I seek some respite in a land unknown. 450
 " If e'er religion could your bosoms move,
 " If mighty *Jove* the stranger's friend you love;
 " If e'er compassion in those breasts could reign;
 " O shew some pity, and relieve my pain.
 " In this extensive tract some space allot,
 " However poor and barren be the spot;
 " Some craggy rock, or some deserted strand
 " Where I a rising city may command:
 " Which may, at least, some faint resemblance boast
 " Of lost *Ætolia*, and my native coast. 460

IMITATIONS.

Verse 450, *Virg. Æn.* 10, and *Æn.* 11.

" Small

" Small is the boon for which I humbly sue,
" Some fields untill'd, and unimprov'd by you.
" In strictest peace and friendship will we dwell;
" Your ev'ry foe shall our resentment feel:
" The same our int'rest, and the same our cause,
" Permit us only to enjoy our laws."

As *Diomedes* thus his grief declar'd,

Attentive still *Telemachus* appear'd,
While ev'ry feature struggled to disclose
Each kind, and tender sentiment that rose. 470

When first to paint his tedious toils he strove,
He hop'd this stranger might *Ulysses* prove:
His name once heard, the disappointed youth
With colour chang'd receiv'd th' unwelcome truth.

As when the nipping North with cruel blast
Some blooming beauteous flow'r forbids to last.

That wrath of heav'n which *Diomedes* pursu'd,
His father's suff'rings, and his own renew'd.

Through grief, through joy, tears trickled down his face,
He sprung to clasp him in a close embrace. 480

" In me," he cried, "*Ulysses*' son you view,

" The great *Ulysses* whom at *Troy* you knew;

" Well may you recollect his friendly aid

" When *Rhesus*' fiery steeds you captive made.

" The Gods alike with persecuting rage

" Both him, and you, in endless toils engage.

" If ought of truth infernal pow'rs can tell,

" Still, still, on earth doth Great *Ulysses* dwell.

" But, oh! no more must I that father see!

" Survive he may; but lives no more for me. 490

" To

“ To search him out I left my native land,
“ No sight of him, or that, can now command.
“ Judge then, by all the miseries I’ve seen,
“ How well I know to pity other men.
“ This wholesome lesson can affliction give:
“ With grief to sympathize, and woe relieve.
“ A stranger here, and in a foreign land
“ I yet can aid for *Diomede* command:
“ That *Greek*, whose valour so superior shone,
“ Excelling all, but *Thetis*’ warlike son. 500
“ Though long oppress’d my *Ithaca* remain’d,
“ Ere I to youth, and manhood had attain’d:
“ Yet those my tutors I acquit of blame;
“ They taught me early *Diomedes*’ fame.
“ The Kings, you see, are gen’rous and humane,
“ To them this truth appears at all times plain;
“ The greatest virtue, courage, upon earth,
“ Without humanity, are little worth.
“ Misfortune adds new lustre to the great,
“ This can alone their character compleat: 510
“ Without distress, no pattern could they give
“ How men with patient fortitude should live.
“ Afflicted virtue softens ev’ry breast,
“ That e’er one virtuous sentiment possess.
“ Ours be the task then comfort to provide,
“ Since here the Gods your wandring footsteps guide.
“ Good heav’n in this a precious gift design’d,
“ And bless’d are we, in this occasion kind.”
As thus he spake, with infinite surprise
Th’ *Aetolian* Monarch fix’d his wond’ring eyes. 520
Nor

Nor paus'd they longer, but as ancient friends
Each for th' embrace his eager arms extends.

"O worthy offspring," *Diomed* exclaim'd,

"Of dear *Ulysses* for his wisdom fam'd;

"In you his sweet complacency I find,

"His graceful aspect, and exalted mind;

"His matchless virtues here resplendent shine,

"His elocution, and his sense divine."

Next *Philoctetes* to embrace him ran,
And each the series of his toils began. 530

When *Philoctetes*, interrupting, cries,

"Doubtless poor *Nestor* would rejoice your eyes:

"Alas! for brave *Pisistratus* he moans,

"The last, the dearest of his valiant sons.

"To him no prospect of delight appears,

"To death he journeys through the vale of tears.

"Away, and comfort his declining age;

"A suff'ring friend can best his grief assuage."

Forthwith together they, with eager haste,

To the pavilion of grave *Nestor* past: 540

Who scarce, at first, his much lov'd friend could know,

So sunk with care, and stupified with woe.

This tender meeting made his griefs return,

For *Diomedes* mingled kind concern,

But soon the presence of an ancient friend

His deep distress could, by degrees, suspend:

Soon did his anguish visibly abate,

Since he himself could all its cause relate;

And condescend at length to lend an ear,

While *Diomed* in turn should his declare. 550

Meanwhile th' assembled Kings in council sate
And on the *Daunian* Sov'reign held debate.
Ulysses' son as his opinion gave,
" That fruitful *Arpos* *Diomede* should have :
" While brave *Polydamas*, of *Daunian* race,
" Should wield the sceptre in *Adrastus'* place."
No common fame this leader had acquir'd,
By which *Adrastus'* jealousy was fir'd,
Who no commission ventur'd to afford,
Lest he eclips'd the glory of his lord. 560
Oft to his Sov'reign had this chief disclos'd,
That he his realm, his royal life expos'd ;
While unadvis'd he thus a war design'd,
Against such multitudes in league combin'd.
Oft aim'd he sense of justice to create,
And moderation tow'rd each neighb'ring state.
But great offenders who the truth despise,
Abhor the friend that dares with truth advise.
Deaf to his thoughts sincere, his honest zeal ;
His kind affection will they never feel. 570
The flatt'rer fortune steel'd *Adrastus'* heart,
'Gainst all advice which friendship could impart :
He found by spurning it his grandeur rose,
Each day produc'd some conquest o'er his foes,
For brutal force, or breach of faith, or pride ;
Could still secure the vict'ry on his side.
And nought of all *Polydamas* foresaw,
Approach'd to hurt him, or his mind to awe.
He therefore mock'd him as a tim'rous fool,
His wise predictions turn'd to ridicule. 580
That

That Chief was now the object of his hate,
 Ne'er would he trust him in affairs of state;
 No fit reward would to his virtues give,
 Obscure, in want, permitted him to live.
 At first to sad dejection gave he place,
 O'erwhelm'd, confounded, with this dire disgrace.
 Yet hence that best of knowledge seem'd to learn,
 The vain parade of greatness to discern:
 By this experience he enrich'd his mind,
 Ev'n in misfortune comfort could he find: 590
 Content with little could affliction bear,
 T'investigate the truth his only care;
 Give private virtues cultivation due,
 More bright than those, more dazzling to the view.
 In short preserv'd an independent state,
 Nor fondly wish'd the favour of the great.
 At foot of *Garganus* his seat he chose,
 Where overarching high the rock arose:
 His thirst allay'd he from a tinkling rill,
 With fair cascade forth issuing from the hill; 600
 While all the neighb'ring trees their aid afford,
 And deck with various fruits his frugal board.
 Two slaves employ'd he to manure his land,
 Himself assisted with laborious hand;
 The grateful soil repaid with large increase,
 No wants he felt, and suffer'd no distress.
 Had pulse, and fruits of ev'ry kind in store,
 With ev'ry fragrant variegated flow'r.

IMITATION.

Verse 593, *Sall. Bell. Catilin. de Marco Catone Uticensi.*

S 2

There,

There, at his ease, bewail'd their wretched state,
Whom Kings ambitious hurry to their fate: 610
Expecting there, till heav'n its wrath reveal
And make *Adrastus* its resentment feel.
The more his fame, his glory was increas'd,
The nearer he conceiv'd his fall advanc'd:
For rash imprudence, though its errors thrive,
Tho' pow'r despotic at its wish arrive;
That same success its ruin may portend:
'Tis thus that haughty Kings, and kingdoms end.
When first *Adrastus*' fore defeat he heard,
No exultation in his looks appear'd, 620
Nor joy shew'd he for what he long believ'd,
Nor that deliverance which he thence receiv'd;
But mourn'd in secret, lest the victor brave
His dearest country should attempt t' enslave.

Such was the man, and such his virtuous mind,
Ulysses' son had for the throne design'd.
Long had *Telemachus* his merit known,
His parts, his courage, equal to the crown.
That Prince, by *Mentor*'s admonition wise,
Not only mark'd the conduct of th' Allies; 630
But of his foes a just discernment had,
And all their qualities both good and bad.
Yet chiefly those did his attention draw
In whom uncommon excellence he saw.

Th' assembled Kings when they his choice perceiv'd,
At first that judgement indiscreet believ'd:
"Sufficient cause," said they, "had all before
"A martial King in *Daunia* to abhor.

"This

" This enterprizing and experienc'd Chief
" Again may plunge us in our former grief." 640
" 'Tis true *Polydamas*," the Prince replied,
" In warlike state is worthy to preside;
" But Peace desires he with her sweets divine,
" These should you wish, these qualities to join.
" For who by long experience is aware
" Of all the toils, and miseries of war;
" With greater ease those dangers can avoid,
" Than one whose cares were never thus employ'd.
" This man hath tasted of a life serene,
" Condemn'd *Adrastus*; had his fall foreseen: 650
" A raw misguided Prince you more should fear
" Than him whose judgement is confirm'd and clear.
" Weak inexperienc'd Kings can nought perceive,
" But as their favourites permission give:
" Or as instructed by some fawning slave,
" Whose tow'ring schemes nought undisturb'd will leave,
" Thus undesigning will they oft engage
" In desp'rate wars, which they as weakly wage.
" Nor can you e'er be certain of repose,
" From one who ne'er his own opinion knows: 660
" Who faithless, false, will drive to this extreme,
" That you must perish, or must ruin him.
" O say then is it not more safe, and good,
" More just, and worthy your illustrious blood,
" A worthy Monarch to their throne to raise,
" That ev'ry *Daunian* may your virtue praise?"

IMITATION.

Vers 643, *Plin. Panegy.* 16.

Discourse so wise with energy, and pow'r,
 At once convinc'd, brought all opinions o'er:
 Straight to the *Daunians* they their King propos'd,
 Who great impatience for the choice disclos'd. 670
 But scarce the brave *Polydamas* was nam'd,
 When thus unanimous they all exclaim'd:
 " Now rest we well assur'd the high Allies
 " Th' eternal sweets of peace, and honour prize;
 " Who thus design a Monarch for our land
 " So just, so good, so worthy to command.
 " Had they determin'd to our throne to raise
 " Some coward wretch, consign'd to wanton ease;
 " We then had view'd them with a stedfast hate,
 " As those who labour'd to subvert the state: 680
 " With secret indignation had we seen
 " A conduct so oppressive, and so mean.
 " But great their candour, frankly will we own,
 " With such a Prince to grace the *Daunian* throne.
 " Their views are upright, just, and noble all,
 " Who could this hero to the sceptre call,
 " Whose honest soul disdains designs to frame
 " Against his country's freedom, or her fame.
 " Hear then, ye righteous Gods, whose pow'r we dread!
 " The streams shall first run backward to their head, 690
 " Ere we ungrateful banish from our mind
 " The dear remembrance of a love so kind:
 " But may our late posterity display
 " The blessings we receive this glorious day!

IMITATION.

Verse 690, *Ovid, de Pont. lib. 4. Eleg. 3.*

" From

" From age to age the pleasing truth be told;
 " And yet *Heperia* see an age of gold!"
 Next did *Ulysses'* offspring intercede,
 They *Arpos* would confer on *Diomedes*:
 " Who there," said he, " a colony may found.
 " To you by lasting obligations bound. 790
 " To you their first establishment they'll owe,
 " In lands whence you no kind of profit know.
 " Remember nature's law is mutual love:
 " That earth's too wide for mortals to improve.
 " That neighbours you must have, and those are best
 " Who, by your bounty, have the soil possess.
 " Assist a wretched King, relieve his pain;
 " By fate denied his empire to regain.
 " *Polydamas* and he, by virtue join'd
 " And justice fair (those bands of strongest kind) 710
 " In peace shall guard: and make the nations near
 " Who conquest meditate, your name revere.
 " Ye *Daunian* Chiefs, full plainly you perceive
 " A worthy Sov'reign to your realm we give:
 " One, who in merit will superior rise,
 " And can exalt your glory to the skies:
 " Give us in turn (who condescend to sue)
 " That tract of land, which useless is to you.
 " Confer it on a King that's valiant, brave,
 " Your best assistance meriting to have." 720
 " Nought," they replied, " refus'd they to bestow
 " On them to whom *Polydamas* they owe."
 In search of him they instantly proceed,
 To him their sceptre and their crown decreed.

But first, to *Diomede* the fertile plain
 Of *Arpos* gave they, where to fix his reign.
 Th' Allies at this transported seem'd with joy :
 Because this colony arriv'd from *Troy*,
 With succours powerful themselves could aid ;
 If e'er the *Daunians* should again invade. 730
 Uncertain when as foes they might arise,
Adrastus having shewn the tempting prize.
 Nought more the Chiefs confederate detain'd,
 Each thought of parting for his proper land :
Telemachus with tears his *Cretans* rais'd,
 With great affection *Diomede* embrac'd ;
 Of prudent *Nestor* took a tender leave,
 Who still was doom'd incessantly to grieve ;
 A last adieu to *Philoctetes* gave,
 Who well deserv'd *Alcides*' arms to have. 740

END OF THE TWENTY-FIRST BOOK.



BOOK XXII.

THE ARGUMENT.

Telemachus, on his arrival at Salentum, is astonished to see the Country so well cultivated, and to find so little appearance of magnificence in the City. Mentor explains to him the reasons of this extraordinary change, points out to him those defects which commonly obstruct the prosperity of a State, and proposes for his imitation the conduct and mode of Government pursued by Idomeneus. Telemachus after this opens his heart to Mentor in regard to the passion he entertained for Antiope the daughter of Idomeneus. Mentor concurs heartily with him in the praise of her good qualities, assures him that the Gods design her for his Consort: but that at present he should think of nothing but his departure for Ithaca, and how to rescue Penelope from the persecution of her suitors.

ULYSSES' blooming son impatient grew,

Till he again his dearest Mentor view;
 And plough with him, for Ithaca, the main,
 Where now, he hop'd, his honour'd sire might reign.
 Scarce on Salentum's borders he arriv'd,
 When with amazement he the change perceiv'd.

IMITATION.

Verse 3, Hom. Odyss. 1.

That

That barren desert soil he left behind,
 A garden grown, with fruits of ev'ry kind;
 While learning, arts, and industry declare
 Th' effects of wisdom, and of *Mentor's* care. 19
 Next enter'd he the town, which less display'd
 Of former useless trades, and vain parade.
 Reform so strange his indignation fir'd,
 For much he pomp and elegance admir'd.
 But soon far diff'rent sentiments arise,
 When *Mentor* and the King now met his eyes.
 With joy transported of the tend'rest kind,
 No past successes could elate his mind;
 But apprehensions strange his bosom seiz'd,
 Lest haply *Mentor* should appear displeas'd. 20
 Thus, step by step, as nearer him he came,
 His features mark'd he, if they threaten'd blame.

Lo! first, *Idomeneus* his arms had rais'd,
 And with paternal tenderness embrac'd;
 When now *Telemachus* dispell'd his fears,
 Flew to his *Mentor*, bath'd him with his tears.
 Well pleas'd perceiv'd that venerable man,
 And thus in terms affectionate began:

" Good in the main the conduct you display'd,
 " Tho' great the faults to which you were betray'd. 30
 " Those faults have taught you with discernment just,
 " To know your frailty, and yourself distrust.
 " And oft advantage greater far proceeds
 " From slips, and failings, than from fairest deeds.
 " These but inspire us with presumptuous thought
 " By which in greatest dangers are we brought.

" While

" While errors teach us all our hearts t'explore,
 " Restoring wisdom which was lost before.
 " What now remains, is with neglect to view
 " All mortal praise, and give the Gods their due. 40
 " Great are th'exploits, the deeds you have atchiev'd,
 " Yet own from Heav'n you all the pow'r receiv'd.
 " Observ'd you not when they your bosom fir'd,
 " And with a warmth before unknown inspir'd?
 " And when with rash impetuous rage you glow'd,
 " Risqu'd you not losing all which they bestow'd?
 " Perceiv'd you not when *Pallas* first, with pain,
 " Transform'd, and chang'd you to a diff'rent man?
 " What time superior to yourself you grew
 " To compass things that Goddesses had in view? 50
 " She, she alone to glorious acts compell'd;
 " From fatal errors, and from crimes withheld:
 " As mighty *Neptune* wonders can perform,
 " The whirlwind bridle, and dispel the storm."

While brave *Idomeneus* in converse held
 His *Cretan* troops returning from the field;
 A close attention seem'd the Prince to lend
 To prudent counsels, of his virtuous friend:
 Then, with amazement, cast his eyes around,
 Nor could account for all the change he found. 60
 " Alas!" said he, " did any dire alarms
 " Of pestilence, or plague, or hostile arms;
 " Invade *Salentum*; while at distance far
 " I with *Adrastus* wag'd a tedious war?
 " Whence comes it that no more those turrets rise,
 " Those beauteous spires which erst approach'd the skies?
 " No

- " No more with gold, or silver are ye blest,
" No more of wealth, and orient gems possess.
" Your habits, buildings, despicable grown,
" Drooping your arts, and desert is your town." 70
This *Mentor* heard, and with a smile return'd;
" Have you with care the country round discern'd?"
" I have," said he; " with pleasure did I view
" That husbandry obtain'd its honours due.
" That ev'ry fertile field delightful smil'd,
" Before neglected, barren and untill'd."
" Which then," said *Mentor*, " most deserves our care?
" A stately town with columns high in air,
" With silver, and with gold superbly deckt,
" While the waste soil imprudent we neglect; 80
" Or waving harvests, and a rich champaign,
" While the plain town preserves the golden mean?
" A sumptuous city stock'd with artists rare,
" Whose toil but serves men's morals to impair;
" Whose territory round with nought is stor'd,
" That can subsistence to its lords afford;
" Like some great-headed monster doth appear,
" Whose limbs emaciate no proportion bear.
" 'Tis numbers infinite, abundance great,
" Compose the strength, and riches of a state. 90
" Such are the tribes *Idomeneus* commands,
" Who toil incessant to improve his lands:
" His multitudes are now so num'rous grown
" His realm appears but as a single town.
" This realm *Salentum* for its centre boasts,
" Far hence transport we all superfluous hosts,

" And

" And to the country from the town remove,
 " Whose constant labour may the soil improve.
 " Moreover, here all strangers welcome are
 " To join their aid, and in our wealth to share: 100
 " The more our tribes, our multitudes abound,
 " The more their toil shall fertilize the ground.
 " Thus grows the state in unmolested peace,
 " Conquest, and triumph, would advance it less.
 " Nor scorn we arts but what th' industrious spoil,
 " And make them slack to cultivate the soil.
 " Corrupt the wealthy, to excesses drive;
 " To pride, and wanton ease, admission give.
 " No lib'ral arts from us obstruction find:
 " True genius meets with our indulgence kind. 110
 " Such are the means *Idomeneus* have rais'd
 " To greater pow'r, than what before you prais'd.
 " That dazzling splendour you before survey'd,
 " Which inward weakness and defect betray'd,
 " Had caus'd his fall: while now, with greater ease,
 " Far greater numbers he supported sees.
 " Inur'd to labour, and contempt of life,
 " All now are ready for the glorious strife.
 " Whene'er occasion calls them to the field,
 " To guard a country which themselves have till'd, 120
 " Soon shall *Salentum*, which you think so mean,
 " Be the great mistress of *Hesperia* seen.
 " Two things, *Telemachus*, remember well,
 " Destruction threaten to the public weal.
 " The first, unbounded arbitrary sway;
 " The next, when soft luxurious arts betray:

" And

- " And rarely shall you find those rulers wise,
" Who can the proper remedy advise.
" Whene'er the tyrant's will becomes his law,
" Unbridled passion may the subject awe: 130
" But thence no true authority can spring,
" It cancels all the powers of a King.
" No certain rules of government remain,
" No stated maxims to support his reign.
" All then will strive by flattery to please,
" A race of slaves, that hourly must decrease:
" For who the truth will venture to declare,
" Or stem a torrent which no bounds can bear?
" All, all must yield, no prudence can withstand,
" The wise in secret mourn, or fly the land. 140
" Nought but convulsion, revolution strange,
" Will then be able to effect a change:
" Unusual forces must the patriots join,
" Within its banks the current to confine;
" Which very force too frequently is found
" T'inflict a lasting, and a fatal wound.
" Nought threatens public safety to insnare,
" As when prerogative is strain'd too far:
" So bows o'erstretch'd inevitably break,
" If none in time the lab'ring string shall slack. 150
" Yet say, from whence this kind assistance flows,
" Or who will dare his Sov'reign to oppose?
" The charms of pow'r *Idomeneus* deceiv'd,
" To this he all things possible believ'd.
" 'Twas this dethron'd, and robb'd him of his *Crete*;
" Yet not a friend discover'd the deceit.

" The

- " The Gods were forc'd in pity to befriend,
 " And us at length, to disabuse him send.
 " To teach, that pow'r exorbitant and vain,
 " Is ill befitted to the state of man. 160
 " In short a miracle was needful grown,
 " To make *Idomeneus* his follies own.
 " The second evil of most desp'rate kind
 " Is this, when Lux'ry shall a people blind.
 " As pow'r too great is poison to a King,
 " So this, perdition will to nations bring.
 " Mark now th' excuse which fondly they pretend,
 " The Poor are fed by what the Rich expend.
 " As though the Needy could not better thrive,
 " Bless'd with the various fruits which earth can give. 170
 " As though Heav'n form'd them in such wretched state
 " That they must live by Vices of the Great.
 " Hence for those trifling toys a passion springs,
 " All look on these as necessary things:
 " While ev'ry day they stand in need of more,
 " Of things they knew not thirty years before.
 " Thus hourly each by other is surpass,
 " 'Tis call'd politeness, elegance, and taste.
 " And Vice, so pregnant with a thousand ills,
 " Each, as a Virtue, in his child instills. 180
 " The dire contagion spreads from man to man,
 " Till ev'n the rabble spendthrifts grow, and vain:
 " The Royal Blood, beneath their Sov'reign's eye,
 " Presume with his magnificence to vye:

IMITATION.

Verse 183, *La Font.* 1. fab. 3.

" The

- " The Great Nobility with these contend,
 " To rank of Peers the Gentry would ascend;
 " None fees his fault; but even the lowest class
 " For men of figure and estate would pass.
 " Thus all t' exceed their income are betray'd,
 " Through ostentation some, and vain parade; 190
 " The rest, induc'd by bashfulness alone
 " To hide a poverty, they dare not own.
 " The sober few by nobler objects led
 " Outnumber'd seem, and fear to raise their head:
 " Discourag'd all in virtue's cause to rise,
 " And stop this deluge of o'erbearing vice.
 " All orders are confus'd, the plague begun
 " Glides swiftly forward till the realm's undone.
 " By purest minds are riches then desired,
 " To furnish out a pomp by all admir'd: 200
 " And sordid wealth usurps the place of fame,
 " Branded alone is penury with shame.
 " Have you all knowledge human, and divine,
 " That art can reach, or science can define;
 " Have you a brave disinterested mind,
 " To save your country, and to serve mankind;
 " Yet in contempt shall all your virtues lie,
 " If no vain splendour shall attract the eye.
 " The poor, the needy, will their weakness hide,
 " Strive with the wealthy, in expence and pride: 210
 " Will borrow, cheat, and ev'ry art employ
 " Of impious kind, these riches to enjoy.
 " And who, alas! will then endeavours try,
 " Or proper med'cines to this ill apply?

" Men

“ Men so abandon’d must be form’d anew,
 “ Fresh model must receive; fresh laws pursue.
 “ Who, but a King of philosophic mind,
 “ A task will seek of this laborious kind;
 “ Whose frugal court may fair example give,
 “ And teach mankind more modestly to live: 220
 “ Disgrace the vain, and countenance the wise;
 “ Who then with joy to second him will rise?”

Ulysses’ son when this discourse he heard,
 As one just rous’d from soundest sleep appear’d:
 Perceiv’d the truth thus undisguis’d by art,
 And found it deep engrav’d upon his heart.
 So when a sculptor of uncommon fame,
 Some beauteous statue shall attempt to frame;
 To ev’ry feature softness will he give,
 Each motion trace, and teach the stone to live. 230
 Fix’d stood the Prince, revolving in his mind
 The wisdom of that change his friend design’d:
 Saw it in various instances exprest,
 And *Mentor*, thus in extasy address.

“ *Salentum’s* Monarch frankly will I own
 “ Is best of Kings by your assistance grown.
 “ No more himself, his people, should I know;
 “ Yours be the praise, from whom those blessings flow.
 “ Far greater glory hath your wisdom gain’d,
 “ Than we who victors have the fight maintain’d. 240
 “ Strength, and capricious chance, will largely share
 “ In all the honours of a prosp’rous war;

IMITATIONS.

Verse 219, *Claudian, 4. Cons. Hon.*

- " One half the glory of a well fought field,
 " To fellow soldiers, and our troops we yield :
 " But all the lustre of your glorious deeds,
 " From your own worth, and excellence proceeds ;
 " Who yet with Prince and people must contend,
 " Ere you their morals could so well amend.
 " War, when successful, yet is odious found :
 " Dangers, and death, encompass it around. 250
 " But here is wisdom lovely, and refin'd,
 " Unspotted, pure ; and of celestial kind,
 " Such as can due authority maintain,
 " And quite surpassing seems the reach of man.
 " Who then to fame immortal would aspire,
 " Why strives he not by goodness to acquire ?
 " Alas ! how strangely they mistake the road,
 " Who think to find it in a sea of blood !"

Mentor transported with delight appear'd,
 When from the Prince these sentiments he heard ; 260
 Thus at an age presumptuous oft, and vain
 When most success intoxicates the brain.

- He answer'd brief---" I grant that all you praise
 " Your admiration, and esteem should raise.
 " Yet know ; that virtue (if it so shall please)
 " Can soon accomplish greater things than these,
 " The King no passion suffers to rebel,
 " And all in earnest seems to govern well :
 " But, sad to say ! too frequently offends ;
 " On former faults such consequence attends. 270
 " When penitents resolve on conduct new,
 " Long time their errors, and their faults pursue :

" Invet'rate

" Invet'rate prejudice will oft prevail;
 " Their cure not easy, when their nature's frail.
 " Happy! who ne'er acquainted were with vice,
 " Since they alone can to perfection rise!
 " From you, *Telemachus*, will righteous heav'n
 " Still more require; more largely hath it giv'n.
 " To virtue train'd, in virtue have you liv'd,
 " No smiles of fortune have as yet deceiv'd. 280
 " *Idomeneus* is wise, discreet, and brave;
 " But yet to trivial matters much a slave:
 " Nor thinks enough on those important things,
 " Those plans extensive, so becoming Kings.
 " A Sov'reign's worth that's worthy of a throne,
 " Consists not wholly in himself alone:
 " Vain were his hopes, nor will the world believe
 " That unassisted he secure can live.
 " In choice of those his prudence must appear,
 " Who move beneath him in a lower sphere: 290
 " To nought should he attend of trifling sort;
 " Th' employment this, of servants of the court.
 " His proper office; their accounts to weigh,
 " And know if any shall their trust betray.
 " That Prince alone can reach fame's utmost height,
 " Who, judge of talents, can dispose them right.
 " Of perfect government the life, and soul,
 " Is these inferior servants to controul.
 " To watch, to prove, to mod'rate, and correct;
 " The good encourage, and the bad detect: 300

IMITATION.

Verse 289, *Martial*.

T 2

" Remove

- " Remove the proud, the arrogant, and vain ;
 " And still with equal hand to hold the rein.
 " For Kings, in person, ev'ry fault to find,
 " Betrays distrust, and littleness of mind :
 " While on affairs intent of little weight,
 " Of many a precious hour they rob the state.
 " Some great design to form of glorious kind,
 " Men's genius must be free, and unconfin'd :
 " Must think at ease ; no trouble should molest,
 " No anxious cares should discompose their breast. 310
 " But dissipation, vapid makes the thought,
 " Like precious wine which to the lees is brought.
 " Who govern thus, regard the present day :
 " No future, distant prospect can survey.
 " Cramp'd is their genius by the present hour :
 " Confin'd their sentiments, curtail'd their pow'r.
 " No judgement can we form distinct, and clear ;
 " But when we ev'ry circumstance compare :
 " Maturely weigh, consider the event ;
 " With just arrangement make the parts consent. 320
 " Who this neglects, like some musician vile
 " (Whose gamut circumscribes his utmost skill ;)
 " Contented seems within those narrow bounds ;
 " Nor ventures to combine those pleasing sounds ;
 " Intent on parts, he quite forgets the whole ;
 " Those thrillings airs that captivate the soul.
 " So wretched builders think their work is done,
 " When columns they amass, and heaps of stone ;

IMITATION.

Verse 325, *Hor. in Arte Poet.*

" With

- " With no one scheme, or model in their view,
 " To give these ornaments proportion due. 330
 " Thus vaulted high when the saloon appears,
 " No thought arises where to place the stairs:
 " And while, with toil, the centre they compleat;
 " The court's neglected, and forgot the gate.
 " Assemblage so confus'd, so void of art,
 " So great, so ill contriv'd in ev'ry part;
 " The bungling artist ne'er to fame can raise;
 " Ages to come shall publish his disgrace:
 " And shew how small the compass of his mind,
 " How much unequal to the work design'd. 340
 " A genius this of an inferior class,
 " Whose life in state subordinate should pass.
 " To govern well doth harmony require,
 " Sweet as in music softest notes conspire.
 " And Legislators must their work design
 " Exact as builders, with their rule and line.
 " Permit me further, with indulgence kind,
 " Of arts the just analogy to find:
 " Soon will I shew how servile is the soul,
 " To parts confin'd; unmindful of the whole. 350
 " Who in the concert with melodious sound,
 " And warbling throat, is with applauses crown'd;
 " Is yet a simple songster, and no more:
 " However great the praises they shall pour.
 " He the great master, who the concert leads;
 " From him alone the harmony proceeds.

IMITATION.

Verse 359, *Plato de Regno.*

- “ Who builds a wing, or columns cuts with pains,
“ Still but an humble artisan remains :
“ He all the praise, as architect, receives
“ Who plans, proportions, and the whole contrives. 360
“ So fares it in a State : the busy crowd
“ That bustle most, most boisterous, and loud,
“ Are all but subalterns : while him alone
“ We the first mover, and true genius own,
“ Who nought discovers to the public view,
“ And all directing, nothing seems to do.
“ 'Tis his, all methods proper to apply,
“ Foresee, review with retrospective eye ;
“ 'Tis he that thinks, contrives, and all surveys,
“ That combats fortune in the worst of days ; 370
“ (As lusty swimmers struggle with the tide,
“ Whose nervous arms the rapid surge divide.)
“ That night and day with prudence will advance ;
“ And nothing leave, if possible, to chance.
“ A painter good, can you, dear Prince, believe,
“ Will labour hard from morn, till dewy eve ;
“ In haste to finish, by the setting Sun,
“ That portrait fair, which early he begun ?
“ Ah no ! a series of such constant toil,
“ Would damp his spirit ; and his genius foil : 380
“ His fancy still, irregularly great,
“ By starts, and sallies, must the piece compleat.
“ In grinding colours will he take his share,
“ Or the rude pencil for the work prepare ?
“ A task so mean to pupils he remands,
“ Employment fitted to their servile hands :
“ Thought

- " Thought is his province, and contrivance rare;
 " T' inspire his figures with majestic air:
 " With daring hand each passion to express,
 " With life the breathing canvas to possess. 399
 " Fix'd is his mind on sentiments divine,
 " Which once in heroes he presents could shine:
 " To ages past will he attention lend,
 " To each important circumstance attend.
 " Yet thus transported, judgement must he gain,
 " And prudence meet, his ardour to restrain:
 " That all be accurate, distinct, and clear;
 " And ev'ry part a just proportion bear.
 " Suppose you now, to make a King admir'd,
 " A genius less than painter's is requir'd?" 400
 " Full plainly," said the Prince, " I now perceive
 " The force of these instructions which you give:
 " Yet Kings must err, and from their duty swerve,
 " Who fail, in person, all things to observe."
 " 'Tis you that err," said *Mentor*, " you alone;
 " Enough the rules of government are known,
 " When you a gen'ral knowledge shall attain:
 " By this are Princes qualified to reign.
 " Who to first principles a stranger lives,
 " And no diversity in men perceives; 410
 " In error's path eternally must stray:
 " Thus dark, what marvel if he miss his way?
 " Unknowing what should be his proper aim,
 " Distrustful grows he, ever prone to blame:

IMITATION.

Verse 385, *Plin. Nat. Hist.* 35.

T 4

" With

" With him the virtuous less indulgence find,
 " Than servile flatt'ers of corruptest mind.
 " But those who govern by some certain plan,
 " And know the various qualities of man;
 " These know how far to hope, and can perceive,
 " The proper means at what they want t' arrive. 420
 " These can distinguish, by one gen'ral glance,
 " What friends may best their interest advance:
 " Who most of genius, and true worth disclose,
 " T' accomplish those designs, themselves propose.
 " Unmov'd by circumstance of little weight,
 " Free is their genius for affairs of state.
 " Can look through all, to one main point attend;
 " And mark who promise best t' attain the end.
 " Rarely deceiv'd in things of weightier kind,
 " Small inconvenience from the rest they find. 430
 " Thus soar they far above that jealous heat,
 " Which vulgar souls can discompose, and fret:
 " And know, while human services they need,
 " From human frailties they can ne'er be freed.
 " More suffer by distrust unsteady Kings,
 " More evil hence, than ev'n from knav'ry springs.
 " Happy the man, who but in part deceiv'd,
 " In greater matters hath successful liv'd!
 " Success in these his labours will reward:
 " Souls truly great this only will regard. 440
 " 'Tis true, severest punishment should fall
 " On fraud detected; and the crimes of all:
 " But some deceit must he expect to see,
 " Who would from greater villainies be free.

" The

" The mean mechanic fully understands
 " The ware he vends, the labour of his hands;
 " But Kings exalted to a greater height,
 " Nor all can view, nor all direct aright.
 " Their proper province to conduct, and guide
 " In things, where none so fitly can preside. 450
 " Nor should they wish all trivial things to learn,
 " But what the public safety may concern.
 " For you, *Telemachus*, the Gods above
 " Incessant watch; you, honour with their love,
 " In all your happiness a part they bear,
 " On Wisdom's basis fix'd a throne prepare.
 " For your instruction do they thus befriend,
 " And to *Idomeneus* these blessings send.
 " Those regulations you discover here,
 " Will but as shadows of your own appear 460
 " When *Ithaca* you rule in regal state,
 " With virtues equal to your glorious fate.
 " 'Tis time we sail. The King long since ordain'd
 " A bark, to waft us to our native land."
 With care oppress'd, the Prince here sought relief,
 And to his friend unbosom'd all his grief;
 Frankly declar'd th' affliction which he bore,
 And why so loth to leave *Salentum's* shore.
 " Alas! I fear," said he, " t' incur your blame
 " When thus so oft I catch the am'rous flame: 470
 " Yet would my heart upbraid me should I hide
 " How much I wish *Antiope* my bride.
 " No passion now, dear *Mentor*, doth beguile
 " Like that you cur'd, when in *Calypso's* isle.

" For,

- " For, oh ! long since, and to my cost I've found,
 " How deep had *Eucharis* infix'd the wound.
 " Nor time, nor absence can her form remove :
 " Her name recalls the racking pains of love.
 " From sad experience have I learn'd, at length,
 " Greatly to doubt my fortitude, and strength : 480
 " But, from this daughter of *Salentum's* King,
 " Celestial maid ! no ills like these can spring,
 " No passion this extravagant, and blind ;
 " But a just sense of her exalted mind ;
 " And firm persuasion, that with her to live,
 " Were greatest bliss th' Immortals have to give.
 " If bounteous Heav'n, which grateful I adore,
 " *Ulysses* e'er in pity shall restore ;
 " And licence give me to select a fair ;
 " She, she alone is worthy of my care. 490
 " Her silence charms me, and that modest mien,
 " That sweet reserve ; in all her gestures seen.
 " Mark with what diligence she spends her hours ;
 " Excelling nature in th' embroider'd flow'rs.
 " How plies the wheel, doth o'er the Court preside,
 " Since first the Queen, her royal mother, died !
 " With what contempt she views all gay attire,
 " Forgets, or knows not charms which all admire !
 " What time the King commands her to advance
 " With *Gretan* virgins, in the mazy dance ; 500
 " To dulcet flutes with soft melodious airs ;
 " Like smiling *Venus* beauteous she appears.

IMITATION.

Verse 503, *Hor. lib. 1. Od. 4.*

" When

- " When to the sylvan scene the chace he leads,
 " Like great *Diana* she majestic treads:
 " Like her expert the silver bow to bend;
 " While all her Nymphs the Deity attend.
 " Th' admiring crowd behold her all amaz'd,
 " She only knows not what their wonder rais'd.
 " See her to Temples of the Gods proceed,
 " And bear the sacred basket on her head; 510
 " Her looks so graceful, so divine her air;
 " She seems the power which inhabits there.
 " With what devotion, and religious dread,
 " The trembling victim have we seen her lead
 " Heav'n's wrath to stay, and expiate our crimes:
 " When omens sad foretold unhappy times!
 " And when surrounded by her virgin train
 " The golden needle doth her hand sustain;
 " *Minerva's* self incarnate doth she seem,
 " All arts inspiring which deserve esteem. 520

NOTES.

Verse 505, *Like her expert the silver bow to bend*—*Diana*, who was one of the twelve Gods *Majorum Gentium*, was the peculiar patroness of sportsmen; and was therefore described with a bow in her hand. Her Priests were all Eunuchs. The original statue of this Goddess at *Ephesus* was made of ebony, and was believed to have fallen down from heaven at the command of *Jupiter*.

Verse 510, *And bear the sacred basket*—It was customary at the heathen sacrifices, besides other baskets filled with fruits and flowers, to have one particularly in which was concealed the sacred knife that was to cut the throat of the victim. This was covered over with a mixture of flour and salt.

IMITATIONS.

Verse 504, *Hom. Odyss.* 6.

Verse 519, *Ovid. Met.* 6.

" Her

" Her fair example animates the rest,
 " Excites, enlivens, when with toil oppress'd.
 " Etherial sweetness to her voice belongs,
 " And heav'n thus prais'd may listen to her songs.
 " No hand like her's th'embroider'd loom can paint,
 " Picture to this were languishing, and faint.
 " Thrice happy youth whom *Hymen* hath ordain'd
 " With her t' associate in the nuptial band !
 " One only cause of fear can he perceive;
 " Such charms to lose, such excellence survive. 530
 " Hear, *Mentor* ! hear me ev'ry Pow'r above !
 " Prepar'd I stand and ready to remove.
 " Long as I live, and draw this vital air,
 " Will I be constant to the charming fair.
 " Yet not a moment shall my love delay,
 " Or stop to *Ibaca* my destin'd way.
 " But should some happier mortal find access
 " And in my stead the beauteous maid possess ;
 " No consolation will my grief assuage,
 " In sighs, and tears, I'll pass my wretched age. 540
 " I leave her now, am resolute to go :
 " Though all my hopes that absence may undo.
 " Of love no single accent shall she hear,
 " Nor to her fire will I that love declare :

NOTE.

Verse 527, *Thrice happy youth whom Hymen*—The son of *Bacchus* and *Venus*, and God of Marriage.

IMITATIONS.

Verse 527, *Ovid. Met. 8. and Hom. Odyss. 6.*

" To

- " To you alone I'll trust this great concern,
 " Till Great *Ulysses* to his realm return:
 " Nor will I take *Antiope* to wife,
 " Till he consent to whom I owe my life.
 " Hence, dearest *Mentor*, may you clearly find
 " How diff'rent this from that affection blind 550
 " Which in *Calypso's* isle you justly blam'd:
 " When all my soul fair *Eucharis* inflam'd."
 " I see," replied his venerable friend,
 " I see the diff'rence and must needs commend.
 " Fair is *Antiope*, discreet, and wise:
 " No task so mean the courteous Nymph denies.
 " Prudence, and foresight, to that maid belong:
 " Compos'd, yet brisk; and mistress of her tongue.
 " At all times active nought can discompose:
 " She the fit season for all duties knows. 560
 " Her fire's well-order'd Court her glory speaks
 " Thence she more honour than from beauty seeks.
 " Though great the burthen she's compell'd to bear,
 " To curb, refuse, and rule with frugal care:
 " (A task invidious which dissention sows
 " And to contempt all others would expose)
 " Yet lives she still belov'd, by all carest:
 " No raging passions discompose her breast,
 " No female levities engross her heart,
 " Capricious humour, or dissembling art. 570
 " Her looks obey they, her displeasure fear,
 " Her ev'ry order is distinct, and clear;
 " Nought hard imposing as she nought neglects,
 " With mildness charms ev'n then when she corrects.

" Bless'd

- " Bless'd in a daughter, and a faithful friend ;
 " Safe on her prudence can the King depend ;
 " As on the tender grass securely laid,
 " The sun-burnt traveller enjoys the shade.
 " You chuse, *Telemachus*, a worthy bride :
 " Pursuit deserving through the world so wide. 580
 " For here no tinsel ornaments we find ;
 " Plain, unadorn'd in body, and in mind.
 " Her fancy lively, tho' reserv'd her air ;
 " Nor knows a thought but what the world may hear.
 " But when she speaks what soft persuasion flows,
 " What genuine grace in ev'ry period glows !
 " All stand attentive, ev'ry voice is hush
 " What time prevented by the rising blush,
 " Scarce to those truths an utterance can she give
 " Which all around are eager to receive. 590
 " Recall you not, when on a certain day
 " She came her father's summons to obey ?
 " What time we saw this modesty prevail
 " Her eyes on earth and hid beneath her veil ?
 " What beauteous arguments she brought t' assuage
 " The furious Monarch, and to calm his rage ;
 " What time a slave transgress'd his high command
 " And there for punishment was held enchain'd ?
 " At first, to soften, part she took with him :
 " Then offer'd much t' extenuate the crime, 600
 " Without upbraiding with his transport rude,
 " To justice, mercy, all his soul subdu'd ?

IMITATION.

Verse 577, *Virg. Eclog. 5.*

" More

- " More soothing counsel *Tethys* never gave
 " *Nereus* to calm and still the troubled wave.
 " So shall *Antiope* (without pretence
 " To charms uncommon, or superior sense)
 " Reign one day mistress of her husband's heart:
 " Recall his reason, should it e'er depart,
 " Skilful to calm, and concord sweet inspire;
 " As when her hand now sweeps th' harmonious lyre. 610
 " Once more, *Telemachus*, your choice I praise;
 " The Gods design her for your dear embrace.
 " A love so rightly plac'd shall nought prevent,
 " But first *Ulysses* must afford consent.
 " Just was the thought your sentiments to hide:
 " To me reveal them, and to none beside:
 " For know, were she of your design appriz'd,
 " Your suit had fail'd: yourself had been despis'd.
 " No mortal breathing can engage her love,
 " But whom her Royal father shall approve. 620
 " To one that's perfect will her hand be giv'n,
 " Just to all human kind, and true to Heav'n.
 " Both you and I her bashfulness discern,
 " How rarely she appears since your return:
 " She knows the glory which your arms obtain'd,
 " A full account too of your birth has gain'd;

NOTE.

Verse 603, *More soothing counsel Tethys*—Daughter of Heaven and *Vesta*, and mother of the Sea Nymphs and Rivers.

IMITATION.

Verse 621, *Plautus*.

" The

- " The toils you bore, the wonders heav'n hath wrought!
 " Her great reserve's the consequence of thought.
 " Away, and with the first propitious wind
 " Once more attempt we *Ithaca* to find! 630
 " Here ends my charge: nor ought desire I more,
 " But you to dear *Ulysses* to restore;
 " And put you in a state that bride to hold
 " Of virtues equal to the age of gold.
 " Fed she, a shepherd's girl, her fleecy care,
 " Compell'd the frosts of *Algidus* to bear;
 " Not born a Princess;---yet of her possess
 " Were you indeed superlatively blest!"

NOTE.

Verse 636, *Compell'd the frosts of Algidus*—A mountain of *Italy*, about twelve miles from *Rome*.

IMITATIONS.

Verse 636, lib. 1. *Od.* 21. and lib. 3. *Od.* 23.

END OF THE TWENTY-SECOND BOOK.



BOOK XXIII.

THE ARGUMENT.

Idomeneus under great concern lest his two Guests should leave him, proposes to Mentor many Affairs of an intricate nature: assuring him of his utter inability to settle them without his assistance. Mentor shews him in what manner he ought to demean himself, and continues firm in his determination to conduct Telemachus back to Ithaca. Idomeneus attempts once more to detain them, by exciting the passion of this last for Antiope: in order to this, he engages them in a hunting party, at which he directs that his Daughter shall be present. She was there in great danger of being torn to pieces by a wild Boar, had not Telemachus protected her. He feels great reluctance at the thoughts of quitting her, and taking leave of the King her Father: but animated by Mentor, he gets the better of his anxiety, and embarks for his native country.

SALENTUM's Monarch, who with grief of heart
 Perceiv'd his friends now ready to depart,
 All means employ'd their voyage to delay,
 And raise some new obstruction in their way;
 To Mentor urg'd, without his counsel kind
 Ne'er could he hope to settle to his mind,

Or *Helicodorus*' discontent remove,
 With *Diophanes*, Priest of mighty *Jove*.
 Each practis'd diff'rent, his divining art,
 By flight of birds, and by the victim's heart. 10
 "Wherefore should you," said *Mentor*, "why should Kings
 "Officious interfere in sacred things?
 "Leave to th' *Etruscans* these---to whom is giv'n
 "The dark decrees to know, and will of Heav'n:
 "Be then your high authority content
 "With stifling early, what you can't prevent.

NOTES.

Verse 10, *By flight of birds, &c.*—Among the ancients there were three sorts of Diviners, the *Aruspices*, the *Auspices*, and the *Augures*. The business of the first, was to foretell things to come by the observation of the entrails of beasts slain in sacrifice. The second made a discovery of the will of the Gods, by means of the different flight and number of the birds which then appeared to them. And the *Augures* did the same by the chirping and chattering of these birds. The *Roman Augurs* had still another method which was called *tripudium*, viz. very early in the morning they threw crumbs of bread to some chickens. If they came eagerly to the bread and eat greedily of it, this was a token of success: if not, the contrary. This custom is thought to have been derived from the *Lycians*, who used to repair in the same manner to a fountain which was dedicated to *Apollo*, and throw in baits to the fish. As the fish received, or refused these baits, they formed their judgment of the good or ill fortune of the intended enterprize.

Verse 13, *Leave to th' Etruscans*—The *Etruscans*, who were a very ancient nation, and supposed to be descended from the *Phenicians*, were early famous for their religious observances, and became to the *Romans* the great authors of most of that superstition which obtained among them. This is plainly asserted by *Tully*, *Livy*, and *Diodorus Siculus*: insomuch that every thing which related to Augury and Divination was emphatically stiled *Disciplina Etrusca*.

IMITATION.

Verse 13, *Cic. Epist. fam. lib. 6, Ep. 6.*

"No

" No partial prejudice must you betray,
 " But ev'ry circumstance discreetly weigh;
 " And when at length the cause decision gain,
 " The firm decree with all your pow'r maintain. 20
 " For know, that Kings are still inferior far,
 " And no dominion o'er Religion bear;
 " From Heav'n itself the glorious Maid descends,
 " A Prince in vain to model her pretends.
 " When busy Monarchs thus attempt to save,
 " They curb her freedom, and still more enslave.
 " So vast a difference in the pow'r is seen
 " Of mighty Kings, compar'd with other men,
 " That all Religion is in danger brought,
 " If chang'd, and alter'd, as they shift their thought. 30
 " And, thus unmindful of their regal state,
 " In doubtful points must manage the debate.
 " From such contentions live you then retir'd,
 " Leave them to mortals for this end inspir'd.
 " Enough that you full powers shall retain
 " The disobedient fitly to restrain."

Again the King his sad complaint renew'd,
 Of strange embarrassment and private feud;
 Of various suits which interrupt his rest,
 Where all requir'd to be by him redrest. 40
 " Decide," said *Mentor*, " ev'ry private cause
 " Of gen'ral use, which may explain your laws:
 " But condescend not you to take a share
 " In little piques, unworthy of your care.
 " For endless were the task, and hard your fate,
 " If you alone must finish the debate.

- " Inferior Judges thus were useless grown,
 " And ev'ry trifle would besiege the throne:
 " Your hours of business thus would trifles seize,
 " Yet never rightly could you settle these. 50
 " Beware of this: your dignity support,
 " And back remand to some inferior Court.
 " Your proper task perform, but ne'er enlarge,
 " Thus you all kingly duties shall discharge."
 " Still am I press'd," *Idomeneus* reply'd,
 " T' enrich each greedy foll'wer with a bride:
 " Those high-born Peers who their assistance lent,
 " And all their substance in my wars have spent,
 " Would now be recompenc'd for all their harms,
 " By taking each an heiress to his arms. 60
 " One word from me, they say, would fix their fate,
 " And in the nuptial band their bliss compleat."
 " 'Tis true," said *Mentor*, " you can aid afford,
 " Can fix their fortune by a single word.
 " But oh! that word, with reason must I fear,
 " Would make the purchase infinitely dear.
 " Will you attempt with arbitrary voice,
 " The tender parent to deprive of choice;
 " Suppress at once the consolation great
 " Of worthy sons, and heirs to their estate? 70
 " Too harsh, and cruel, would this usage seem,
 " Reducing all to servitude extreme.
 " Yourself must answer for the dire event;
 " Domestic jars which rise from discontent.

IMITATION.

Verse 53, *Plato de Regno.*

" That

" That state already thorns sufficient knows,
 " To greater still 'twere needless to expose.
 " Have you a friend, and would reward his toil?
 " A share assign him in your barren soil.
 " Give him precedence, rank, and honours due,
 " Proportion'd to the worth you have in view. 80
 " If need require, some bounties may you add
 " From public funds, and savings you have made:
 " But aim not thus his friendship to reward,
 " Subjecting parents to conditions hard."

Another question next the King propos'd,
 Which thus to *Mentor* briefly he disclos'd:
 " The *Sibarites*," said he, " complain of wrong,
 " That lands are seiz'd which to themselves belong;
 " That we a spacious tract to strangers give,
 " Where once themselves could unmolested live: 90
 " Shall I, a Sov'reign, thus ignobly bow,
 " And each pretence that specious seems allow?
 " To such concessions will no end be found,
 " Incessant claims will multiply around."
 " No justice here," said *Mentor*, " can I see,
 " That these as judges for themselves should be;
 " Nor yet will any in your faith confide,
 " Should you in favour of yourself decide."

NOTE.

Verse 87, *The Sibarites*—*Sibari* was an ancient state of *Magna Græcia* in *Italy*, which had five-and-twenty towns at one time under its dominion. It was conquered by *Crotone*, and its ruins we are told are still to be seen.

IMITATION.

Verse 95, *Sen. in Med.*

U 3

" Whom

" Whom then," replied the King, " shall we believe,
 " Or who th' impartial just award shall give?" 100
 " If we," said *Mentor*, " would the truth define,
 " To neither party should we seem t' incline.
 " But from the neighb'ring states an umpire chuse
 " Disdaining prejudice, and private views.
 " Such the *Sipontines* I esteem to be;
 " No interest prompts to give th' unjust decree."
 " Must I then stoop," return'd th' indignant King,
 " Must I to strangers my pretension bring?
 " Anointed Sov'reign shall I hold the helm,
 " Yet live a cypher in *Salentum's* realm?" 110
 " Would you," said *Mentor*, " fix a lasting reign,
 " Your upright dealings must your pow'r sustain.
 " The right is their's the *Sibarites* contend,
 " Resolv'd this right undoubted to defend.
 " Two states when clashing interests divide;
 " Some friend to both the contest should decide:
 " No medium then. To this you both must yield,
 " Or trust the whole to fortune of the field.
 " Should Chance conduct you to some wretched state,
 " Where none had pow'r to finish a debate; 120
 " Where all should cause for sad complaint afford,
 " And measure justice by the longest sword;
 " How would you then abhor, how justly mourn
 " Th' unhappy realm by such dissensions torn!

NOTE.

Verse 105, *Such the Sipontines*—*Sipontum*, otherwise called *Sipus*, was situated in *Apulia* near the Mountain *Garganus*; and now makes part of the kingdom of *Naples*.

" Where

" Where not a single right was understood,
 " But each was thirsting for his neighbour's blood!
 " And can you think th' Immortal Gods above
 " Will such disorder in the world approve?
 " This globe's a single city in their eyes,
 " Kingdoms, and states, like private families: 130
 " If such the strife, the violence of all,
 " The Gods would hate this universal ball.
 " No private heir in safety can pretend
 " Those lands to hold, which from his fire descend;
 " Unless the Magistrates the laws approve,
 " And all objections to his claim remove.
 " 'Twere penal else, to treason near allied
 " To keep by force what Justice had denied.
 " Suppose you Kings may hostile arms employ,
 " O'errun their neighbours and mankind destroy? 140
 " Ah! no. All lenient methods should they try,
 " All kinder arts of soft humanity.
 " For say is Justice not more sacred far
 " When large dominions claim a Monarch's care
 " Than when a private family demands
 " Its slender pittance of paternal lands?
 " Shall he a robber infamous be nam'd
 " That one poor acre hath unjustly claim'd;
 " An hero he superlatively good
 " Who plunders provinces, profuse of blood? 150
 " In small concerns if prejudice can blind,
 " Shall we be safe in those of weightier kind?
 " Can we our interested heart believe,
 " When all conspires to make that heart deceive?

- " Shall errors pregnant with a nation's fate
 " No apprehension in our minds create?
 " When greedy Monarchs would engross too much,
 " Observe what ills await their magic touch.
 " War, famine, bloodshed will their steps attend,
 " With many headed vice which knows no end. 160
 " When fawning sycophants the throne surround,
 " Will flattery fail that Sov'reign's breast to wound?
 " But should he acquiesce in judgement fit,
 " To arbitration meet his cause submit;
 " Soon at his feet will each obstruction fall,
 " His moderation will be known to all.
 " O'errul'd by reason, prejudice must cease,
 " And truth not rigour shall establish peace.
 " The fair decision which this judge hath made
 " With deference heard is quietly obey'd. 170
 " For nought prescribes he with imperious nod,
 " For fair accommodation smooths the road;
 " To either party he'll proposals make
 " Small claims to wave for sweet composure's sake.
 " If in despite of his paternal care
 " This Prince be threaten'd with impending war,
 " Yet self-approv'd, respected shall he reign
 " And heav'n itself his righteous cause maintain."

Touch'd with these words *Idomeneus* appear'd;
 To the *Sipontines* he his cause referr'd. 180
 Perceiving now that all his efforts fail'd,
 And to protract their stay no means avail'd;
 He form'd a still more intricate design,
 And aim'd to hold them by a stronger line.

He

He saw *Telemachus* his growing love,
And to his purpose hop'd that flame t' improve.
Oft to the feast he call'd th' unwilling Fair
With warbling voice to captivate his ear;
She all submissive readily obey'd,
But sad reluctance in her looks betray'd. 190
To captivate him more would oft enjoin
The Nymph to celebrate in notes divine
With sounds melodious, and all music's charms,
Adrastus' fall, by his victorious arms.
Yet thus constrain'd with caution would she shun
To chant the praises of *Ulysses*' son.
Graceful declin'd so delicate a theme,
Nor durst her father drive to that extreme:
That melting voice, that captivating sound,
In chains of love the blooming Hero bound. 200
This saw the King, intent on all that pass'd,
With secret joy the omen he embrac'd.
Meanwhile *Telemachus*, alert and free,
The deep design pretended not to see;
Though all unable to elude the stroke,
His tow'ring soul disdain'd the servile yoke;
No more that easy victim was he seen
Which in *Calypso*'s island he had been.
Thus while the nymph with extasy he heard,
Still silent and unmov'd the youth appear'd. 210
And when she finish'd, with a cold neglect
To diff'rent subjects would the talk direct.
The King who now despair'd his ends to gain,
A chace propos'd upon the extended plain,

To

To please *Antiope*. The lovely maid
 Reluctant wept, but still her fire obey'd.
 High on a foaming steed behold her sit!
 Swift as the winds he champs the golden bit:
 Such as the stud of *Leda's* warlike son,
 Great *Castor's* self might not disdain to own. 220
 With skilful hand did she direct his pace,
 By nymphs encircled eager for the chace.
 Bright as *Diana* in the woods is seen
 Whose heav'nly maids attend their Virgin Queen.
 The Monarch saw with infinite delight,
 Insatiate gaz'd, transported with the sight:
 That darling Maid, sweet object of his love,
 Could all remembrance of past grief remove.
 The Prince too saw, was ravish'd with the view,
 Her modest looks his admiration drew: 230
 And fill'd his heaving breast with dire alarms,
 More than her skill and her attractive charms.
 The deep-mouth'd dogs a monstrous boar pursu'd,
 Fierce as the dread of *Calydonia's* wood.
 His bristling hairs like spears tremendous rise,
 And blood and fire came streaming from his eyes:
 His breath was heard at distance far behind,
 Loud as the murmur of rebellious wind,
 Which *Æolus* in vain attempts t' appease,
 And in sonorous cavern would suppress. 240

IMITATIONS.

Verse 223, *Virg. Æn.* 1.Verse 235, *Ovid. Met.* 8.

His tusks, incurv'd, of length immense appear,
Like sickles keen that reap the golden ear;
While all around where he indignant roves,
The forest bled, and prostrate fell the groves.
No daring hound began the glorious strife,
But paid the forfeit with his wretched life.
The boldest hunters, fearful to o'ertake,
With secret horror trembled for th' attack.
Swift as the Western breeze that fans the vale,
Did fair *Antiope* the brute assail. 250

And from her lovely hand a jav'lin threw,
Which purple torrents from his shoulder drew.
He high in rage perceiv'd the streaming gore,
And tenfold grew more furious than before.
Revengeful turn'd with all his force t' invade,
And threaten'd ruin to the beauteous maid.
As when some vast machine is rear'd on high,
The strength of firmest battlements to try:
Her fi'ry courser shudder'd at the sight,
And back recoil'd to shun th' unequal fight. 260

Then stumbling fell, and left the trembling fair
Expos'd to all the horrors of the war.
This saw *Telemachus* with utmost pain,
Dismounting swift as lightning to the plain,
'Twixt her, and danger, interpos'd he stood;
The monster raging for his loss of blood.
Deep in his side the spear infix'd a wound,
He roar'd aloud, and grov'ling bit the ground.

This done, the Royal Youth struck off his head,
Th' astonish'd crowd contemplate it with dread. 270

With

With bended knee presenting, was he seen
To her who reign'd his heart's unrival'd Queen.
She modest blush'd, and to her Father turn'd;
His looks consulted, and his pleasure learn'd.
Transported thus secure the nymph to find,
For whom such terrors late had fill'd his mind,
That instant did the King a signal give
The Nymph th' intended present should receive.
"Grateful," said she, "I take what you bestow,
"To whom my life, far greater gift, I owe." 280
This said, to earth she turn'd her eyes with speed,
As fearing thus she might too far proceed.
Her strange confusion could the Prince discern,
And only ventur'd on this short return:
"Blest is *Ulysses'* son, who furnish'd aid
"To save the life of so divine a maid;
"Thrice blest indeed would Heav'n his wishes crown,
"And make, in *Hymen's* bands, that maid his own!"
She nought replied, but join'd her virgin train,
Remounted on her steed, and cross'd the plain. 290
That hour the King his passion had allow'd,
And on *Ulysses'* Son the Fair bestow'd.
But hop'd delay would firmer fix her pow'r,
The chain would rivet, and inflame him more.
That when a prize so fair he should receive,
Still at *Salentum* he content would live.
Such were the thoughts engross'd the Monarch's mind
But heav'n derides the prudence of mankind.
The Prince was hasten'd by that fatal plan,
Which seem'd so well concerted to detain. 300

From

From all the soft impressions which he knew,
 Distrustful, dubious of himself he grew :
 And *Mentor* anxious for his future throe,
 With double pains now press'd him to be gone.
 Would oft for licence to the King resort,
 The bark was mann'd and ready in the port.
 Thus virtuous *Mentor* (who with constant aim
 His ward directed to the heights of fame)
 Permitted no where longer to remain
 But just experience and good sense to gain. 310

Long ere the Prince victorious left the war,
 His task had been this vessel to prepare.
 Meanwhile the Monarch with concern beheld
 He now to sad necessity must yield ;
 His plaint a breast of adamant would move
 These friends to lose so worthy of his love.
 All bath'd in tears he sought some close recess
 Where he in freedom might his griefs express :
 All sustenance refus'd, while doleful cries
 Sweet balmy sleep had banish'd from his eyes. 320

A pining atrophy consum'd his frame,
 No cordial comforts to relieve him came.
 So when a branching oak that spreads on high
 Its beauteous foliage, pointing to the sky,
 With verdant shadow shelt'ring all around,
 Of some corroding worm first feels the wound ;
 Which makes those channels delicate its prey
 That all its nurture and its sap convey ;
 The tow'ring plant that firm for many a year
 The boist'rous winds and woodman's ax could spare, 330
 Which

Which bounteous earth by hydrostatic laws
Supported long; now pines, nor shews the cause.
Its fading honours can each eye remark,
Wither'd its branch, and rivell'd is its bark.

So pin'd *Idomeneus* with heart-felt grief,
Nor durst the Prince administer relief;
Himself with horror view'd th' appointed day;
Pretences various furnish'd for delay.
Long had he thus irresolute remain'd,
Had *Mentor* less authority maintain'd. 340

"A change like this," said he, "well pleas'd I view:
"Your nature's fierce, intractable, I knew.
"And time has been, when nought your bosom mov'd
"But dear convenience, and the thing you lov'd.
"At length I find an human heart you bear,
"By suff'rings taught in other's griefs to share,
"Without that pity, could you ne'er attain
"The virtuous cast which qualifies to reign.
"Yet not too far ev'n virtue should you seek,
"In friendship sunk irrational, and weak. 350
"Myself, in truth, the Monarch's leave would ask,
"And save your modesty th' unpleasing task;
"But ne'er can I consent ill-grounded shame,
"Or fear, be suffer'd to eclipse your fame.
"In just proportion must you learn to blend
"A courage firm, with value for your friend.

IMITATIONS.

Verse 346, *Virg. Æn. 1.* and *Ter. Heaut.*

Verse 347, *Cic. Orat. pro Ligar.*

"None

"None should we torture but in utmost need,
"And then should pity in their favour plead.
"Should lighten too, if possibly we can,
"The load we lay of necessary pain." 360

"Such," said the Prince, "the point I have in view,
"When I th' ungrateful task remit to you."

"Alas! dear youth, you greatly err," he cried:

"Like Heirs of Kings, in purple bred, and pride;

"That all mankind would to their fashion draw,

"Reversing Nature's universal law;

"And yet, unmindful of their Royal race,

"Want courage to oppose, when face to face.

"Not that by native goodness they're inclin'd,

"Distress to pity, or to spare mankind: 370

"'Tis mere convenience, and they cannot bear

"That one approach them with dejected air.

"Beneath all evils may the Subject groan,

"So his complaint approach not near the Throne;

"But in their presence must no grief be found;

"Marr'd is their pleasure by th' unwelcome sound.

"To gain their love their passions must you sooth,

"All well affirm, and still conceal the truth.

"Sunk in delights, no circumstance of woe

"To interrupt those pleasures must they know. 380

"Lives there a man whose arrogance and pride,

"Whose fraud, or worse presumption they should chide?

"Refuse they cannot, tho' with aspect bland,

"But leave that work to some inferior hand.

"With all demands extravagant comply,

"Howe'er important, they can ne'er deny.

"And

- “ And artful knaves, that in their presence live,
“ Perceive their foible, at their wish arrive.
“ ’Tis but to press and urge the moving tale,
“ And they o’er all impediments prevail. 390
“ At first indeed with flatt’ry will they blind,
“ Will offer incense of the sweetest kind,
“ But once to great employment should they rise,
“ In turn they’ll govern, and their Prince despise:
“ Unwilling make him drag the servile chain,
“ No more in life his liberty to gain.
“ Though jealous grown of his despotic pow’r,
“ Their yoke he scorns; he feels it every hour:
“ Nor can his utmost energy employ’d
“ This ignominious servitude avoid, 400
“ But for assistance like the feeble vine
“ Around some trunk more able must he twine.
“ Ah! dearest Prince, I cannot bear the thought
“ You thus to weakness infamous be brought:
“ Which all your faculties must render vain,
“ And wholly incapacitate to reign.
“ Though tender now the truth you fear to tell,
“ Once fail’d from hence no trouble will you feel.
“ ’Tis not compassion for *Salentum*’s head
“ But ’tis his presence which alone you dread: 410
“ Go then in person and the King advise,
“ Shew him what troubles in your breast arise;
“ Th’occasion seize to fortify your mind:
“ Be courage firm with soft compassion join’d.
“ Your parting unavoidable declare:
“ And urge it to him with determin’d air.”

This

This heard the royal youth and nought oppos'd
But strange reluctance to the task disclos'd.
Asham'd that fear detain'd him from the Court,
Yet wanting courage proper to support. 420
Thus fault'ring step by step he took his way,
Then back return'd with reasons for delay.
But *Mentor* silenc'd: on whose front began
The gathering storm, and made pretences vain.
"Is this the Chief," he cried, "we late beheld
"The *Daunians* trampling on th'impurpled field;
"Whose valiant arm could set *Hesperia* free,
"Make lawless tyrants bend their stubborn knee?
"This great *Ulysses'* heir, like him design'd
"All *Greece* to govern with discerning mind? 430
"Alas! he trembles now to make it known:
"His fire, his country force him to begone.
"Ill fated *Ithaca!* how will you grieve
"When such a Sov'reign shall your crown receive,
"Who to unmanly fears an abject slave,
"For ev'ry trifle will his int'rest wave.
"Behold! how diff'rent then is martial fire
"From what affairs in common life require.
"Adrastus' arms could ne'er excite your fear,
"Salentum's King can melt you with a tear. 440
"'Tis this that greatest Kings can cloath with shame
"When tow'ring high in zenith of their fame;
"The self-same souls in war heroic seen
"In peace inferior are to other men."

IMITATION.

Verse 443, *Plin. in Paneg.*

Stung with these truths *Telemachus* in haste
 Forth from the presence of his *Mentor* past.
 But scarce arriv'd he where the Monarch sat,
 With languid look contemplating his fate,
 When each appear'd with terror great oppress,
 And stifled griefs that rack'd his heaving breast: 450
 Each fearful seem'd his friend should open first
 Till into tears unanimous they burst.
 Surcharg'd at length *Idomeneus* exclaim'd:
 " Say, why is Virtue through the world so fam'd
 " When cruel thus, relentless she can prove
 " To those who labour to deserve her love?
 " My conduct have you shewn absurd, and weak:
 " Which done, that instant would you both forsake.
 " Wretch that I am! my ruin is compleat,
 " All former errors shall I now repeat. 460
 " Tell me no more of governing aright,
 " I cannot learn who loath all human sight.
 " Whither would you, *Telemachus*, retire?
 " Alas! in vain you seek your honour'd fire,
 " Long since descending to the silent grave,
 " While hated foes your *Irbaca* enslave;
 " Who will yourself assault with desp'rate hand
 " If e'er you venture to your native land.
 " Of these doth one the Queen, your mother, wed,
 " And dares aspire to Great *Ulysses'* bed. 470
 " O stay! and fair *Antiope* receive,
 " My son, mine heir apparent shall you live;
 " All shall be your's, ev'n while I fill the throne,
 " In you will I confide, and you alone.

" Should

" Should such advantage fail your breast to move
 " Yet leave me *Mentor*, leave the man I love.
 " O speak ! some comfort to my grief impart,
 " Nor steel to such distress your virtuous heart.
 " What, not a word ! Too plainly then I see
 " The Gods themselves my miseries decree ; 480
 " And less disastrous was the fate I knew
 " When erst at *Crete* my dearest child I slew."

To this *Telemachus* with tender sigh
 And trem'ulous voice proceeded to reply.

" Heav'n knows I live not master of my state,
 " But home am call'd by high decrees of fate.
 " And *Mentor*, equal to the Gods in sense,
 " In their dread name hath summon'd me from hence.
 " What would you further ? Must I bid adieu
 " To filial reverence to parents due ? 490
 " Must I my native *Ithaca* forego,
 " More dear than those to whom my life I owe ?
 " Born to a throne myself I must not please :
 " And was not form'd for indolence, and ease :
 " Great is *Salentum*, fertile are her coasts,
 " More rich more potent than *Ulysses* boasts :
 " Yet Heav'n ordains the latter shall be mine,
 " Preferr'd to all your goodness could design.
 " Without your realm shall I be blest indeed
 " If I the fair *Antiope* can wed. 500
 " But to deserve her, must I needs obey :
 " And chearful go where duty points the way.

IMITATION.

Verse 479, *Soph. in Phil.*

X 2

" The

- " The great *Ulysses* must the maid demand,
 " And I receive her from a father's hand.
 " Reflect you not you gave your royal word
 " That I to *Ithaca* should be restor'd;
 " And had I not that promise in my view
 " When I engag'd *Adrastus* to subdue?
 " 'Tis time my country should partake my care,
 " And I domestic evils should repair. 510
 " Th' all gracious will and providence of Heav'n,
 " Which me to *Mentor* thus in charge hath giv'n;
 " Gave *Mentor* likewise to *Ulysses*' son
 " To make him worthy of his father's throne.
 " And think you, stript of ev'ry good beside,
 " I calmly shall renounce this virtuous guide?
 " No wealth do I possess, no safe retreat,
 " No tender parent, and no certain seat.
 " Nought have I but this wife, this virtuous friend,
 " A treasure great as *Jupiter* can send. 520
 " Judge then yourself if I can him resign,
 " Or give consent he be no longer mine:
 " No, take my life: for that is little worth,
 " But take not him whom most I prize on earth."
 In just proportion as the Prince went on,
 His voice grew stronger and his fears were gone.
 The Monarch knew not what reply to make,
 And tacitly confess'd the truths he spake.
 Yet though he nought could offer to disprove,
 His looks, his gestures would compassion move. 530

IMITATION.

Verse 502, *Racine*.

That

That instant *Mentor* in his sight appear'd
 Who salutary counsel thus preferr'd.
 " Permit not grief dominion to obtain
 " But banish far anxiety and pain;
 " Depart we must---but wisdom which above
 " Heav'n's counsels guides, shall not with us remove:
 " This truth be alway present to your mind;
 " That *Jove* then acted with indulgence kind,
 " When he to us the fair commission gave
 " Your errors to correct, your realm to save. 540
 " Again you worthy *Philoctes* possess,
 " A faithful friend to help you in distress,
 " Who still shall firm in Virtue's cause endure,
 " Whose breast shall melt with pity for the poor.
 " Whose actions ne'er will inconsistent prove
 " With heav'nly duties, or his country's love.
 " In all affairs his prudence be your guide,
 " In him without reserve may you confide:
 " Permit, for hence will greatest profit rise,
 " He point out ev'ry fault without disguise. 550
 " Nought shews the heart of him that governs well.
 " Like chusing friends that will his faults reveal.
 " This courage gain, and you indeed are blest:
 " Nor need our absence discompose your breast,
 " But, oh! should flattery, that serpent smooth
 " Which glides unseen and carps at honest truth,
 " Should this admission to your heart procure
 " Adieu to bliss! your ruin will be sure.
 " Yield not to grief, at godlike Virtue aim,
 " Pursue her close and she shall lead to fame. 560

" I counsell'd *Philocles*, this very hour,
 " To ease, assist you, not abuse his pow'r.
 " Will undertake as far as mortals may,
 " That he shall ne'er your confidence betray.
 " The Gods your guardian *Philocles* decree :
 " To guide *Ulysses'* son have sever'd me.
 " Each then should chearful run his destin'd race,
 " To weep and wail were useless, as 'twere base.
 " If, in the course of some revolving years,
 " My poor assistance requisite appears ; 570
 " When first this royal youth I shall restore
 " To his lost parents, and his native shore ;
 " Glad will I come : for what more joy can give ?
 " What greater pleasure can I e'er receive ?
 " No wealth, no power do I seek on earth,
 " My sole desire to succour men of worth.
 " Can ought your friendship from my mem'ry blot,
 " Can love like your's be possibly forgot ?"

These healing words *Idomeneus* appeas'd,
 His grief subsided and his heart was eas'd. 580
 So *Neptune's* Trident stills the boist'rous wave
 When blust'ring winds and storms tempestuous rave.
 No sorrows felt he but of milder kind
 Such as can soften, not transport the mind ;
 In room of these was resignation giv'n,
 A virtuous courage and firm trust in heav'n.

" Dear *Mentor*," said he, "'tis the Will Divine
 " That losing all we must not yet repine :

IMITATION.

Verse 577, *Accius in frag.*

" Yet

- " Yet when at length of *Ithaca* possést,
" (Which worth like your's shall make compleatly blest)
" On poor *Idomeneus* one thought bestow : 590
" Think on *Salentum* which to you I owe.
" Think on the wretched Prince that fills her throne
" Whose hopes all centre in yourself alone.
" Go, worthy offspring of the wisest man,
" Forbid it heav'n I longer should detain !
" No longer dare I with the Gods contend,
" Who such a treasure only deign'd to lend.
" Go, *Mentor*, greatest, wisest of mankind
" (If man be grac'd with such exalted mind) 600
" Who seem, by wonders which these eyes have seen,
" Some God disguis'd, t' instruct us feeble men :
" Go, lead *Ulysses'* son ; more blest in you
" Than that he fierce *Adrastus* could subdue.
" Together go, and seek your native shore !
" Forgive my parting sighs---I can no more.
" United thus long happy may ye live !
" To me the world has nothing left to give.
" Nought but the sad remembrance of the past,
" Thrice happy days ! I knew not how to taste. 610
" O days too quickly flown ! which now I mourn,
" No glimpse of hope that they shall e'er return.
" *Idomeneus*, alas ! must see no more
" The dear, dear objects he beholds this hour."
 Mentor this juncture took to quit the court,
And lead his pupil to th' intended port.

IMITATION.

Verse 606, *Cic. Orat. pro Mil.*

He

He *Philocles* embrac'd, who on his neck
 Shed floods of tears; assay'd, but could not speak.
 Meanwhile the Prince had seiz'd his *Mentor's* hand
 In hope the King no more would have detain'd: 620
 He bath'd in tears ev'n to their bark attends,
 And sep'rate kept his ever honour'd friends.
 He sigh'd, he look'd, in converse would detain,
 Sobs interrupted, and th' attempt was vain.

And now a cry confus'd the welkin tore,
 The busy mariners had throng'd the shore;
 They ply the cordage, and distend the sail,
 Which soon unfurl'd now caught the prosp'rous gale.
 Dissolv'd in tears the parting heroes stood
 And clasp'd the King on margin of the flood; 630
 Long time he held them, bid a last adieu,
 Still gazing fond till waves obstruct the view.

IMITATION.

Verse 632, *Ovid. Met. 9.*

END OF THE TWENTY-THIRD BOOK.



BOOK XXIV.

BOOK XXIV.

THE ARGUMENT.

While they are under sail, Telemachus prevails on Mentor to explain to him many difficulties, in regard to governing aright the People committed to his charge; among others that of distinguishing mankind; in order to employ those only who are worthy, and avoid being deceived by the unworthy. Toward the end of this conversation, the sea being becalmed obliges them to put into the harbour of a certain Island, where Ulysses had lately landed. There Telemachus obtains a sight of, and discourses with him without knowing him. But after seeing him again embark, he is sensible of a secret anguish which he can by no means account for. Mentor clears up that matter to him, administers comfort on the occasion, assures him he shall very speedily rejoin his Father; and puts his Piety and Patience to a very severe proof, by delaying his departure till he has offered Sacrifice to Minerva. At length that Goddess, so closely concealed under the appearance of Mentor, resumes her proper form; and in the fullest manner reveals herself: gives Telemachus her last instructions, and disappears. After which Telemachus arrives at Ithaca, and finds Ulysses his Sire with the faithful Eumæus.

WITH sails expanded to the rising breeze,
 And anchors weigh'd, they launch'd into the seas.
 Back fled the land, and soon with piercing sight
 The experienc'd Pilot ken'd *Leucate's* height;

Majestic

Majestic hoary hill, that seem'd to bow
 Beneath a venerable head of snow.
 Next on those hills *Acroceraunian* gaz'd,
 Which high to Heav'n their front terrific rais'd,
 Although for ages past condemn'd to prove,
 The lightning's rage and thund'ring arm of *Jove*. 10

As thus they sail'd, *Telemachus* express'd
 Some scruples new, and *Mentor* thus address'd:
 " At length, methinks, by your instructions kind
 " Those weighty truths are printed on my mind;
 " Those maxims which may lead to govern well,
 " And form a Prince that's likely to excel.
 " At first appear'd they as an empty dream,
 " I find them now incorp'rate with my frame.
 " So when *Aurora* from her gilded horn
 " Pours forth her glories, and illumines the morn, 20
 " Obscure at first all objects seem to view,
 " Then as from Chaos rise with splendour new;
 " When growing light th' effect of solar rays
 " Their various colours, and their forms displays,

NOTES.

Verse 4, *Th' experienc'd pilot ken'd Leucate's height*—A promontory of *Epirus*.

Verse 7, *Next on those hills Acroceraunian*—These were likewise in *Epirus*, in the district of *Chaonia*, and are supposed to have taken their name from their tops, being so frequently blasted with thunder and lightning. Their modern name is *Monti della Chimera*.

IMITATIONS.

Verse 7, *Hor. lib. 1. Od. 3.*

Verse 10, *Hor. lib. 2. Od. 10.*

" This

" This point material now convinc'd I learn;
 " A worthy Prince mankind should well discern.
 " By this be influenc'd his choice to make,
 " Their talents suit, and all his measures take.
 " How with success th' enquiry to pursue,
 " Is yet a secret to be taught by you." 30
 " Study," said *Mentor*, " is alone the thing
 " Of subjects worth can satisfy a King.
 " Full oft should Monarchs from their State descend,
 " And with inferiors treat as friend with friend.
 " Consult, and prove their strength in small affairs;
 " Hence learn how qualified for weightier cares.
 " Say, by what rules to you, dear Prince, were known
 " Defects, or beauties, in the sculptur'd stone,
 " Which oft at *Irbaca* engag'd your sight;
 " Inform me how distinguish'd you aright? 40
 " 'Twas viewing oft with some experienc'd friend,
 " That taught you first to censure or commend.
 " The self-same rule in human life obtains;
 " Mark you the breast where vice or virtue reigns;
 " Thus fairly drawn, the character be shewn
 " To men of sense, who longer may have known;
 " And you at length insensibly shall find
 " Th' abilities and parts of all mankind.
 " Say whence that just discernment you acquir'd
 " Twixt wretched Songsters, and the Bard inspir'd? 50
 " You read, reflected; and with men of skill,
 " Not unacquainted with th' *Aonian* hill.
 " For sounds how gain'd you elegance of taste,
 " But those observing who the most surpass?

" How

" How then shall any fully fill a throne,
" How hope to govern whom they ne'er have known?
" Say, from what source this knowledge we derive
" But those with whom we shall converse and live?
" In fact, nor live we, nor converse with men
" Wh^o but in public, and in form are seen; 60
" Who then but trifle, and disguise with art,
" And seldom speak the language of the heart.
" Their secret springs of action must we guess,
" From what they practice in their close recess.
" There must we try, and bring their souls to view;
" And learn the diff'rent maxims to pursue.
" Yet if mankind we justly would discern,
" First what they should be must we strive to learn;
" Of solid worth must form a judgment clear,
" Ere we can tell who have it, or who err. 70
" All talk of Virtue, and of Worth Divine,
" But few precisely can those terms define.
" Mere empty names unless we know their force,
" Which only serve as topics for discourse.
" To know the prudent, and the virtuous man,
" 'Tis fit we argue on some certain plan:
" To reason, virtue, must we first repair:
" Then see if these, and justice, be his care.
" Seek you what talents make an empire great,
" What frauds, and subtilties, subvert a state? 80
" Some certain maxims must you first lay down,
" By which an upright Government is known.
" To measure magnitude of ev'ry kind,
" Some standard fix'd 'tis needful be assign'd.
" Just

- " Just so of genius would you judgment make?
 " From principles allow'd your sentence take,
 " Of human life first learn the proper end,
 " How far the views of Government extend:
 " Hence will you find the grandeur of a throne
 " Not worth desiring for ourselves alone. 90
 " That were to chuse ambition for a Guide,
 " The Tyrant's reason to support his pride.
 " But virtuous Princes sacrifice their ease,
 " In pure benevolence Mankind to bless.
 " Who seeks not this, in error's path must stray,
 " In hazard all his life to miss his way:
 " As when some bark doth on the billows ride,
 " No stars to lead her, and no helm to guide.
 " Nor knows how soon she on the rocks shall break;
 " But soon, or late, must certain shipwreck make. 100
 " Full oft do Kings to Virtue strangers live,
 " And cannot search for what they can't conceive.
 " Too independent seems she for a Court,
 " Her look affrights them, and her awful port:
 " Disgusted, sick of that they should revere,
 " To adulation they resign their ear.
 " But godlike Truth, and Virtue, thus disdain'd
 " Thenceforth are lost, and never to be gain'd.
 " Then springs the phantom Vanity to view,
 " And Glory false unfits them for the true. 110

IMITATIONS.

Verse 87, *Sen. Epist.* 72.

Verse 90, *Erasm. Adag.*

" Deceiv'd

- " Deceiv'd by custom, by illusion vain,
 " They think no virtue can on earth remain.
 " For worthy men their fellows can perceive :
 " The bad no goodness see, or will believe.
 " Such Kings all mortals think alike unjust,
 " Still harbour jealousy, and foul distrust :
 " In forts, and castles, safety seek to find ;
 " And live in fear, the dread of all mankind.
 " What tho' they fly the light, contented well
 " The native splendours of a Prince to veil, 120
 " Yet still, against their mind, with curious eye
 " Will Malice keen into their actions pry :
 " And while themselves no mortal can discern,
 " The secret cause of their retirement learn,
 " Designing knaves that on their rights encroach
 " Exult, if none be suffer'd to approach.
 " Once banish subjects from the regal throne,
 " Truth too's excluded ; and her hopes are gone.
 " Foul Obliquy will reign, and far remove
 " The sole advice could salutary prove. 130
 " Monarchs like these in savage state may reign,
 " Fierce as the monsters which the woods contain :
 " Fearing deceit, yet constantly deceiv'd ;
 " Who pity those no counsels have retriev'd ?
 " The few admitted will corrupt their mind,
 " Instilling prejudice of ev'ry kind ;
 " For ev'n the good too often may we see
 " Not quite from faults, and prejudices free.

IMITATION.

Verse 122, *Plin. Panegy. 83.*

" At

- " At mercy live they of detractors base,
" Malicious, profligate, abandon'd race: 140
" Whose breath infects, who poison make their food;
" With magic touch perverting all that's good.
" These ev'ry trifle magnify for gain,
" Inventing mischief rather than refrain:
" Sport with the pangs their cred'lous master bears,
" His sad presages, and unmanly fears.
" My dearest Prince, in earnest bend your mind
" To study well the genius of mankind.
" Examine, prove, and by degrees invite
" And call their hidden merit forth to light. 150
" Hear them each other's excellence describe:
" But live not slave to one of all the tribe.
" Let error's self improve and make you wise,
" More cautious grown by judging once amiss.
" For err you must: then be no judgment past
" On good, or bad, too rashly and in haste.
" Dissembling hypocrites will oft disguise
" Their secret purpose, and the good surprise:
" But you from past miscarriages with ease
" Your faults shall mend, your oversights redress. 160
" When but a single subject you shall find,
" That bears a virtuous, and exalted mind;
" In him your trust repose: for worthy men
" Are always pleas'd to have their merit seen.
" Prefer, entrusted and esteem'd to live,
" Before all treasures which the world can give.

IMITATION.

Verse 151, *Isocrat. de Princip.*

" Yet

- " Yet spoil them not, nor make their merit vain.
" By suff'ring pow'r exorbitant to gain.
" The man perhaps whose virtues now decay
" Had blooming kept them to his dying day, 170
" But that his Lord unseasonably kind,
" His pow'r, his wealth, within no bounds confin'd.
" Bless'd is the Prince to whom by gracious heav'n
" An handful only of true friends is giv'n !
" Their faith and prudence shall discover more
" To fill each post subordinate of pow'r.
" By trusting merit is that worth discern'd,
" Which from yourself you never could have learn'd."
" But must we," said the Prince, " as oft I hear
" Designing knaves when qualified prefer ?" 180
" You must," said *Mentor*, " should they so aspire :
" For thus will sad necessity require,
" When faction reigns, and discord tears the state,
" These may be masters of each post of weight.
" Nor can you these conveniently remove,
" When firmly seated in their party's love.
" Against your will must you their service use,
" Lest they, through malice, should the whole confuse.
" A while you needs their insolence must bear :
" Useless you'll make them by degrees appear. 190
" Till then proceed with circumspection just :
" Admit them not to confidence, and trust.
" They may abuse the liberty you gave,
" Your secrets knowing may yourself enslave.

IMITATION.

Verse 194, *Juven. Sat. 3.*

" Alas !

- " Alas! your freedom vainly will you seek:
 " No chain of adamant so hard to break.
 " Yet you may use their temporary aid,
 " Engage their passions; and be well obey'd.
 " Their passions, int'rests, are alone the things
 " Can make them faithful to the best of Kings. 200
 " But ne'er to secret council be they brought:
 " Nor risque before them to disclose your thought.
 " Have alway some expedient in your pow'r,
 " Whene'er you please to quit them at an hour.
 " Nought of importance venture to impart,
 " Nor let them hold one corner of your heart.
 " In settled peace when Ministers preside
 " Of worth confess'd, in whom you can confide;
 " Though once constrain'd no longer need you own
 " The treach'rous band, but gently let them down. 210
 " Yet kindly treat, nor be ungrateful seen:
 " Ingratitude's a crime to worst of men.
 " And when their former service you reward,
 " To mend their morals be your chief regard.
 " Some faults you must forgive, some lewd desires;
 " This the frail nature of mankind requires.
 " Still may you make the pow'r you gave them less,
 " Correct their baseness, and those crimes suppress;
 " Which, if by Monarchs they were ne'er restrain'd,
 " Bare-fac'd, and open, would o'errun the land. 220
 " But after all some evils will ensue,
 " Ev'n from the good which wicked men shall do.

IMITATION.

Verse 212, *Tull. Offic.* 1. 15.

- " No pow'r can hinder but this must arrive :
 " Though by degrees to check it must we strive.
 " The Prince who wisely regulates his state,
 " Will find a time this evil to defeat :
 " Bad servants to discard, and better gain ;
 " For numbers still well qualified remain.
 " Nor is't enough he some shall worthy find,
 " More will he raise and model to his mind," 230
 " Hard task indeed !" *Telemachus* replies,
 " Few Kings if any can so perfect rise."
 " No task at all," said *Mentor*, " do but use
 " The self-same art, by which the first you chuse ;
 " And you with ease shall multitudes excite
 " Possess'd of talents, to direct them right.
 " All will endeavour at preferment sweet :
 " How many languish in obscure retreat ;
 " Yet bless'd with souls of most heroic frame,
 " Should emulation kindle up the flame ? 240
 " How many vile, and despicable live
 " At virtue's height despairing to arrive ?
 " If then for virtue, and for genius rare,
 " You fit rewards, fit honours shall prepare ;
 " What tribes in all your cities shall arise,
 " By application made discreet, and wise !
 " How shall yourself those numbers too enhance,
 " When step by step you shall them all advance :
 " When from the meanest office at the gate,
 " They mount to first employments in the state ! 250

IMITATION.

Verse 243, *Plut. de fort. Alex.*

" Meanwhile

" Meanwhile their various talents shall you prove,
 " Shall try their faith, capacity, and love.
 " Your greatest ministers shall then be those
 " You form'd, preferr'd; from ranks inferior chose.
 " Yourself through life shall all their steps attend,
 " Shall know the faithful, and the trusty friend;
 " Not from the zeal that each in words displays,
 " But constant tenor of their well spent days."

Discourfing thus, a fail appear'd in view:

Which, from her ftructure, they *Pheacian* knew. 260

Close on a fmall deferted ifle fhe flood,

Whofe craggy rocks o'erhung the fpacious flood.

Hush'd were the winds, the zephyrs fcarcely breathe;

Smooth as a mirror was the fea beneath.

Her canvafs-wings no more the bark could move,

Th' o'erlabour'd rowers vain their efforts prove;

Here muft they land, though frightful was the fcene,

A perfect rock: no dwelling fit for men.

Th' attempt were death, when lefs ferene the fky;

When *Ocean* threaten'd, and his waves ran high. 270

Both crews impatient waited here for wind,

In hafte to profecute their courfe design'd.

Upon the margin of this coaft unknown

With eager pace advanc'd *Ulyffes'* fon:

And from the foremoft mariner he faw,

Now hop'd fome fure intelligence to draw.

With great *Alcinous* if haply he

Ulyffes, Lord of *Ithaca*, might fee.

It chanc'd the perfon whom he thus addrest
 Was no *Pheacian*, but a foreign gueft.

280

With

With all the signs of majesty was clad,
 But seem'd dejected, spiritless, and sad.
 Wrapt up in thought, contemplative appear'd,
 And answer'd brief to what he scarce had heard.
 " *Ulysses*, as you think, hath late been here,
 " Receiv'd, as fit, by those that heav'n revere:
 " Welcom'd by those that fear almighty *Jove*,
 " And practice hospitality, and love.
 " He now hath left them and your search were vain
 " For he's embark'd for *Ithaca* again; 290
 " If Heav'n appeas'd in pity will restore
 " His lost *Penates*, and his native shore."
 He finish'd here, and to a wood retir'd,
 Where high to Heav'n a precipice aspir'd:
 Thence view'd the main disconsolate, alone
 All converse fled uneasy to be gone.
 Him with attention fix'd the Prince survey'd,
 Grief and amazement in his looks betray'd.
 " See, *Mentor*," he exclaim'd, " the wretched Man!
 " His answers speak his misery and pain. 300
 " Distress'd myself his woes extort a sigh,
 " My soul feels pity, and I know not why.
 " Ill doth he all this tenderness requite,
 " Scarce would he answer, or endure my fight.
 " Yet still I burn with great desire to know
 " His hapless fate, the series of his woe."
 To this did *Mentor* with a smile return;
 " Hence you th' advantage of misfortunes learn;

IMITATIONS.

Verse 294, *Odyss.* 5. and *Virg. Æn.* 1.

" Which

- " Which can to Princes moderation give,
 " And thus incline th' unhappy to relieve. 310
 " When nought but sweet Prosperity they know,
 " That baneful poison whence their Vices flow,
 " At Godhead aim they; nothing must controul
 " The tow'ring views of their aspiring Soul.
 " The hills must then be level'd for their pride,
 " O'er necks of fellow mortals would they ride:
 " Fondly they hope to keep the world in awe,
 " And sport with Nature's universal law.
 " Of suff'rings speak, they know not what you mean;
 " Mere dreams to them, and things they ne'er have seen. 320
 " They have not felt nor can the diff'rence guess
 " 'Twixt smiles of fortune and the worst distress.
 " Adversity alone can melt the mind,
 " Change stony hearts to those of softer kind.
 " Then that themselves are mortal they reflect,
 " And should their fellows treat with due respect.
 " If thus a stranger can your heart subdue,
 " Because an exile, and expos'd like you;
 " How then should *Ibaca* disturb your breast,
 " In time to come perhaps still more oppress: 330
 " That realm the Gods your proper charge declare,
 " And give as sheep into the Shepherd's care;
 " Yet by ambition may it be undone,
 " Beneath your pride, your folly may it groan,
 " From these, alas! to states destruction springs,
 " And kingdoms suffer for the faults of Kings.

IMITATION.

Verse 323, *Soph. Oed. Colon.*

Y 3

" Kings

"Kings who, as pastors, on their flocks should wait;
 "And hourly watch, t' avert impending fate."

So *Mentor* reason'd, when with grief furcharg'd
 The Prince embitter'd grew, and thus enlarg'd: 340

"If this the case, a Monarch sure is curst;

"Slave in a realm where he should seem the first.

"Not rais'd so high his people to command,

"But only form'd for service of the land.

"In ev'ry subject's bus'ness must he share,

"Must public, private inconvenience bear:

"Must act the Father, must correct and aid;

"Till all his Sons be wise and happy made.

"Th' authority he holds is not his own:

"He lives a mere appendage of the throne. 350

"No schemes of glory can he e'er pursue,

"No joys indulge, but all with public view.

"His pow'r confin'd, by laws he must receive,

"And due obedience for example give.

"In strictness, Guardian only of the law,

"To give it force, and keep the world in awe.

"For this must trouble night, and day, sustain,

"The wretched'st Slave of all where he shall reign;

"Tamely give up each comfort of his soul

"For public freedom, and to bless the whole." 360

"I grant," said *Mentor*, "what you say is true,

"A King's anointed with this only view;

"To guard his people as the swain his sheep,

"And as a Father discipline to keep.

IMITATION.

Verse 337, *Sall. Bell. Cat.*

"But

" But think you, dearest Prince, a King like this
 " Contempt deserves, who thus dispenses bliss?
 " No, as th' Immortal Gods should he be view'd;
 " He curbs the Vicious, and rewards the Good.
 " The hidden charms unveils of Virtue's face,
 " And leads to happiness all human race. 370
 " Wants he then glory who preserves the laws?
 " False is that fame which your attention draws.
 " Those laws to trample none can sure desire;
 " Contempt and horror, does that thought inspire.
 " A wicked Prince must wretched be indeed,
 " No joys from vice and vanity proceed.
 " But he that's worthy, will not fail by choice
 " To follow real and substantial joys;
 " And still in Virtue's cause will labour hard,
 " Expecting from the Gods a sure reward." 380

Such inward sorrows discompos'd his frame,
 The Prince seem'd stranger to this virtuous fame:
 Though oft his breast its influence had known,
 And he to others all its charms had shewn.
 This gloomy discontent so pow'rful wrought;
 T' oppose the truth new arguments he sought.

And first th' extreme Ingratitude of man:
 " Wherefore," said he, " must Princes suffer pain;
 " Of impious mortals to deserve the love,
 " Who yet their conduct never may approve? 390
 " Say, why the bad thus merit our concern,
 " Who to our harm those benefits may turn?"

Mentor compos'd still lent a patient ear,
 And to th' objections gave this answer clear.

- " Prone is mankind ingratitude to show
 " Nor must we be surpris'd at what we know.
 " Yet to oblige them must you ne'er refrain:
 " Not for their sakes: but so doth heav'n ordain.
 " Fair Virtue fails not of a just regard,
 " If men forget, th' Immortal Gods reward. 400
 " Should the rash multitude ungrateful seem,
 " The virtuous few will rev'rence, and esteem.
 " Nay vulgar souls that most capricious live,
 " To virtue, soon or late, due honours give.
 " Would you extirpate this ungrateful breed?
 " Attend, I'll tell you how you shall succeed.
 " By wealth, and pow'r, to win, be ne'er your aim:
 " By soft delights, or military fame.
 " All these but more contaminate the mind,
 " And make them more to wickedness inclin'd. 410
 " Hence more unthankful are they ever found:
 " For tempting poisons shall you deal around.
 " Endeavour you their morals to amend,
 " To rules of justice make them well attend:
 " Be faithful, true; be modest, and humane,
 " Devout to heav'n, and foes to fordid gain.
 " Thus piously dispos'd they cannot err:
 " Their benefactor will they all revere.
 " Whose kind paternal hand could virtue give;
 " The greatest boon which mortals can receive. 420
 " Be that but solid, and they must admire
 " The friend, who first that virtue could inspire.

IMITATION.

Verse 400, *Virg. Æn.* 1.

" Thus

" Thus giving to mankind the greatest good,
" Your own advantage is no less pursu'd :
" Henceforth, no further reason will appear,
" Their spleen or foul ingratitude to fear.
" Can any with surprise behold, that men
" Oft times to Princes are unthankful seen ;
" When they themselves to crimes have led the way,
" Ambition boundless, jealousy betray ; 430
" When proud, and faithless, neighbours they o'erreach :
" And scorn what soft humanity should teach.
" No King, howe'er exalted be his throne,
" Must hope for harvests where he hath not sown.
" But if a conduct right he hath pursu'd,
" And train'd his subjects to be just, and good ;
" Their worth shall prove his labour was not vain,
" And amply recompence for all his pain.
" At least whate'er discouragement he find
" The Gods befriend, and he hath peace of mind." 440

Ulysses' son, when this discourse was o'er,
Sought the *Pheacians* on this desert shore :
(Who windbound like himself impatient grew
Till they their destin'd voyage could pursue ;)
Address'd an aged sailor that he found
To learn their state, and whither they were bound ?
Some news of great *Ulysses* to enquire,
If haply they had seen his honour'd sire ?
" Our sail," said he, " we from *Pheacia* made,
" Bound to *Epirus* ; for the sake of trade. 450

IMITATION.

Verse 425, *Xenoph. Cyropæd.*" *Ulysses*,

- " *Ulysses*, as you hear, hath blest'd our strand,
 " But now is sail'd to seek his native land."
 " Say, who," replied *Telemachus*, " is he
 " Whom thus disconsolate and sad we see?
 " And who compell'd the rising gale to wait,
 " Is ever seeking some obscure retreat?"
 " To us," he cried, " a stranger he appears:
 " But *Cleomenes* is the name he bears.
 " From *Phrygia*, we are told, his birth he drew:
 " His tender mother, ere the light he knew, 460
 " By *Phabus* sacred Oracle was told;
 " That he the reins of Government should hold,
 " On this condition---that he travell'd far,
 " And ne'er continu'd in his native air.
 " That if he stay'd, the Gods would plagues decree;
 " From which the *Phrygians* should be never free.
 " His parents sent him, when with infant smile
 " He first drew breath, by sea, to *Lesbos*' Isle.
 " There was he nourish'd at the state's expence,
 " Whose int'rest prompted them to keep him thence. 470
 " Robust, and fair, to manhood he attain'd:
 " In manly exercise experience gain'd.
 " A taste discover'd, and uncommon parts;
 " Master of science, and the lib'ral arts.
 " But yet all realms beheld him with dismay,
 " And none permitted that he long should stay.
 " The prophecy grew rife, by all was heard:
 " Soon was he known wherever he appear'd.
 " All Monarchs dreaded fortune's fav'rite son,
 " Left he themselves should venture to dethrone. 480
 " Thus

" Thus from his youth an exile doth he live;
 " No nation upon earth will e'er receive;
 " Altho' remotest regions hath he known,
 " By leagues immense disparted from his own.
 " For scarce a single city can he see,
 " But all his birth discern, and Heav'n's decree.
 " In vain retiring would he seek repose,
 " Spight of himself such parts doth he disclose;
 " In weight'ed matters shewing genius rare,
 " Master alike of science and of war. 490
 " In ev'ry state some strange occurrence new
 " Calls forth these latent qualities to view.
 " His fate it seems to be by all belov'd,
 " In ev'ry country have his acts approv'd;
 " Yet not continue where he most desires,
 " Undone by merit which the world admires.
 " Grey hairs approach; and tho' he ne'er could find
 " In *Asia*, or in *Greece*, one climate kind,
 " Which to his toils would some refreshment give,
 " Where unmolested he secure could live; 500
 " Yet no ambition hath he e'er betray'd
 " For wealth, for honour; no designs hath laid.
 " Blest! had that Oracle been never known,
 " Which so unkindly promis'd him a crown.
 " No prospect has he of that regal pow'r,
 " Or restoration to his native shore;
 " But knows his presence would distract the state,
 " And sore affliction would to all create.
 " This royalty, the source of all his pain,
 " Appears a thing he wishes not to gain. 510

" Against

" Against his will, by heav'n's supreme command,
 " This phantom he pursues from land to land :
 " Which, as a vision, still before him flies
 " Till worn with trouble, and with age, he dies.
 " O dreadful present ! by the Gods bestow'd
 " His bloom of life with endless care to load !
 " His ev'ry hope of comfort to defeat,
 " When feeble man most needs a calm retreat !
 " He now gives out that he intends for *Thrace*,
 " To seek some savage, and unpolish'd race ; 520
 " Whom he to cities from their wilds may draw,
 " Rule as their Sov'reign, and dispense his law.
 " To this attempt when some few years are giv'n,
 " When thus accomplish'd seems the Will of Heav'n ;
 " No further reason thinks he can appear,
 " Why potent kingdoms should suspect and fear,
 " To *Caria* thence proposes to remove,
 " Some spot obscure by tillage to improve :
 " Some refuge sweet in close of life to find,
 " Pursuing toils most grateful to his mind. 530
 " His conduct sober seems discreet, and wise :
 " The fear of heav'n is still before his eyes.

NOTES.

Verse 519, *He now gives out that he intends for Thrace.*—The ancient *Thrace* was a country of great extent, and by no means so barbarous as has been represented, having given birth to the poets, *Orpheus*, *Linus*, *Musæus*, and others. It had on the North the Mountain of *Hæmus*, on the South the *Ægean Sea*, on the East the *Euxine* and *Hellepont*, and on the West *Macedon*.

Verse 527, *To Caria thence*—In *Asia Minor*, its inhabitants were great warriors, and like the modern *Swiss*, would fight for any body that would pay them.

" His

" His knowledge of the world distinct, and clear;

" Would peaceful live with those he can't revere.

" Such is the stranger whom you seek to know:

" And such th' encomiums which mankind bestow."

Discourfing thus, the Prince beheld the seas
Which now were ruffled by the rifing breeze.

All white with foam the turgid billows roar,

Beat on the rocks; and lash the founding shore. 540

" Adieu!" exclaim'd the wrinkled fage, " adieu!

" My crew attends, my courfe muft I purfue."

He faid, nor further converfe would afford,

Ran to the beach; was instantly aboard.

Th' impatient mariners exulting rife,

And fhook the fhore with their repeated cries.

Long in the midft of this deferted ifle,

This ftranger ftrove the moments to beguile:

The rocks afcending from whole defp'rate height

Vaft seas prefented to his mournful fight. 550

Th' admiring Prince ne'er loft him from his view,

But ftep by ftep would curioufly purfue.

His foul was foften'd by th' unheard of woes

Of one, who virtues could fo rare difclofe;

Who thus an exile from his home muft wait,

Design'd for crowns, and yet the fport of fate.

" Alas!" faid he, "'tis poffible for me

" At length my deareft *Ithaca* to fee:

" But *Cleomenes* muft for ever mourn,

" To *Phrygia* never can expect return." 560

Diffrefs fo much fuperior to his own

Affwag'd the forrows of *Ulyffes'* fon.

Soon

Soon as the stranger saw the bark prepar'd
 Swift from the rocks descending he appear'd.
 So flies *Apollo* through the *Lycian* groves
 When on the chace intent he nimbly moves:
 His ringlets gather'd in a knot behind
 (Those beauteous locks that wanton'd in the wind.)
 O'er craggy rocks, and precipices goes,
 The boars transfixing, and the bounding roes. 570
 The bark receiv'd him, and her course pursu'd,
 With joy the shore and lefs'ning hills they view'd.

'Twas then a secret anguish fill'd the breast
 Of young *Telemachus* with grief oppress'd.
 Yet why he knew not: but as tears distill'd,
 The sweetest comfort to his soul they yield.
 He look'd, and lo! around him on the green,
 Fast lock'd in sleep were his *Salentines* seen.
 Fatigu'd with watching, and with toil oppress'd,
 A balmy slumber all their members seiz'd: 580
Minerva's hand had in the midst of light,
 Show'r'd all the poppies of the dewy night.
 Amaz'd he saw this gen'ral sloth prevail,
 While the *Phæacians* profit by the gale:
 Yet more attentive seem'd that bark to view,
 Than from their slumbers to awake his crew.

NOTE.

Verse 565, *So flies Apollo through the Lycian groves*—*Apollo* was particularly worshipped at *Patara* in *Lycia*.

IMITATION.

Verse 576, *Soph. Electra*

Bounding

Bounding he saw her o'er the ruffled main,
 Scarce, now and then, a glimpse could he obtain,
 Save what th' expanded sails at distance gave,
 Which white were seen above the azure wave. 590
 He rag'd, he burn'd, nor heard what *Mentor* spake,
 Unusual transports all his members shake;
 So on the banks of *Hebrus*' silver stream,
 The sottish *Bacchanals* transported seem;
 When ev'ry Priestess bears her ivy rod,
 Her sacred Thyrse, in honour of the God;
 What time the *Tbracian* shores, the hills around
Hemus, and *Rhodope*, with cries resound.
 Releas'd at length, he from the charm appears,
 Again dissolving in a flood of tears. 600
 When *Mentor* thus:—"I view without surprize
 " This kind concern discover'd in your eyes.
 " The secret cause indeed you cannot see,
 " Long since perceiv'd and understood by me.
 " 'Tis Nature speaks, 'tis she transports your heart,
 " And burns within till she the truth impart:
 " The Foreigner who thus your pity mov'd,
 " Is Great *Ulysses*, is your Sire belov'd;
 " And all that old *Phæacian* could reveal
 " Of *Cleomenes*, was an empty tale: 610

NOTE.

Verse 593, *So on the banks of Hebrus*—A noted river in *Thrace*, which rises in Mount *Hemus*, and runs into the *Ægean* Sea, near the island of *Samothrace*.

IMITATION.

Verse 593, *Od. Met. 10.*

" A

- " A fiction coin'd in Great *Ulysses'* brain,
 " The more secure his *Ithaca* to gain.
 " Straight sails he hither, and ev'n now at hand
 " Sees the wish'd Port, the long expected strand,
 " Your eyes beheld him, yet you have not known :
 " *Salentum's* Priest had that event foreshewn.
 " The time draws near when you again shall meet,
 " Embraces mutual shall your bliss compleat ;
 " But till you both at *Ithaca* arrive,
 " The Gods refuse this happiness to give. 620
 " His soul hath felt the same afflicting wound,
 " The self-same anguish which yourself have found.
 " Too much in prudence doth your fire excel,
 " His person here so rashly to reveal :
 " And tempt his ruin from the barb'rous crew
 " That still persist *Penelope* to woo.
 " Great is *Ulysses*, wisest of mankind,
 " No line can fathom all his depth of mind ;
 " Which, like a well profound, will mock your pains ;
 " None e'er can draw the secrets it contains. 630
 " Fair Truth he loves : nor harbours word or thought,
 " By which that truth in peril may be brought.
 " Yet ev'n in this, will cautiously proceed,
 " Nor e'er divulge, but when he finds the need.
 " His lips doth Wisdom as a seal confine
 " From useless prate, and talk without design.
 " Alas ! what pangs, what agonies he knew
 " When thus discoursing in disguise with you !

NOTE.

Verse 616, *Salentum's Priest*, &c. vid. Book ix.

" At

" At sight so strange how wretched was he made !

" Hence that appearance, and dejection sad." 640

At this the Prince no longer could refrain,

Of tears a torrent pour'd he forth again.

Long time in vain his silence strove to break,

Sighs interrupted ; and at length he spake.

" Ah ! *Mentor*, I perceive this guest unknown

" Had pow'r magnetic to attract his son.

" Some strange enchanting force could he disclose

" My vital frame at once to discompose.

" But say, ere yet to distance he was sail'd,

" Say, why *Ulysses* have you thus conceal'd ? 650

" If you discern'd, why suffer'd you to go ;

" Ere I some semblance made at least to know ?

" Strange, and mysterious, is your conduct seen :

" Still must I live the most forlorn of men ?

" Th' offended Gods like *Tantalus* have us'd

" By flying streams incessantly abus'd.

" Is dear *Ulysses* then for ever gone !

" Henceforth perhaps no more shall he be known.

" My mother's suitors may his death decree,

" Trapp'd in the snares which they have laid for me. 660

" Oh ! had I follow'd, I with him had died :

" Nor life, nor death, should e'er again divide.

" Alas ! my father ! should the tempest spare ;

" (For still from fortune have I all to fear)

" Yet must I dread that *Agamemnon's* fate

" On your return to *Ithaca* shall wait.

IMITATION.

Verse 646, *Accius in frag.*

- " But wherefore should the man whom most I love,
 " Ah ! why should *Mentor* thus invidious prove ?
 " Ev'n now in port *Ulysses* had I seen,
 " Embrac'd, assisted, to relieve his Queen. 670
 " With him uniting would I take the field
 " Nor sheath the sword till ev'ry foe should yield."
 Here *Mentor* with a smile, " Dear Prince, you find
 " What trifling turns can discompose mankind :
 " You now disconsolate, and sad are grown,
 " Have seen a father, whom you have not known.
 " Before, what sums had you refus'd to give,
 " Had any but assur'd your sire could live ?
 " This day your eyes beheld him on the shore,
 " Unlook'd for comfort which you now deplore. 680
 " So wretched mortals when possess'd of bliss,
 " Esteem it nought ; and wantonly despise.
 " Ingenious still some troubles new to raise,
 " And blest'd with happy, pine for happier days.
 " Th' indulgent Gods do but suspend your joy,
 " Your strength to prove ; your patience to employ.
 " Lost seems this time to you, excites your grief :
 " Yet hence the greatest profit of your life.
 " By this alone those virtues you attain,
 " Which fit a Prince with dignity to reign. 690
 " Yourself or others would you fitly rule ?
 " First learn you Patience, and frequent her school :
 " Th' impatient soul may vigour seem to show,
 " But all is weakness, impotence below.

IMITATION.

Verse 686, *Tull. Off. 1.*

" Who

" Who small delays, and suff'rings cannot bear,
 " Resembles those who secrets blab in air:
 " Alike infirm, unsteady, are they found,
 " Alike unable to maintain their ground.
 " As when some driver in the rapid race
 " Would guide the chariot through the dusty space; 700
 " Whose feeble hand makes all endeavours vain
 " His fi'ry coursers timely to restrain;
 " The mettled steeds no more the rein obey,
 " But o'er the rocks impetuous urge their way.
 " In vain, alas! assistance would he call
 " Dash'd in ten thousand pieces by the fall:
 " So fares it ever with th' impatient mind,
 " Whose passions all are of rebellious kind:
 " Inducing troubles, infinite distress;
 " Which in proportion to its pow'r increase. 710
 " No proper season will impatience wait,
 " No time allow its judgment to compleat:
 " By force, and violence, would all procure
 " And break the branches ere the fruit's mature.
 " Would burst the valves its passage to prepare
 " Nor deign to stay till any shall unbar.
 " And fain would *Ceres*' golden sheaves obtain,
 " When wiser husbandmen but sow their grain.
 " But ev'ry project which it thus pursues
 " Ill tim'd, and hasty, disappoints its views. 720
 " Unfix'd, and volatile, it soon retires:
 " Just as its own extravagant desires.
 " Such are the schemes of each imprudent man,
 " Who seeks by pow'r pre-eminence to gain.

" To passions wild surrenders all his soul,
 " And by abusing would the world controul.
 " My dear *Telemachus*, 'tis heav'n's design
 " By patient toil your virtues to refine;
 " For this in exile they so long detain,
 " Uncertain keep, and seem to mock your pain; 730
 " For this each fancied prospect of delight,
 " Swift as a vision still eludes your sight.
 " That hence by just experience may be known;
 " The goods we have, we cannot call our own,
 " When fondly we surmise we hold them fast,
 " We grasp a shadow; and our joys are past.
 " The wisest lectures of your virtuous sire,
 " Could never prudence like to this inspire.
 " His tedious absence and the griefs you've known
 " Have most conduc'd t' improve *Ulysses'* son." 740
 A thought now enter'd into *Mentor's* breast
 To put his patience to a stronger test
 Far more severe and which should crown the rest.
 Just in that instant when his youthful heart
 On fire appear'd, and eager to depart;
 When zeal unusual in his eyes was seen,
 To rouse the sailors slumb'ring on the green;
 At once he stopp'd him, interpos'd his pow'r;
 Till on the beach *Minerva* he adore.
 Though great the ardour which the Prince display'd, 750
 'Twas *Mentor's* order; and he soon obey'd.

IMITATION.

Verse 723, *Soph. Aj.*

Two altars fair of grassy turf they rais'd,
There bled the victims and the incense blaz'd.
A tender sigh breath'd forth *Ulysses'* son,
And bow'd devout *Minerva's* pow'r to own.
The rites scarce ended, *Mentor* led the way
Where gloomy thickets half exclude the day.
Here on a sudden alter'd was his face,
His form assum'd a more majestic grace:
His wrinkled forehead, and his silver hairs, 760
Fled like the shadows when the morn appears;
Whose rosy hand unbars the Eastern gate,
To chear th' horizon with her glorious hear.
Those hollow eyes that late so sternly frown'd,
Cerulean now, of heav'nly hue were found:
Ethereal lustre issu'd in a stream,
And ev'ry glance was as devouring flame.
His grisly beard uncouth no more was seen,
Sublime and noble was his air and mien:
Such wondrous sweetness and such grace unite; 770
The Royal Youth was dazzled with the sight.
Yet features soft, and female he survey'd:
The fair complexion of this heav'nly Maid
Surpass'd th' enamel of the tender flow'r
That opens to the Sun at early hour.
The lily's white her features all disclose,
Join'd with the crimson of the blushing rose.
Eternal Youth erected there her throne,
With unaffected Majesty she shone.
Ambrosial dews perfum'd the ambient air, 780
Effluvia sweet of her dishevel'd hair.

Her radiant garb with vivid colours glow'd
 Bright, as when *Phæbus* paints the morning cloud;
 What time from *Tbetis'* bosom he is driv'n,
 And rising gilds th' etherial vault of Heav'n.
 No more on earth the Goddess' feet appear,
 Light as a bird she cut the marble air:
 And in her hand a spear tremendous held,
 Might scare the stoutest warriors in the field.
 Great *Mars* himself invincible in war, 790
 A sight so dreadful would behold with fear.
 Harmonious sweetness on her accent hung,
 She conquer'd all with her persuasive tongue;
 Her ev'ry word was like a fi'ry dart,
 That sweetly pain'd, and pierc'd the Prince's heart.
 Th' *Athenian* bird upon her helmet sat,
 Mournful and sad, the harbinger of fate.
 And on her breast th' immortal *Ægis* shone,
 Sacred to *Pallas*, and to her alone:
 Such were the ensigns, she expos'd to view, 800
 By which *Minerva* he distinctly knew.

"O Goddess," he exclaim'd, "are you the friend,
 "Who thus have deign'd *Ulysses'* son t' attend?

NOTE.

Verse 797, *Th' Athenian bird*—The owl was sacred to *Minerva*,
 and was borne by the *Athenians* in their ensigns. Whenever this
 bird appeared to them, they looked upon it as a sure omen of
 victory.

IMITATIONS.

Verse 780, *Virg. Æn. 1.*

Verse 787, *Virg. Æn. 4.*

"That,

" That, on his head so many blessings pour,
" Induc'd by love you to his father bore?"
More would he: but his voice defective prov'd;
Alas! in vain his trembling lips he mov'd.
So swains, extended on their downy bed,
Sad dreams disturb, from indigestion bred;
Breathless they strive the magic charm to break, 810
But organs fail, and they no more can speak.

At length *Minerva* affable began:

" Attend thou offspring of the wisest man!
" Attend, and hear th' instructions I shall give:
" The last from *Pallas* you shall e'er receive!
" No mortal lives there whom with so much care
" For virtuous fame I labour'd to prepare.
" Through wrecks, and storms, I led you by the hand;
" The bleeding battle, and the foreign land;
" In ev'ry danger, and distress, was near, 820
" Great as infirm mortality could bear.
" Have ev'ry maxim pointed out to view;
" Which Kings should know; th' erroneous and the true.
" Your very faults and failings were design'd,
" Your ev'ry suff'ring, to improve your mind.
" For say what Sov'reign e'er can govern well,
" If he no pangs of adverse fortune feel;
" If he from error no experience gain,
" Nor wisely learn to profit by his pain?

IMITATION.

Verse 811, *Virg. Æn.* 6.

- " Your toils are now like those *Ulysses* bore, 830
 " Through ev'ry region fam'd, and distant shore.
 " Courageous then proceed, his worthy heir,
 " And skill'd like him adversity to bear.
 " Your passage short to *Ithaca* remains,
 " Of which, this moment, he a sight obtains.
 " Go, fight with him; his glorious steps pursue,
 " And as his vassal give th' allegiance due.
 " Let your example ev'ry breast inspire,
 " With just esteem, and honour for your sire.
 " Then shall the fair *Antiope* be led, 840
 " Himself approving, to your nuptial bed;
 " And you be blest that your discerning eyes
 " Could virtuous wisdom more than beauty prize.
 " When high in Regal State the crown you wear,
 " The Golden Age t' establish be your care!
 " Hear ev'ry plaint, benevolent and kind,
 " Let few be privy to your secret mind.
 " That treach'rous heart be ne'er too much believ'd!
 " Nor fear to own that you have been deceiv'd.
 " Be Father of your Realm, by all lov'd, 850
 " In earnest aim to have your acts approv'd.
 " When fails affection, and the subjects' will;
 " Then fear becomes a necessary Ill.
 " But use it with regret; small good it brings;
 " A dang'rous weapon in the hand of Kings.
 " Whate'er the schemes to which your views you bend,
 " To ev'ry distant consequence attend.

IMITATION.

Verse 852, *Sen. in OE.*

" To

- " To all contingencies extend your care,
" Conceive the worst, and for the worst prepare.
" For know; true courage doth consist in this, 860
" Dangers to see; and when they come despise.
" Who will not see them can be never brave,
" He dreads the prospect like the meanest slave.
" But he whose piercing sight discerns them all,
" And, to his pow'r, avoids what may befall;
" Who bears unmov'd what prudence can't abate,
" Alone is wise, magnanimous, and great.
" Fly wanton ease, extravagance, and pride,
" And make to fame, simplicity the guide.
" Let ev'ry virtue of most godlike sort 870
" Adorn at once your person, and your court.
" Be these the guards that in your presence wait,
" And teach the world that this is Regal state.
" One truth permit not to escape your mind,
" That Monarchs were not for themselves design'd:
" No selfish views must be by them pursu'd,
" But all should centre in their people's good.
" The fair effects of their paternal love,
" To children yet unborn may useful prove.
" But future times their vices may deplore, 880
" Their infl'ence feel till time shall be no more.
" One wicked reign may like contagion rage,
" And spread th' infection on from age to age.
" Still, more than all, this constant rule pursue
" Your headstrong will to curb and to subdue.
" That foe conceal'd which in your breast will lie
" A constant sure attendant till you die.

" In

- “ In ev’ry counsel will it seek to sway,
“ And, if observ’d, infallibly betray.
“ By frantic humour gear designs are crost, 890
“ And many a precious moment may be lost;
“ From hence those childish inclinations spring,
“ Disguests and piques, unworthy of a King.
“ All talents are obscur’d when these prevail,
“ In grand debates will trifles turn the scale:
“ Then droops his courage, thus unsteady found
“ He grows contemptible to all around.
“ Beware of this! And, oh! with upright heart
“ To ev’ry God due reverence impart:
“ For know the wealth which piety can give, 900
“ Is greatest far that mortals can receive.
“ Joy, peace, and pleasure, form her smiling train:
“ True wisdom thus, true liberty you gain.
“ Unfullied glory shall that Goddess yield
“ While jocund health and plenty crown the field.
“ This hour my dear *Telemachus* I leave,
“ But take not hence, the wisdom which I gave:
“ Still hold you that! while humbly you confess
“ Without her aid you nothing could possess.
“ Mature of years, to perfect manhood grown; 910
“ ’Tis time you now attempt to walk alone.
“ For this I left you on th’ *Egyptian* shore;
“ For this, your absence at *Salentum* bore:
“ T’ inure you by degrees the loss to bear
“ Of that supporting hand, you held so dear.
“ So weans the parent fond her babe belov’d,
“ When stronger food befits his age improv’d.”

The Goddess ended here : then soaring high,
Scorn'd the dull province of mortality.
A beauteous azure cloud befring'd with gold 920
Her glories veil'd : nor more could he behold.
Ev'n to despair *Telemachus* was driv'n,
Devout he kneel'd ; and spread his hands to Heav'n.
Then hasted to his crew that slumb'ring lay,
And quickly rais'd to prosecute their way.
With gales propitious reach'd his native ground
And Great *Ulysses* with *Eumæus* found.

NOTE.

Verse 927, *And Great Ulysses with Eumæus*—This was the faithful herdsman of *Ulysses*, whose fidelity to his master is greatly celebrated by *Homer*.

THE END.





I N D E X.

A.	Vol.	P.
A CANTHUS, his treachery	2	212
Acestes, King of Sicily	1	22
Achilles, the son of Peleus	1	100
Achitoas, a musician	1	234
Acherontia	2	148
Adoam	1	217
Adonis	1	237
Æolus	1	127
Agamemnon	1	305
Ajax	1	305
Amphitrite	1	126
Anchises	1	24
Antiope	2	285
Apollo	1	51
Apulians	1	288
Aristodemus	1	165
Ariadne	2	121
Astarbe	1	94
Astarte	1	225
Astrea, Goddess of Justice	1	243
Athamas, a pilot	1	259
Atlas	1	321
Ægis, the shield of Minerva	1	107
Æsculapius, the God of Physic	2	88
Arcefius	2	181
Arpos	2	262
Atrides, Agamemnon, and Menelaus	2	74

A.	Vol.	P.
Achelous	2	228
Argonauts	1	84
Aufidus	2	222
Aulon, a mountain in Calabria	2	144
B.		
Bacchus	2	121
Bætica	1	239
Bocchoris	1	60
Baleazar	1	210
Brundisium	1	288
Brutii	1	288
C.		
Caphareus	1	301
Carthage	1	74
Cerberus	1	238
Cæstus	1	143
Crantor	1	145
Crete	1	128
Charon	2	141
Crotona	1	288
Cupid	1	107
Cyclops	1	14
Cyprus	1	110
Cythera	1	112
Cacus	2	229
Calydon, a city of Ætolia	2	230
Cayster	2	232
Canicula, the Dog-star	2	176
Carpatus	2	10
Castor, son of Jupiter and Leda	2	96
Chimæra	2	167
Colchos		

INDEX.

C.	Vol.	P.	H.	Vol.	P.
Colchos	2	230	Hegesippus	2	34
Cadiz	1	83	Hercules	2	59
Circe	1	15	Hippias	2	96
D.			Hippomachus	1	145
Deianira	2	60	Hippolytus	2	188
Dædalus	1	134	Himera	1	26
Danaides	1	229	I.		
Diadem	1	168	Idomeneus	1	135
Dido	1	74	Joazar	1	218
Dioscorus	2	215	Iöle	2	61
Diomedes	2	257	Ixion	1	238
Diocliides	2	200	Iris, daughter of Thau-		
Destinies, Clotho, La-			mas and Electra	2	98
chæsis, Atropos, daugh-			Ismarus, a mountain of		
ters of Erebos and			Thrace	2	339
the night	2	46	L.		
Dolopes, inhabitants of			Labyrinth	1	134
Epirus	2	107	Laconia	1	295
Dulichium, now Thiaki			Lares, Household Gods	1	276
in the Gulph of Patra	2	252	Lemnos	1	302
E.			Læstrigones	1	14
Echinades	2	215	Lethe	1	125
Eleanthus	2	224	Linus	1	49
Elysian fields	1	108	Locrians	1	288
Erichthonius	2	194	Laertes	2	181
Eubœa	2	77	Lesbos	2	334
Eucharis	1	183	Leucate	2	317
Europa	1	270	Liris	2	224
G.			M.		
Galefus	2	110	Malachon	1	95
Garganus, now St. An-			Mandurians, so called		
gelo, in the kingdom			from Mandurium, near		
of Naples	2	224	Andorio	1	283
Graces, Aglaia, Thalia,			Menelaus	1	17
and Euphrosyne	1	253	Mentor	1	3
H.			Metophis	1	43
Hebrus, now Mariza, a			Mercury	1	178
river of Thrace	2	339	Metrodorus	2	243
Hector, son of Priam	1	100	Messapia	1	288
Helena, daughter of			Metapontum	1	296
Tyndarus, and sister			Minos	1	131
of Castor and Pollux	2	66	N.		
Hesperides	1	12	Narbal	1	69
Hylas	2	228	Narcissus	1	237
Hebe, Goddess of Youth	2	66	Nauplius	2	252
Hazael	1	119	Nemæa	2	64
			Narcissus		

INDEX.

N.	Vol.	P.
Nemesis	1	136
Naxos	1	182
Neoptolemus, Pyrrhus	2	76
Neptune	1	171
Nessus	2	61
Nestor	2	58
Nireus, King of Naxos	2	233
Neritum, now Nardo, a small city in the kingdom of Naples	1	288
Nozophugus	2	129
O.		
Oebalians	2	234
Omphale	2	59
Orcaes, Nymphs of the mountains and fields on the beauti- ful tops and sides of cultivated hills		
Orpheus	2	147
Oeta, a mountain in Thessaly	2	61
Ogygia, now Gaulus the island of Calypso near Cape Passaro	1	14
P.		
Petilia	1	296
Phadael	1	219
Phalanthus	1	295
Phenicians	1	73
Pherecydes	2	115
Philocles	2	8
Philoctetes	2	58
Pholoe	2	224
Pisistratus	2	229
Polydamas	2	262
Protesilas	2	7
Pygmalion	1	74
Penelope	1	16
Peristyle what,	1	358
Phæacia, Corcyra	1	15
Phocis, in Achaia	1	303
Polypheumus	1	14
Phthiotas	2	188

P.	Vol.	P.
Phlegeton	2	237
Pollux	2	96
R.		
Rhodope	2	339
S.		
Salentum	1	140
Sesostris	1	38
Sisyphus	1	231
Sophronimus	1	138
Scylla	1	15
Styx	1	109
Samos	2	34
Scamander, or Xanthus, a river of antient Troy	2	119
Scyros	2	73
Sigæum, now Capo Ja- nizari, a promontory near Troy	2	75
Simois	2	119
Sybarites	2	297
T.		
Theseus	2	147
Triptolemus	2	196
Timocrates	2	13
Thyestes	2	191
Termutis	1	68
Thersites, the most de- formed Grecian in body and mind	2	76
Thebes	1	38
Tantalus	1	230
Tarentum	1	295
Tartarus	2	161
Termoliris	1	48
Tityus	1	231
Tophæ	1	94
Tyre	1	82
Traumaphilus	2	129
V.		
Venusia, now Venosa	2	205
X.		
Xanthus, a river of Thrace	2	119

ERRATA

ERRATA.

VOL. I.

- Book. Line.*
 I. 492, FOR overjoy'd, read o'erjoy'd.
 II. 27, For coast, r. course.
 433, For honours, r. horrors.
 808, For forc'd, r. force.
 834, For disdain, r. dislain.
 III. 3, For ingenious, r. ingenuous.
 27, For kindling, r. kindly.
 219, For his, r. this.
 330, For State, r. States.
 489, For gades, r. Gades.
 519, For attack, r. attract.
 602, For trifling, r. trifle.
 IV. 491, For whether, r. whither.
 618, For rights, r. rites.
 646, For matters, r. matter's.
 V. 38, Notes, f. Donans, r. Dorians.
 68, For look, r. looks.
 354, For triumph, r. triumph'd.
 422, For reign, r. rein.
 653, For the next, r. next the.
 VII. 126, Notes, f. were are told, r. we are told.

- Book. Line.*
 VII. 237, For Live with your girls, r. Live you with girls.
 353, For rules, r. rule.
 809, For zeal, r. isle.
 VIII. 134, For his, r. their.
 399, For gives, r. give.
 819, For pay'd, r. pray'd.
 IX. 258, For Continent, r. Continent.
 620, For o'er, r. to.
 X. 126, For are, r. be.
 207, Notes, f. Suzzuoli, r. Puzzuoli.
 511, Notes, f. Palamedas, r. Palamedes.
 598, Notes, f. Oleus, r. Oileus.
 XI. 101, For your, r. you.
 298, For his, r. their.
 496, For thus, r. this.
 XII. 300, For command, r. commend.
 498, For Thing, r. Think.
 840, For endless, r. needlesi.
 920, For participation, r. partition.

VOL. II.

- Book. Line.*
 XIII. 724, For preceding, r. preceding.
 730, For the mind, r. their mind.
 XIV. 28, For sting and hurt, r. stings and hurts.
 135, For increase, r. incense.
 381, For yet knew, r. yet know.
 599, For reign, r. rein.
 XV. 163, Notes, f. Nemeus, r. Nemea.
 321, For beast, r. beasts.
 410, For now, r. you.
 493, For abjure, r. adjure.
 636, For softs, r. soft.
 691, For vital, r. vitals.
 704, For reek, r. wreak.
 725, For get, r. yet.
 XVI. 153, For hardy, r. hardy.

- Book. Line.*
 XIX. 277, For be, r. he.
 389, For deign, r. deign'd.
 417, Notes, f. her absence, r. his absence.
 458, Notes, f. was a native, r. was not a native.
 469, For reach'd, r. reach.
 XX. 224, For th'adventurers, r. th'adventures.
 469, For blush'd, r. blush.
 848, For now, r. soon.
 XXIII. 342, For your nature's, r. your nature.
 XXIV. 66, For to pursue, r. they pursue.
 285, For here, r. there.



